The MODERN QUARTERLY

EDITED BY V. F. CALVERTON & S. D. SCHMALHAUSEN

A Fighting Manifesto

Henri Barbusse

Whither Art?

V. F. Calverton

The Treason of the Intellectuals

Waldo Frank vs S. D. Schmalhausen

This Jew (A Symposium)

A. A. Roback and Beran W. Wolfe

YOU ARE A TRAITOR

To Your Health and Happiness

As long as you contiuue living on denatured and adulterated foods and drinks.

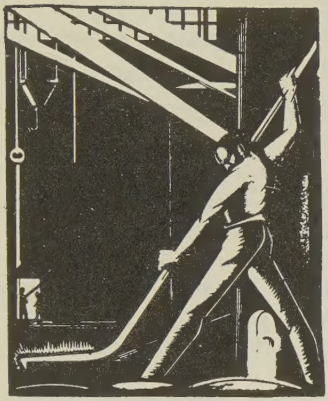
We deliver to your door—free within the first two postal zones—the MOST NOURISHING and UNPROCESSED foods and drinks—at moderate prices. Also therapeutic and reducing foods and drinks.

Send 2c stamp for 73 page CATALOGUE and DECALOGUE of HEALTH

HEALTH FOOD DISTRIBUTORS

Phone: Lexington 6926

113-M EAST 34TH STREET NEW YORK CITY



Drawing by Walter Marsh

Nonsense About Machinery

Boil down the wailing and the hymns of joy you hear about the Machine Age, and in the end you will have little left but solemn nonsence. Still ,the machines we have to live with are a large fact. One way to talk sense about them is with facts. This is what our contributor

STUART CHASE

does in his series, "Men and Machines," now appearing in the New Republic. His facts and conclusions are anything but solemn nonsense. Still, the machines we have to live more important.

3 ways to get this series and other good reading:

A year of the NEW REPUBLIC $5 } **$5.25**
A year of the MODERN QUARTERLY $2 }

OR

"Middletown," an anthropological view of one American town $5 } **$7.00**
The NEW REPUBLIC for a year.....$5 }

OR

13 wks. of the New Republic $1.00

THE NEW REPUBLIC
421 W. 21st St., New York

For enclosed $.....
send the NEW REPUBLIC and

.....

as offered.

Name .....

Address .....

In full .....

M.Q.9

AUTHORS! COLLECTORS! READERS ALL!

TURN to the "READERS GUIDE" on page xi of the advertising section following the text.

THIS new department is an authors' guide to "where to go" to sell stories, for criticisms and for manuscript typing. For collectors it is a meeting place to offer and buy books, autographs, stamps, prints, etc. However, it is intended not alone for dealers but especially for individuals with occasional items.

THE unusual arrangement of this section enables us to offer space in it at very nominal rates. One-half inch, one issue, costs only $1.00. One inch, one issue, $1.50. Larger space (one and one-half inch, two inches, etc.) costs in proportion to the inch rate.

THERE should not be more than 20 words to the half inch, 40 to the inch, etc.

WE reserve the right to reject any copy considered unsuitable, or to rewrite copy too large for the space specified.

Send Your Copy to

ADVERTISING MANAGER

The Modern Quarterly

P. O. Box 322, Baltimore, Md.

IN THIS ISSUE

HENRI BARBUSSE is an internationally known novelist and radical. He is editor of *Monde*.

E. BOYD BARRETT is the author of *While Peter Sleeps, The Jesuit Enigma,* and other books.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT is author of *The Mothers, Psyche's Lamp,* and other books.

HUNTINGTON CAIRNS is a contributor to *Sex in Civilization,* and the author of a study of Havelock Ellis.

ARTHUR CALHOUN is the author of *The History of the American Family,* and a contributor to economic periodicals.

J. BLAKE EGGEN is a contributor to various philosophical and psychological journals, and is the author of an essay in *Sex and Civilization.*

WALDO FRANK is one of America's most distinguished and significant novelists and critics.

OAKLEY JOHNSON is a contributor to *The Book League Monthly, The New Republic,* and other periodicals.

EMMANUEL KANTOR is the author of *Principles of Psychology,* and is a frequent contributor to the leading psychological journals.

(*Continued on page iv*)

THE MODERN QUARTERLY

Vol. V SPRING 1929 No. 2

Table of Contents

DEATH TAKES A VACATION (editorial)		141
A FIGHTING MANIFESTO	*Henri Barbusse*	145
WHITHER ART?	*V. F. Calverton*	149
THE TREASON OF THE INTELLECTUALS	*Waldo Frank vs. S. D. Schmalhausen*	161
ARE RELIGIOUS PEOPLE SANE?	*E. Boyd Barrett*	171
IS CONTEMPORARY CIVILIZATION NEUROTIC?	*S. D. Schmalhausen*	176
WAR—A MARXIAN ANALYSIS	*Emanuel Kantor*	189
THE RETURN	*Mark Rodson*	204
THIS JEW	*A. A. Roback*	215
THE PARADOXIC JEW	*Beran W. Wolfe, M.D.*	225
SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT	*Arthur W. Calhoun*	231
PROLETARIAN PHILOSOPHY OF ART	*Leon Samson*	235
LITERARY CARAVAN—		
TRANSLATORS AND CRITICS	*Joseph Vanzler*	240
WHY WE MISBEHAVE	*Robert Briffault*	241
SEX IN CIVILIZATION	*Lorine Pruette*	243
BLACK AMERICA	*George S. Schuyler*	248
THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD	*Huntington Cairns*	249
THE CHILD AND SOCIETY	*S. D. Schmalhausen*	253
TABOO AND GENETICS	*S. D. Schmalhausen*	254
LE CRIME DES JUSTES	*Harold Salemson*	256
I AND MY COLLABORATORS	*J. Blake Eggen*	258
ORLANDO: A BIOGRAPHY	*Oakley Johnson*	259
SOME MORE MEDICAL VIEWS OF BIRTH CONTROL	*S. D. Schmalhausen*	262
THE HEALERS	*S. D. Schmalhausen*	265
THE THEATRE	*V. F. Calverton*	267
CORRESPONDENCE	*Lucien Quinet*	xvi

Published quarterly at 50c an issue. Annual subscription, $2.00 The Modern Quarterly, publishers. Address, P. O. Box 322, Baltimore, Md.

Edited by V. F. Calverton and Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Eileen Hood, Managing Editor. Huntington Cairns, Literary Editor; W. J. Wiscott, Advertising and Circulation Manager. Articles are printed for their intrinsic merit, and the editors are not responsible for the opinions and utterances of contributors. The Modern Quarterly is a coöperative venture; no payment is made for contributions.

LABOR
TEMPLE SCHOOL
242 East 14th St., N. Y. C.

Announces
Two Series of Lectures

PSYCHOANALYSIS
In theory and practice
by
Dr. Samuel D. Schmalhausen
SATURDAY EVENINGS at 8.30

LITERATURE and LIFE
by
V. F. Calverton
TUESDAY EVENINGS at 8.30

ADMISSION, 25c
(to either)

The
NEW MASSES
EVERY MONTH
FOR PROLETARIAN
LITERATURE—
POETRY
SATIRE
ART
BOOK REVIEWS—

SUBSCRIBE

NEW MASSES
39 Union Sq., N. Y. C
Enclosed is $1.50. Send NEW MASSES for one year to:
.....
.....
.....

Enclosed is $2.75. Send NEW MASSES and MODERN QUARTERLY one year each.

IN THIS ISSUE

(Continued from page ii)

LORINE PRUETTE, author of *Women in Leisure* and other psychological studies, is also a novelist of distinction.

A. A. ROBACK is author of *Psychology of Character*, contributor to *Sex in Civilization*, and Professor of Psychology at Harvard University.

MARK RODSON has been featured by Edward J. O'Brien in his *Best Short Stories of America* as having contributed stories of distinction to American Literature.

HAROLD SALEMSON is editor of *Tambour*, and a contributor to *Mercure de France*.

LEON SAMSON is author of *The New Humanism* and contributor to the periodicals.

GEORGE SCHUYLER is a frequent contributor to the periodicals, including *The American Mercury*, *The Crisis*, and is the former editor of *The Messenger*.

JOSEPH VANZLER is a frequent contributor to the periodicals.

W. BERAN WOLFE is a well-known psychologist, and is the leading American exponent of Adler.

THE MODERN QUARTERLY

SPECIAL!

DR. SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN WILL

AUTOGRAPH

copies of his popular study of our changing morals and the new sex ethics, "WHY WE MISBEHAVE" for all MODERN QUARTERLY readers who order their copy by means of the below coupon. Take advantage of this opportunity to obtain, without extra cost, an autographed copy of this great manifesto of the new sexology.

"WHY WE MISBEHAVE"

APPRECIATIONS

HARRY ELMER BARNES:

"The open-minded should read the book to discover one of the best summary statements of the candid attitude toward sex in the light of psychiatry and enlightened sociology."

GEORGE A. DORSEY:

"It is nothing less than a masterpiece and I am delighted to have it."

HAVELOCK ELLIS:

"I feel sure the book will be helpful and thought-provoking to many."

ROBERT BRIFFAULT:

"As you rightly surmise, I am deeply interested in the problems you discuss, and I say, 'Hear! hear!' to most of what you have to say on the subject . . . More strength to your elbow!"

BERTRAND RUSSELL:

"I have read your book with a great deal of pleasure. It is a book that ought to do a great deal of good."

THE THEMES *in* "WHY WE MISBEHAVE"

Part One: PSYCHOLOGY AND LIFE.
Chapters:

1—Sex Among the Modern.
2—The Freudian Emphasis on Sex.
3—The Role of Inferiority in Human Behavior.
4—Psychiatry to the Rescue.
5—Is Prostitution Petering Out?
6—Problems of the Sexes.

Part TWO: HUMAN NATURE IN THE MAKING

Chapter:

7—The Science of Re-Education.
8—Mental Hygiene: The Quintessence of the New Psychology.
9—A Psycho-Sexual Inventory.
10—The problem of Childhood.
11—The New Educational Psychiatry.
12—The Psychoneurotic Situation in Our Colleges.

SPECIAL AUTOGRAPH COPY COUPON

THE MODERN QUARTERLY
P. O. Box 322, Baltimore, Md.
Enclosed is $3.00. Send me AUTOGRAPHED copy "WHY WE MISBEHAVE" postpaid.

.....

.....

BRIEF REVIEWS

China's Millions. By Anna Louise Strong. Coward, McCann Co. $3.50.

Journalistic study of various aspects of the Chinese situation from a radical point of view, clever without being brilliant, striking without being profound.

Race and Civilization. By Hertz. The MacMillan Co., New York.

An aggressively modern interpretation of the race problem, more adequate than most books on this subject, and yet limited by the very narrowness of the author's vision—more stimulating than significant.

The New Morality. By Drake. The Macmillan Co., New York.

A weak, ineffectual, compromising approach to a theme that demands direct and decisive analysis. Silly conclusions arrived at from sillier premises—and derived from even sillier taboos.

The Story of the Theatre. By Glenn Hughes. Samuel French Co.

An adequate and instructive survey of the world theatre and its varying aspects and influence. The chapter on the Japanese theatre is of particular interest and value. The whole volume should prove to be an excellent manual for all students of the theatre.

Marriage in the Modern Manner. By Ira S. Wile and Mary D. Unwin. A. and C. Boni, New York. $3.00.

Sentimental reflections upon modern marriage and its failure. The authors realize in good part what has happened to the marital institution, but most of their discussion of what to do and how to do it is childish twaddle. Couples "should" supplement emotion with logic is one of the many admonitions of the authors—as if such platitudinizing could ever save an institution already bankrupt from chaos.

What's Wrong With Marriage. By G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan. Harper's. $3.50.

A study, attempting in every way to be scientific and statistical, of the failure of marriage as a sexual experiment. The method of approach, with all its mischievous implications, marks a distinct advance over the sermonizing of most students of social science. If its conclusions are at times a little far-fetched, they are at least related to fact and suggestive of more extensive study in the same direction.

The Primitive Races of Mankind. By Max Schmidt. Little, Brown.

One of the most exhaustive studies of primitive races that has been made. Without the extraordinary originality and genius of Briffault's *Mothers, Primitive Races of Mankind*, nevertheless, must be recognized as a real contribution to social thought.

Rope and Faggot. By Walter White. A. Knopf.

A splendid challenging study of the lynching menace in the United States. This is the first thorough study of lynching that has been made. Its analysis of the situation is no less profound than the indictment of the society that permits its continuance. A brave, stirring book, inspired with beautiful indignation and fury.

(Continued on page x)

Announcing

THE MODERN QUARTERLY

1929

SHORT STORY CONTEST

$100.00 PRIZE

Desirous of fostering the short story form of writing and to encourage those writers who have not as yet published a book of short stories or sold a short story to any of the established periodicals, the editors of

THE MODERN QUARTERLY

offer a

PRIZE OF $100

for the best short story submitted to them by any person not disqualified by the above condition. There are no restrictions as to the length of manuscript, nature of subject or form of treatment.

All manuscripts shall be addressed to the 1929 SHORT STORY CONTEST, THE MODERN QUARTERLY, P. O. Box 322, Baltimore, Md., before November 1, 1929.

No manuscripts will be returned.

THE MODERN QUARTERLY shall have the right to publish the prize winning story without any claims or payment to the author, in addition to the prize.

SOVIET RUSSIA

is an

UNBEATEN TRACK

Interesting Tours at Low Cost

Intellectuals, social workers, professional men and women are welcomed most cordially in Soviet Russia, where the world's most gigantic experiment is being made—amidst a welter of picturesque nationalities, wondrous scenery, splendid architecture, and exotic civilizations.

Write or Phone for Information

AMALGAMATED BANK OF NEW YORK

Travel Department

11-15 Union Square

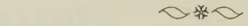
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Phone: Algonquin 1500

BRIEF REVIEWS

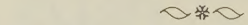
Azure Cities: With Introduction by J. Kunitz. International Publishers.

As a companion volume to *Flying Osip*, *Azure Cities* falls distinctly short of its predecessor. The first story, Alexy Tolstoy's *Azure Cities*, is a striking thing, but many of the stories in the volume are but third and fourth rate efforts. The introduction by Joshua Kunitz, however, is an excellent critical interpretation.



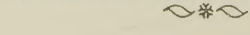
120 Million. By Michael Gold. International Publishers.

Proletarian stories by one of the few proletarian authors in the United States. There is vigor here that is weakened only at moments by lapses into sentimentality and over-simplification of theme and manner. In pieces like *Third Degree* and *The Strange Funeral in Braddock*, however, the achievement in terms of a beauty-infused power is superb.



Cement. By Gladkov. International Publishers. $2.50.

An exceptionally fine novel of Soviet life, featuring the early days of the revolution and extending through the period of the N. E. P. and immediately thereafter. Without attaining greatness, the novel nevertheless achieves a realism of description and narration that is all too rare in contemporary fiction. The character of Dacia is a remarkably fine portrayal of the new woman who has come to the fore in Soviet Russia. She is a distinct advance over *Marya the Bolshevik*. The book breathes in every page of Soviet soil.



(Continued on Page xii)

READERS' GUIDE

BOOKS

BETWEEN WAR AND PEACE, by Mrs. Florence Boeckel. Complete survey of peace movement, with suggestions for programs: a little library of facts. $2.00. Order from International Relations Book Dept., 532 17th St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

MANUSCRIPTS: HOW TO SELL

REBUNKING THE REJECTION SLIP—If you want to know why you can't sell that manuscript, and the editors won't tell you, I will. HENRY GALLUP PAINE, Literary Consultant (Late editor, 1923-1927 Authors' League Bulletin), 4 East 23rd Street, New York City.

MANUSCRIPTS: TYPING

TYPING MANUSCRIPTS EXPERTLY, intelligently done. Prompt, personal service. Moderate rates. Pauline Resnikoff, 1400 Broadway, Suite 413, New York City.

MANUSCRIPT: TYPING AND CORRECTING

DO PUNCTUATION AND GRAMMAR bother you? Let me type and correct your manuscripts. My prices are reasonable and my work is right. Alice H. Giavelli, Watkins Glenn, New York.

ORGANIZATIONS

"LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY" Promotes a better understanding of problems of democracy in industry through its pamphlet, research and lecture services and organization of college and city groups.

Executive Directors, Harry W. Laidler and Norman Thomas, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

SHORT STORIES AND NOVELS

SHORT STORIES, Novels, Serials, criticized, revised, marketed. One of my clients earned $3,000.00 in spare time. Another more than $1,000.00 as first royalty check from sale of novel. Particulars on request. Please address Dept. Q, Clark Wilton, Box 702, Hollywood, Cal.

SCENARIOS

STORY IDEAS WANTED—For Photoplays, Talking Pictures and magazines. Manuscripts revised for submission to studios and publishers. Sales department operated on commission basis. Write for BOOKLET giving full particulars. UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY, 422 Western and Santa Monoca Blvd., Hollywod, Cal.

PLAYS: CRITICIZED AND MARKETED

STAGE PLAYS criticized and revised, marketed. One success means a fortune. My Hollywood location provides excellent facilities for getting consideration for new plays. Many successful clients. Special attention to beginners. Booklet J, free. No obligation. Clark Wilton, Box 702, Hollywood, Cal.

WRITERS' SCHOOLS

ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY SCHOOL of Writing. The Saturday Review: "Needless to say, we recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." Theodore Maynard: "The thing I like about the whole scheme is its eminent practicality." Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey.

EXPLORE

RUSSIA

Europe's Most Inspiring Travel Adventure Awaits You.

Leningrad
Moscow
The Volga
Ancient Kiev
The Crimea
Caucasus
Ukraine

FREE SOVIET VISAS
STOPOVER PRIVILEGES

Complete Tour

$375 up

ALL EXPENSES

Weekly Sailings on Best Boats.

EVERY TOUR AND TOURIST INSURED.

We sent more tours to RUSSIA during 1928 than did all other American bureaus.

AMERICAN-RUSSIAN TRAVEL AGENCY
100 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

BRIEF REVIEWS

The Naked Year. By Pilniak. Payson-Clarke. $2.50.

The famine year made into living fiction. Russia in 1921 as the background of vast play and interplay of forces that have only begun to spend their power in these late years of our decade. Sharp, brilliant writing that convinces without attempting to caress.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa. By Arnold Zweig. Viking. $2.50.

One of the few marvelous novels of our decade. Without question, the best novel that has come out of the war, *Sergeant Grischa* does what other war novels have failed to do. It catches in the most vivid and dynamic way all the horror of the war, and at the same time neglects nothing of its intricacy and sweep. But more, it develops in the form of Grischa a character that is unforgettably real and human. Its drama never becomes melodrama, and its spirit never becomes sentimental.

The Brothers Karamazov. By Dostoievsky. The Swann's Way. By Marcel Proust. Modern Library. 95c. *each.*

Fine editions of the two best novels of two of the most important figures in modern literature. *The Brothers Karamazov,* which is, perhaps, the greatest novel ever written, and was used as a text-book in psychology by Masaryk, and *The Swan's Way,* a masterpiece of psychological analysis, can now be purchased in this inexpensive Modern Library form. Too much can scarcely be said in praise of The Modern Library's recent additions to its list.

VOLUME V NUMBER 2

The Modern Quarterly

SPRING—1929

DEATH TAKES A VACATION

(EDITORIAL)

IN an endeavor to describe the backwardness and intellectual lethargy of the Roman Catholic Church of today, Boyd Barrett, once a Jesuit, has entitled his new book *While Peter Sleeps*. While Romanism slumbers, the world moves on. There is only one defect in Barrett's logic and that is that in the practical movement of events Rome is not as asleep as many suspect. The recent alliance of Mussolini and the Pope is an open evidence of this fact. Mussolini, who was once an ardent radical, an advocate of free-love, and an enemy of religion, and who but a few years ago was denounced as an apostate by the Pope, has now become a holy figure in the eyes of the Vatican. The Black Shirts have released the Pope from the confinement which had been imposed upon him by the Italian "Reds" of the seventies. The Pope now becomes a reigning king. His new title can be appropriately described as: The Pope-King. He will have his own dominions as every other king and his own subjects, and his own armies and fortresses. While Rome sleeps intellectually, and by clinging to antiquated formulæ refuses to change its conceptions in accord with advancing knowledge, it does not sleep in terms of practical politics for economic progress.

It is the masses—in particular the American masses—that sleep far more deeply than Rome. A terrifyingly candid and challenging book should be written and entitled—*While the Masses Sleep*. The masses sleep in these benighted states practically as well as intellectually. There is no stir of protest among them. Ever since the spread of American imperialism, with the beginning of this century, they have become increasingly and continuously servile. Trade unions tend to become company unions, and all attitude of struggle tends to be-

come an attitude of surrender. Their minds are controlled by a more intricate system of ideas than could ever have been devised by the most tyrannical monarch of antiquity. This system, which spreads through press, school, and church, robs them of initiative by way of fact although it urges it by way of fiction. Its success is one of the most amazing phenomena of history. It enslaves by preaching the propaganda of freedom. Never has this been seen before. In the past, rulers suppressed the masses by keeping them in ignorance, and by threatening them with whip and sword. Today, masses are suppressed by educating them with ruling-class ideas and propaganda. The ideas, to be sure, are prepared in proper form, and the propaganda is organized so as to convey the effects desired. Thus the sting of slavery can be removed by the psychological deception of words, and millions can come to believe that they have been educated to think for themselves when in reality they have been systematically instructed to follow the thoughts of others—those others being always representatives of the ruling order.

Today more than ever is this true. With the world racing on toward another international war, these masses are as unaware of the actual trend of things, the machinations of diplomats, and the intrigues of industrialists, as they were in 1914. Now that we know the real history of the World War, the plots that brought it about, the conniving of Poincaré, Sazonov, Izvolski, and Grey, and see in what sense the masses were used as mere pawns in the economic struggle of nations, we can appreciate how profound was the ignorance of the men and women of that day of what was really happening to their civilization. A war of economic conflict becomes at one moment a "war for democracy" and at another "a war to end war." The great disillusionment which followed the War gave hope to many that the catastrophe could never be repeated. The peoples of the world would never permit it, never support it. Many people still believe this.

In the meanwhile the nations of the western world have advanced more rapidly toward another world war than ever before. The conditions in 1913 and 1914 were less alarming than those that confront us today. International politics is more mischievously and disastrously involved. Entangling alliances are even more rife, and economic hostilities are more menacingly intensified. The relations between England and America are strained to a breaking point. The struggle for the control of oil, the most precious possession of our age, has given these relations a direct economic aspect which can no longer be disguised. The fierce conflict in shipping control is only another manifestation of this same struggle. In the political field, dating from the Disarmament Conference of 1921, England has suffered successive humiliations at the hands of the United States. Great Britain's control of the sea is now no longer a fact. Ever since 1588 with the defeat of the Spanish Armada, England had been the mistress of the Seas and the dominant nation in the world. The end of the World War marked the end of English hegemony. 1918 chalked off the beginning of a new period in world supremacy. The United States became the determining leader, with England a jealous and threatening second. Even English finance has been shaken by American capital. In more ways than one Downing Street is controlled by Wall Street. The enmity today has become so acute that leaders in

both countries are trying to exert what influence they can to avert an imminent war. The forces they are endeavoring to control, to be sure, are deeper than their words, and will not submit to such logic.

In general, the war debt alone, which makes Europe an enslaved debtor of the United States until 1980, may occasion, as a gesture of economic emancipation, a war between the United States of Europe against the United States of America. The invasion of Europe by American capital has become an increasing menace. The Dawes Plan in itself has encouraged the intrusion of American capital and control. Every aspect of America's advancing imperialism tends to hasten this conflict.

While every nation in the Western Hemisphere is aware of this coming catastrophe, take what form it may, the masses sleep on unconscious of its advance. The nations of the world today are more carefully and completely armed than they have ever been. Their armament today assumes a multitude of forms. Poison gases have been manufactured that can wipe out entire cities; death rays, one more effective than another, are sold among the various governments as part of the improvement of the national defense. New airplanes, submarines, battleships and swift, long or short cruisers are in the process of being constructed every day by the numerous western nations. Armies are increased and navies constantly are strengthened. France now has an army a time and a half larger than the German army before the World War. The United States, which has just passed its recent Cruiser Bill in direct defiance of England, and as an immediate preparation for the forthcoming war with her rival, spends approximately a million dollars a day on armaments. England, France, Italy, Russia, and even Sewden, Switzerland, and Spain have all plunged headlong into this same race for more and more armaments. Nowhere is these a letting-up point, or indication of cessation. Everywhere there is addition, multiplication and madness.

And what is worse is the desperately deliberate way in which all this is being planned. Germany lost the World War, we now know, not because of the coming of the Americans, but because of the defection and mutinies in the German ranks. The influence of radical thought upon the German armies was destructive in the deadliest sense of the word. Whole battalions devolted. The German navy could not make its last advance because of the mutiny of the sailors, and the refusal of the soldiers to shoot the sailors when so ordered. Soldiers and sailors went over to the workers' cause. In instances there had even been revolts in the French army, and the American army too in Russia was not without recalcitrancy within its ranks. And so it was learned that it was a grave error to furnish firearms indiscriminately to all who wished to join the national defense. One time armies of the state might later on become armies of reds—as had the Russian army, and the German army. Today, therefore, a new maneuvre has been adopted. All over Europe the armies and navies that have been developed since the World War are *white* armies, so reactionary in content that revolt has almost been excluded from the category of possibilities. In Germany, for instance, any person suspected of a radical background, any person whose father was a radical, or any relative, cannot win entrance into the German military service. Every person taken into the German army today is tried and test-

ed for his radicalism, and it is only those who are free of all radical color and challenge that are accepted into the ranks. The German army today, then, is far more reactionary than even the patriotic German army of 1914. It can be depended upon not to rise and revolt. There are no sowers of radical seed among its members. The Social Democrats just recently, for instance, have protested against this exclusion of radicals from the military service, but their protest has not altered the prevailing practice. This same tactic has been employed also by Mussolini, and even in the army of the United States the background of every recruit is examined far more carefully than ever before for evidences of radicalism. All this means that the armies of the western nations of today present little hope to the workers of being changed and converted to the revolutionary cause.

Furthermore, the control of future wars, and the suppression of future rebellions, becomes steadily less and less a matter of members and increasingly more and more a matter of armamental mastery. If necessary a few men, preferably flyers, can now, with the chemical means at our disposal, extinguish, merely by way of example and in order to inspire terror, a whole section of a city, or even a city in itself. The fact that the proletariat constitutes a majority in numbers will scarcely make them less helpless when faced by this invincible attack. If the proletariat has no airplanes of its own, no gases, no chemical explosives, no death-rays, its protests may prove as ineffective as gesturings in a void. In the meanwhile the masses continue to sleep—and manufacture poison-gases, airplanes, and dreadnaughts.

Such warfare, to be sure, can scarcely afford to be sufficiently selective of either friend or foe. And in this sense, it will be more than ever true that "to the victor belongs the spoils."

Out of it all, no doubt, after cities have been exterminated, and whole nations have been reduced perhaps to a pathetic size, will come the revolt of remainders, and the revolution that may lead us to a new world beyond the mere prophecy of word and theory. All this, however, we must pass through because men have been mastered by the machine instead of being master of it. All this because the class struggle has driven capitalism to such extremities in its final defense. All this because men are driven more by gain than goodness, and motivated by impulse rather than by reason.

A FIGHTING MANIFESTO

BY HENRI BARBUSSE

I HAVE often addressed manifestos to the intellectuals. The reception they met with was not due to my personality, but because my words emanated from an immense collective consciousness deeper and mightier than mine, in which I might say one can feel the cadence of the masses *en marche.*

Today this appeal, echoing the great cry of others, I address especially to the intellectuals of the United States, more especially to the students and young writers; not for the first time I speak to them.

If I, if we in a sense turn toward the intellectual forces of the American people, it is first by virtue of their formidable material power that these people are made the final arbitrators of the coming historical destinies of the modern world.

Aside from the immediate present, these destinies are more and more clearly conditioned by the forces of the universal conflict which takes place between imperialist capitalism and the subterranean strain of the entire proletariat. This struggle, which from day to day shows more clearly the terrible mechanism perfected for the exploitation of man by man, and the masses right to live, is a supreme struggle. One could go not prevent it nor even arrest it for an instant. There is inevitably at the end of this struggle only one victory and only one defeat, which will change the face of the world.

It is necessary that intellectual America understand, and participate in this immeasurable series of battles. In our day, when castes no longer exist, but only for each a function in the whole, the part of the writer and the intellectual worker becomes comparable to that of the soldier. The time is quite past for poetry and art which placed themselves above the human strife and were only the play of mind and talent, acrobatics, mirages, distractions for the idle. The acuteness and vastness of the growing collective drama, which is already gaining momentum, no longer leaves room for a literature and an art for amateurs and amusement seekers. Those who write and those who lecture are ultimately and from now on can only be the mouthpieces of great living movements in which they themselves are swept along; rather they are great forces of an inertness where they themselves are engulfed.

Without doubt the intellectual masses have always and at all times, and this is much to their credit, presented certain revolutionary elements. In

France at the end of the *ancien régime* a few liberal and hardy souls illuminated new vistas and aided the release of the fatal realism of the Revolution. In the Russian Empire all writers of any importance and any brilliance have been persecuted, from Rileev, who was hanged at the time of the Decabrists, to Pushkin and Lermontov who were persecuted, Dostoyevski and Gorki who were imprisoned, and Tolstoi who could not have lived as a free man had it not been for the enormous prestige of his name. One can say that until 1917 all the most eminent Russian writers, Leonid Andreyev, Chekov, Kuprin, Merejkowski, Boudine, Chirikov, announced and, with their overwhelming description of reality, prepared for the Russian Revolution.

Unfortunately, in spite of everything, the intellectuals are overstuffed with traditions and legends, and infinitely rare are those among them who study the profound causes of social conflict and have seen the deep angles of the abyss of the class struggle. In a general way writers of the past, more recent authors and even contemporaries have a fairly scant conception of the liberation of the exploited and the oppressed. They nourish a little idealism that is sentimental and abstract, utopian or poor. Their solidarity with the august, powerful mass of slaving laborers and farmers is aristocratic, takes on the aspect of condescension. They do not see the logical, crying question of justice, which demands that illicit advantages must be torn from the profiteers in order to be restored to the productive multitudes—because it is producing, because it is the multitude, and because he too is part of it.

These intellectuals also have a special conception of the revolution. There is a prevalent scheme for the revolution, to which all popular movements should, according to them, conform. This plan fashioned very long ago, ends in the establishment of a "democratic" state along the line of our present republics, for instance, the French Republic. And when a revolution surpasses this hackneyed, time-worn *cliche,* they fear it and feel hostile toward it. This is what happened to the intellectuals and the Russian revolution. From one day to the next they have passed *en bloc* to the counter-revolution because the proletarian revolution took on proportions much vaster than those of the traditional comic opera revolutions, and blindly and stupidly they have veiled their face before it, refusing to see.

These are the errors, faults and crimes which writers, thinking men, cannot commit if they do not want to annihilate themselves, if they do not want to commit whole generations to suicide before the great historical facts which are imminent.

Let intellectuals revise, then, seriously and gravely, their ideas of liberty and equality, and they will see how much the new popular ideals enlarge the ancient and narrow conception of democracy. They will see that all pacifist institutions like the League of Nations and the disarmament pacts are empty shams, decorative pieces of paper, hypocritical semblances placed between the masses and terrible reality, which will collapse under ridicule before collapsing under the fury of the people.

Furthermore, let them commence by abolishing that ancient division which has been established in our financial, plutocratic, and autocratic republics between manual workers and intellectual workers. There is not in

reality but one kind of people, as there is only one kind of exploited and oppressed. For too long the writers, artists, scientists and artisans have been the slaves of social profiteers, and considering that sacred interest called class-consciousness there cannot be two ideologies of liberation, one for the manual workers and one for the intellectuals. There is only one, which embraces the needs and profound desires of one human being among the others; his right to life, his right to political equality, his right to culture, and the exaltation of his heart and spirit.

In these stirring times of stress it is not up to the proletariat to go to the intellectuals; rather it is up to the intellectuals to go to the proletariat, because the proletariat is the vast foundation of society. It is the proletariat who will inflict the great blow to the common enemy.

After all, in countries ravaged by the white terror, one saw the heroic coalition of classes between those who wield the pen and those who wield the tool.

May this formidable coalition continue! It is up to the intellectuals to spread this class consciousness still further. Their preparation for class war is education. The greatness of thinking men today consists in mixing with the working class, in letting themselves be carried by this ground wave, in understanding the great orientation of the new age. Let them have no fear of thereby losing their originality. The originality of a thinker or an artist is in being the reflection and the personal echo of mass. One is the stronger and the more beautiful if one reflects in oneself more of the crowd. Lenin was only a great leader because in his heart he thoroughly resembled any worker. He only commanded the multitude because he obeyed the profound aspirations that they cherished.

The new social form which the international army of labor visualizes more and more clearly is a supreme form of collective organization. The intellectuals have the duty of rallying to this conception, which already delineates the future of humanity, because it is beautiful and just. It is a material victory that corresponds to a mental victory, and the final goal of the proletarian revolution strangely surpasses that confused ideal which bourgeoise democracy borrows from its old Greco-Latin storehouse of ideas.

I remember, in speaking with Anatole France during the last days of his life about the demonstrations of internationalism and human liberation which broke out in Eastern Europe, we said: "They are the ones who carry forward the flag of the spirit!"

When I last saw Maxim Gorki (who at first seemed troubled also by the "anarchy" of the Russian Revolution) he told me that on returning to Russia he no longer recognized the people he had left, and that he had been stunned and amazed by the greatness, the unity, and the harmony of the masses who built up socialism upon the soil of the Tsars. "There are no longer small individual works," he said to me, "but one single great work in which everybody participates unceasingly. There is no longer a multitude of beings: there is one single giant."

In this manner, by rigorous political equality, by the fundamental and integral institution of the community of workers, by the erasing of everything which is abstract and does not conform to pulsing life (like demagogic formulas or frontiers), by regulation of the antagonism of races and

nationalities, of old artificial hatreds, through coöperation and solidarity—emerges a new state of affairs that shocks to the very core the mechanical ferocity of the gold and steel of capitalism, and having on its side logic and morality.

Furthermore, here emerges a new art, and if one can say so, a new beauty, that originates in the universal awakening of the masses of the people. The new art must correspond to the state of new things: simple, young and sane, like the masses who now are becoming conscious of themselves. This art must demolish and replace the complex, subtle, and inconsistent formulas of the contemporary artistic decadence, the divisional psychology, the analytical surgery, things without comprehensiveness and without life, overworked art which is the mark and symbol of a society overworked, oversophisticated and hysterical, and for the rest, rotted by commercialism. Against this rococo and decadent art rises the sharp, clear torrent of the masses, until now confused, unused. It is to these future perspectives where the grand tradition of art will be rebuilt, now crumbled under disease and capitalist civilization, that I call the attention of the American intellectuals.

Without a doubt industry and big finance in America actually constitute the frightfully perfected type: utilization of the forces and blood of the masses by a monstrous oligarchy of profiteers. Nevertheless, one must recognize that the American people in themselves are full of life and health, youth and fresh force. They retain to a certain extent that beautiful savagery which saves them from the morbid refinements of Occidental decadence. They have the gift of grandeur and completeness. We place our reliance on this plentitude and this health. From such a *milieu* must come powerful and shining spirits, among the confusion of all the vistas of today passing along the vastest and most living.

WHITHER ART?

BY V. F. CALVERTON

SINCE art began in the prehistoric past, it is not to civilization that we must look for its origins. Its early forms, growing out of the life of primeval man, are as diverse and curious as the communities from which they sprang. While arguments as to the purpose underlying their motivation are still very numerous, the nature of their derivation at least is no longer open to such intricate and extensive dispute. Although the presence of the sexual factor as an important element is not to be denied, its influence in the evolution of esthetic concepts will be seen to be secondary rather than primary, negative rather than positive. In recent years, as anthropological and archæological materials have accumulated, the social and economic basis of primitive art has become increasingly obvious.

It is among primitive men that we can trace most easily the origin and development of esthetic ideas and values. In civilized communities such a labyrinth of associations has intervened between the concept and its origin, that the attempt to discover the latter often becomes nothing more than a speculation. In primitive society, on the other hand, the relationship is frequently very simple and direct. There very often life itself bears out the open testimony of the concept. Among certain African peoples, for instance, the worship of iron is a deep and enduring passion. Iron constitutes the essence of the exquisite. Women vie with each other in their eagerness to bedizen themselves with iron trinkets and chains. They laden their hands and their legs with iron rings and bracelets, and mutilate their faces with iron ornaments. These women, in their anxiety to impress, burden their bodies to excess with accumulating pounds of this metal. Those who are the wives of the rich sometimes attach as much as forty pounds of iron to their person. While movement becomes a torture, the iron is never looked upon as an encumbrance. On the contrary, the opportunity of wearing it is considered a rare privilege. In fact, its presence on the body is a source of great pleasure.[1] Now it is only in studying the economic background of these peoples that we can understand this contradiction. Iron is so exquisite for them because they are living in an age in which iron is the dominant metal: the iron age. Their idea of beauty is conditioned by this economic factor. Iron is beautiful because it is precious. The more iron a woman wears, the more beautiful she becomes.[2] The beauty of the iron is extrinsic. It is not an inevitable beauty, inherent in the metal. The environment endows it with a beauty that transcends its

1 Schweinfurth, *Au Coeur d'Afrique*. Volume 1, page 148.
2 Plechanov, *Materialism and Art*.

actual substance. In its early aspects this connection is clear, but as conditions change, and the age becomes more involved, the origin of the idea is obscured, and the iron seems to have an absolute beauty of its own. In the same way, many ideas of the beautiful, which are equally relative in character and not less contingent upon economic circumstance, come to have among various peoples an absolute value that at basis is not absolute at all.

The idea of beauty among primitive groups reveals the environmental origin of esthetic concepts. The tendency of savages to adorn themselves with the skin and teeth of wild animals is another illustration of the effect of environment upon art selection. The Indians of Northwest America, for instance, considered the claws of the gray bear as extremely beautiful, and ornaments made out of these claws took on a special value. The origin of this esthetic idea is not difficult to discover. To capture the gray bear was a feat of exceptional bravery and skill. The Indian who attired himself with the claws of this animal felt himself set apart and elevated by this distinction. The ferocity and courage of the animal he felt were transferred into him by adorning himself with its flesh.[3] At first, no doubt, these trappings of the gray bear were used to signify bravery, and only afterwards, as Plechanov suggests, did they become associated with the concept of the beautiful. The type of existence led by these Indians emphasized bravery as a cardinal virtue. Physical courage was indispensable for their way of life. As a consequence, the virtues which had most meaning for them naturally acquired values in varying forms, each more complicated than the other as it evolved beyond its original motivation.

An arresting instance of how a specific stage in economic life affects the character of esthetic ideas is afforded by a curious concept of the Batoka. For the members of this tribe a certain form of beauty is achieved by the removal of the upper incisor teeth. The presence of these teeth with this people is a sign of ugliness. The connection of this concept with the nature of the life of this tribe is itself a revealing observation. The Batoka is a shepherd tribe which exalts the ruminant animals into its gods. The cow and the bull are sacred among them. Carnivorous animals are taboo. The absence of the incisor teeth tends to make man resemble a ruminant animal, and thus, in line with his tribal logic, his beauty is enhanced.[4] In a sense, it is even an imitative process. Among the North American Indians, where, as we have seen, the ruminant animals are not worshiped, this kind of beauty by the very nature of its unaggressiveness would be repulsive. There, we noted, because of the different environment, the idea of beauty is dissimilar.

Many of the ceremonies of primitive peoples which constitute the beginnings of the art of drama are clearly dependent upon the economic *milieu*, and, in a number of instances, their very form can be traced to that source. The ceremonies dedicated to the sun, for example, or the Sun God, are unknown in tropical countries where the constant presence of the sun

---

[3] Skulcraft, *Historical and Statistical Information Respecting the History, Conditions, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the U. S.* Volume 3, page 216.

[4] *Cf.* Author's essay in *Sex and Civilization.*

necessitates no invocation, and uncommon in temperate zones where agricultural life does not suffer seriously from lack of sunlight. It is only in Northern countries or in mischievously intermediary climates where sunlight is needed but is dangerously uncertain, that we find the sun-ceremonies to prevail.[5] The worship of the sun and the varying ceremonies that have grown out of it thus are clearly an evolution of the economic environment. Where agricultural life is abundantly aided by the sun, these solar rites never originate. It is only where the sun is needed, and the element of utility intrudes, that this ritual arises.[6] In the distant north, where there is no agriculture, sun and rain are of little consequence and sun-worship does not appear. Agriculture, then, is the determining factor in the growth of the ceremony. It is the economic struggle for existence which is its origin.

In every way the nature of art-forms is conditioned by the stage of economic life in which the people are situated. Wherever the sun-ritual is found we discover a group that has already advanced from the hunting and fishing stage of existence into the agricultural. In other words, plants have already been domesticated and their importance is emphasized by the attitude taken toward them. The sun is invoked to insure their growth and plenitude. Among the Bushmen, for instance, the vegetative aspects of art are alien if not taboo. Living in a more primitive state of society in which the beast-hunt is the main source of food-supply, their art is imitative of animal life in its fundamental forms. Plant existence has little meaning for them. Their entire artistic skill lies in their ability to delineate animals and their behavior. The one or two instances in which they attempt to deal with plant-life reveals their lack of experience with such material. The skill which is present in their drawings of animals and men is absent here. In fact, this same tendency is true in the art of every people who have not advanced to an agricultural stage of existence.[7] The people choose for their art-substance those things that mean most to their life. The interest is practical. The struggle for existence among uncivilized people is usually so acute that whatever they do is inevitably associated with the utilitarian. In their drama, for instance, mimicry is often wonderfully pragmatic. The Plains Indians, for example, adopted the following dramatic deception or strategem which later became a ceremony. In order to capture a buffalo, one member of the tribe would throw a large robe about himself and imitating a calf begin to bleat with fear as other Indians disguised in white robes suggestive of the wolf would attack him. This was done to attract the buffalo who would rush to the aid of

---

[5] Havemeyer, *Drama of Savage People.*

[6] The Sun Dance of the Plain Indians and the Snake or Rain Dance of the Hopis are interesting examples of this type of savage drama (Havemeyer).

[7] Grosse, *The Beginnings of Art;* and Elie Faure in *History of Art* and Jacques de Morgan in *Prehistoric Man,* point out the fact that even the human form rarely ever appears in primitive art, and when it does it is portrayed without ease or skill. "Nothing suggestive of the human form," writes Faure, "has been picked up under dolmens, only weapons and some jewels." For reasons which we have indicated, and will deal with in more detail in connection with the element of magic as applied to the animal and the nature of economic life, the animal was more important than man in the evolution of early art.

the calf, and when close enough would be captured by the Indians This early drama in food-getting was practiced in many parts of the world.[8] In many Tasmanian dances perfection inheres in accurate imitation of the behavior of animals. Even among the Eskimos the art of imitating the seal in an endeavor either to approach a real seal or to entice a polar bear who feeds upon the seal soon turn into a dramatic form. The original use of masks, for instance, was based upon the belief that the resemblance would be pleasing to the animal. Whether in this form or another, the animal, because of his economic importance, is always conspicuous in primitive art and drama.

Another feature in the economic struggle of the hunter, that decisively influences the nature of his art, is the nomadic character of his life. As a nomad he has little time to create objects of art that require patient technique and constancy of application. Decorative art, for instance, never develops within the skeleton of his culture. On the contrary, literary art in its verbalized forms, songs, poems, and folk-lore, grows up as a vivid part of his existence. While decorative art, as Boas illustrates, needs "rest and quiet, and a stationary abode,"[9] literary art and early music can develop in an environment of rapid if not constant change. That the hunter must spend the larger part of his time in pursuit of food is in itself sufficient proof that he can find but little opportunity to prosecute an art that requires continuity of effort. Songs, however, and stories can be invented as he watches for the game, lays his traps, or moves his habitat from one location to another.[10] They do not need extended concentration of energy or attention. They are more spontaneous and can spring into being sometimes within the span of an hour. After all, even here, as Boas maintains, without the existence of leisure while waiting for the approach of his prey, or preparing for its capture, he would have no art at all. If he had more leisure than this, in all likelihood he would create more art. This leisure, of course, is contingent upon the conditions of economic life. Whenever we find in prehistoric times that hunters painted on the walls of their caves, we are certain that all their time was not consumed by the chase. If it had been, they would never have had the chance to do this painting. It is today a well-known fact, that those tribes which, like the ant, work industriously for part of the year in order to live in leisure for the rest, are more productive of art creation than those who work steadily throughout every month.[11]

The importance of the animal in the career of prehistoric art does not cease until a stage of culture has been attained in which men have been freed from the imminence of starvation. To be sure, even after this stage has been reached, the animal continues for a time to play a part in ancient drama. This merely indicates that the tradition has lingered after its cause

---

[8] Boas, *Primitive Art.*

[9] *Ibid.*

[10] *Ibid.*

[11] Hoernes: *Urgeschichte der bildenen Kunst,* Hoerness, amidst much other material, gives a striking illustration of how the art of the (Magdalemans) (Madlens) was able to develop only among those groups who lived in protected places and acquired a marked material security.

has disappeared. All primitive drama, with the exception of ceremonies of war, centers about the animal. In Greek drama, for instance, while it featured Dionysos, and referred to animals in episode if not in climax, the animal element was in a process of progressive deterioration. Even in the mythical hierarchy the lowest forms are those bearing animal resemblances—the Satyrs, Sileni, Titans, the Antæns.[12] In medieval drama, the animal is seldom seen. The culture has changed.[13] In this general attitude toward animals assumed by peoples in different stages of culture we can discern a contrast of striking moment. Primitive peoples seek to imitate and emulate the animals. They adorn themselves in their flesh, and aspire to achieve their virtues. If they are a carnivorous people, it is the carnivorous animals that evoke their emulation; if they are an herbivorous people, then it is the herbivorous animals that they worship. Their ideas of the beautiful are determined by the nature of the animals that are most important to their way of living.[14] That which is most significant, however, is the fact that these people, in their stage of culture, try to be like animals, and in this effort at resemblance attain what in their eyes is an expression of the exquisite. Civilized man, on the other hand, living upon a different plane of existence, in which the animal is no longer the center of his life,[15] has endeavored to stress his superiority to the lower forms of life by describing his own attributes as *human,* and theirs as bestial. In description of his own kind, the word *bestial* has only a derogatory application. In every way, civilized man emphasizes to a point of exaggeration his *unlikeness* to the animals, just as primitive man emphasized his *likeness.* A bestial countenance which today would be repulsive, in primitive times would have been beautiful. While we endeavor to refine away those elements in us that are reminiscent ofour animal heritage, the savage sought to preserve them. The beast had a place of exaltation in the economic structure of primitive society, as we have observed, that it has lost in ours.

Another phase of the *animal* aspect of early art is to be discovered in the development of decoration in the form of insignia. It has been suggested by Capart that savages first used certain signs, or insignia, on their arrows merely in order to determine which man had killed the animal in the hunt.[16] The insignia stood for nothing more than an identification symbol. Whatever beauty, and added subtlety, it acquired were secondary

---

[12] De Ridder: *Art in Greece.* Chapter VI.

[13] John Dewey: *Psychological Review.* Volume IX.

[14] It is the animals most valuable from the point of view of food that intrigue the primitive artist. In simple, the artist finds those animals most beautiful which are of most economic importance in his life. (Cleland: *Prehistoric Ancestors,* and Jacques de Morgan: *Prehistoric Man.*)

[15] In the seventeenth century in Holland, where dairy-farming was an essential pursuit of the people, we discover an inetrest in the cow that carries over into the art of the time. Potter became famous for his pastoral paintings, in which the cow was most conspicuous. Potter's cows became renowned wherever art was discussed. In addition, we have such animal painters as Vitto, Pisano, George Moreland, and Rosa Bonheur. Nevertheless, in their work there is not and could not be the religious adoration of the animal that was present in the attitude of the animal painters in prehistoric antiquity.

[16] Capart, John: *Primitive Art in Egypt.*

in decorative art. It is the idea of utility which precedes the idea of beauty. Later on, of course, the two become somewhat disassociated, and very often their original relationship is not recognized because a new set of ideas has begun to grow up about the esthetic aspects which tend to obscure the utilitarian.

Perhaps the most interesting example of how a fundamental esthetic principle evolved out of an economic origin is to be found in the development of the principle of symmetry from the primitive work of basket-making and its interweaving organization.[17] Basket-making was undoubtedly the first work which man ever devised in which he had to organize his materials in a uniformly regular and rhythmical manner. Basket-making always appears before ceramics. Early pottery construction, for instance, is often cast from a basket-mould,[18] and pottery decoration frequently includes nothing more than the geometrical designs of the basket which has been burnt into the clay in the moulding process.[19]

It was through basket-making that the first symmetrical designs were achieved. As has been argued, it is very probable that the first imitations of this symmetry in the form of textile designs were undertaken from the point of view of pure economy of habit and not because they awakened any response to the beautiful. In other words, this primary esthetic principle arose as an aspect of materials, an outgrowth of productive endeavor, and was not an innate concept at all.

It may well be that certain tendencies of human reaction, the organized regularity of bodily change, extending from such balanced behavior as the systole and diastole of the heart, the peristalic movement of the intestines, the inhalation and exhalation of breath, the nictitation of the eyelids, and even to such phenomena as walking, swimming, and eating, have contributed an important part in the development of the rhythmic concept. Even the regularity of nature, with its inevitable rise and fall of sun, its uniform change of moon, and orderly procession of seasons, may have influenced man in the direction of the rhythmic principle. Nevertheless, these physiological and telluric factors, while affording a necessary and suggestive background, were not decisive in the outgrowth of the form. As Wundt has shown in engaging detail, the rhythms of the labor-songs were unquestionably derived from the rhythmic nature of the work itself, the regular movements of arms, legs, and at times of the body as a whole. Bucher has also indicated in just what ways the movements of the dance are associated with those of work. In basket-making and pottery-design these rhythms, growing out of work, might never have developed into an esthetic principle were it not for the pleasure derived in reaction to it which must be explained, to a large extent at least, in terms of motor response and physiological pattern. That the motor aspect was not sufficient, however, can be realized at once when we consider the animals, and note tha rhythmic response with them is confined to only a small portion of behavior. Aside from sexual singing of the birds, and those movements in the art of sexual competition, which Darwin has loosely categorized as

[17] Grosse: *Beginnings of Art.*
[18] Deniker.
[19] Briffault: *The Mothers.* Page 476.

form of the dance, there are no examples of advance in rhythmics. It is only with man, and the evolution of group-life in its varying forms, that rhythm becomes an essential an essential part of existence. It is only with man that art of construction develops a conscious rhythmic character, and the art of life, in song, dance, and painting, becomes an adventure in increasingly complicated and captivating rhythms.

With changes in the early life of man, and the advent of private property as a growing institution in his life, the esthetic concept begins to assume a class character. While it is not difficult to show that those elements in life which take on a poetic value are in some way connected with the struggle for subsistence,[20] it is less easy to indicate the influence of class-differentiation upon their general structure. In Senegambi, to be sure, we have a simple illustration of this influence. There the class-divisions between the rich and the poor, the leisure-class and the working-class, are emphasized by a number of curious customs and concepts. One will suffice as an example. The gait of the rich women of the community is characterized by an awkwardness which, to an outsider, is annoying and yet pathetic. These women walk in this fashion because the shoes they wear are so painfully small that the entire foot cannot be inserted into them. As a result, every step they take occasions pain. To ellivate this pain somewhat, these women have evolved a walk that is singularly grotesque in its gesture. tI is a grotesqueness that is more than *gauche;* it is actually crude in its affectation and thoroughly graceless. This very gait in Senegambi, nonetheless, is considered beautiful in its charm. The reason for this strange attitude of the esthetic is not difficult to discern. This peculiar walk is characterized with distinction because it can be affected only by women of the wealthy classes.[21] The women of the lower classes, who have to work for their living, cannot simulate such a walk because their work forbids it. Naturally, then, they wear shoes of an ordinary character which cause no pain in movement. To wear the smaller shoes, therefore, is a privilege open only to the leisure-class woman. The beauty that this awkward gait acquires, then, is a beauty which is derived from a class-distinction.

In the development of primitive architecture this same tendency is manifest. While architecture in an unfinished way is cultivated even by

---

[20] Among the Hawaiians, for instance, beauty is associated with the banana because of the importance of the latter in the life of the people. As a consequence, the banana serves as a convenient source of poetic allusion. Among the tales of these people, we find even the skin and eyeballs of a beautiful youth compared with the banana:

> "They admired the beauty of his appearance,
> His skin was like to a ripe banana,
> His eyeballs were like the yound buds of a banana.
> His body was straight and without blemish,
> And without an equal."

Of course, the phallic character of the banana may have played a part in the comparison. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, despite its phallic form, the banana is not apostrophized in communities in which it is not an important item in the life of the group.

[21] L. J. B. Berenger-Feraud: *Les Peupiades de la Senegambi.* Also Plechanov: *Materialism and Art.*

the animals, it is only with man that it achieves a meditative form. In primitive society architecture was monotnously unvaried. In the main, one-room huts prevailed. As long as primitive life continued at a communal level, architecture remained more or less uniform. It was only with the advent of private property and the institutionalization of classes, that variations occurred, and architecture went through its early revolutions. With divisions of labor, and the increasing differentiation of classes, the need for new structures soon turned into a demand. Special buildings became necessary for the new types of work, and the different kinds of houses, because of differences in wealth, shortly became inevitable for the different groups in society. As we advance toward the ancient and medieval world, we find these divers structures represented by the castle, and then the guild hall, and the monastery.[22] With the Renaissance, to be sure, the private home becomes an object of art. The merchant-class employs the artist to make its homes into mansions. In primitive society, of course, these deviations are less numerous and far less extravagant. Nevertheless, it was largely through these early differences in economic status that the first changes in architectural structure were effected.

The entire history of architecture is a record of change occasioned by alterations in economic life and the mechanics of materials. The forms of architecture adopted were an invariable reflection of the technical advance of society. Since people employed these types of architecture that fitted the nature of their life, it was in this way that the first standards of the exquisite in architectural form were determined. Of all the arts, architecture is most concerned with the importance of human needs. It is barks houses erected from the soil.[23] With the invention of fire, and the develop- of trees, or, in other cases, tents constructed of animal furs, or mud- ment of the fireplace, architectural structure shifts and alters in order to meet the exigencies of the new type of shelter. In many cases the house is built about the fireplace, attaining a conical form often only in response to structural necessity.[24]

There is no attempt in this analysis to deny the enormous importance of the sexual element in primitive art—or in modern art, either. That the worship of the sexual organs found vital form in the construction of early architectural monuments and edifices cannot be denied. Primitive religions as well as primitive art, which in those days were indisseverably conjoined, reveals the presence of the same factor. The sexual organs were symbols of potency and objects of adoration. Even the exanimate world was endowed with sexual attributes. In the primitive concept of the gods was embodied the sexual origin of the world, Uranus (Sky), for example, was

---

[22] W. Zimmer: *Stilentwicklung und Klassencheidung. Neue Zeit*, June 28, 1912. Vols. 30-2. An interesting instance in primitive times as to how religious legend was supposed to accentuate and enforce divisions of class is found among the natives of Puynipet. Here it is told that Brahma created teachers and priests out of his head; warriors out of his arms farmers out of his stomach, and workers out of his feet." This legendary notion was employed to emphasize thus th esubordination of the workers, and to establish in general class divisions of unyielding rigidity.

[23] Dr. Karl con Scherzer: *Die Aufange der Menschlichen Industrie.*

[24] Walter Hough, Head Curator of Anthropology, U. S. National Museum: *Fire as an Agent in Culture.*

the male in unending sexual congress with Gea (Earth), the female; in this embrace humanity was conceived as in a constant state of propagation. With the Biblical Jews the phallus was a sacred symbol, sworn by in oath, and worn by the women as a charm of fertility. Phallic worship among the Greeks and Romans was a widespread and accepted custom. In all these attitudes sex has a social aspect. It is translated into every form of life. In art its manifestations are arresting and signal. The Comedy, for instance, as Aristotle observed, originated in the Phallic performances, in honor of Phales himself. Greek religion is saturated with sex. Judaism likewise embodies the concrete evidences of phallicism. Not only did the Jews swear by the Phallus, according to Biblical testimony, but their sacred oath of calling on Asher, or Baal, as witness was another unmistakable trace of phallic worship. Christianity utilized the same phallic technique. Early architecture which had symbolized the male and female organs in its form and structure was employed by Christianity in the design of its churches and cathedrals. The Trinitarian Conception, in ecclesiastical schemata and architectural design, grew into the male and female triangle, forms of which still linger in the symbol used by the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. In a hundred forms Christianity continues, in deviations that fail to disguise their origin, this early influence of the sex motif upon its structure.

While sex has thus been one of the most profound forces in human life, it should not be thought that it has determined social change or economic progress. Through climatic changes and economic revolutions man has advanced, and his sex life has altered with the variations in existence which have resulted. His sexual customs have oscillated with the movement of external conditions. They have not determined this movement; this movement, on the other hand, has determined them, their form and expression. Sexual ethics, therefore, are more of an effect than a cause in the progress of social relations. They reflect rather than determine the nature of advance.

As a consequence, the study of the sexual element in early art reduces itself, in the last analysis, to a study of economic background and environment. This does not mean that the sexual element is not significant, or that the vast research that has been undertaken in order to show the presence of phallic factors in architectural design has been fruitless. On the other hand, the sexual element is significant, and this research has been fruitful. Its inadequacy lies in the fact that it has not been studied sufficiently or extended far enough. When all is said, all phallic worship, as it expressed itself in religion as well as art, was closely connected with various forms of the productive life in its economic aspects. Many phallic rituals, for instance, as those associated with the Greek Dionysos, were conjoined with the spring, and were undertaken primarily in order to insure good crops for the forthcoming harvest. When undertaken during the latter time, they were to commemorate the benefits derived from the season. Even Edmund Buckley, writing on *Phallicism in Japan,* admits that "of all the power desired by man alike for himself, flocks, and fields, productivity was the chief" (*Story of Phallicism,* page 323), although Buckley does not see that primitive man associated productivity as much with the struggle for

subsistence and survival as with his own procreation. Furthermore, in the instance of the sun-ceremonies, which were a form of phallic worship, it was the economic factor, as we have seen, that determined their growth or absence. In fact, phallic worship, it is reasonable to venture, began first as an adoration of the creative principle in vegetative and animal life and only later developed into human form. Since vegetative and animal life originally meant so much to man in his effort to live, the mystery of creation attached itself more to these aspects of reproduction than his own. It was only later that he advanced his worship of the creative function to include the human element. Phallic worship, in its purely human form, then, was but a supplement to the earlier worship of the creative principle in the lower forms of life. (*Sex the Foundation of the God Idea,* by Eliza Burt Gamble.) And all worship of the reproductive characteristics of vegetative and animal existence were closely bound up with the economic *milieu*. The very period of their expression, during seed-time and harvest, is proof of this dependency.

One other feature in this whole relationship is important to our argument. In those societies in which the matriarchate prevailed, the sex-organ that was worshiped was that of the female. When the economic status of woman changed, however, matriarchal society was supplanted by patriarchal, with man instead of woman, the dominant sex, the sex organ worshiped became the male. In other words, the nature of sex worship was determined by the economic organization of society and the resultant status of the sexes.

In many forms of primitive art, it is well to observe, the element of utility is far from obvious. Indeed, nothing seems to be present in the way of individual or social persuasion except the pleasure of repetition. In a number of instances, of course, the existence of a belief in magic encouraged certain forms of drawing, and emphasized certain aspects of art. Still the nature of the magic as well as the character of the art was linked up with those features in the life of the community which had meaning to their economic existence. If an animal acquired a magic power, the origin of the idea was certainly environmental. In almost every instance, investigation has shown that those animals endowed with magic charm are the ones that, for one reason or another, are or have been closely allied to the productive life in one or more of its manifestations.

The deer drawn by man in paleolithic times were depicted in most cases because of the primitive belief in the power of magic. Enormous energy was sometimes spent in such pictorial production. In many of the French caves vestiges of such art are amazingly abundant. In one of these caves, it had been necessary for the painters to devise lamps in order to work at their production.[25] The motive behind such extraordinary effort in behalf of art was magic. These savages believed in the language of their magic, that the picture of an animal attracted the animal—or phrased in the form of a primitive law, as Nikolsky expressed it, "the similar creates the similar."[26] To depict an animal meant to entice and ensnare him.

---

[25] Reinach: *Apollo.*
[26] Nikolsky: *Primitive Culture.*

The animal dances, thus, had a kindred origin. Even in the "rain dances" it is apparent. The attempt to imitate the gathering of clouds, the thunder and the rain itself, was all undertaken in accordance with this same belief. This faith in magic, then, had an economic basis. Its aim was not itself, but the animal, or the rain which was necessary for the crops.

When art-forms are discovered, therefore, in which all sense or meaning is absent, it is legitimate to trace their various ramificaitons to other sources than their immediate expression. If, to illustrate, we find in cases that certain art-forms are merely repetitive, we surely cannot contend, therefore, that love of repetition is their basic motivation. If primitive men achieve definite joy out of repetition, it is because this repetition is associated with something deeper in their life. Even where, as with the animals, imitation affords a source of pleasure, the act imitated has an important connection with the struggle for survival. The cat's playing with paper, or sundry objects, as if they were things of prey, is an instance of this tendency. There is no denying the pleasure the cat derives from the play, or the joy discovered in the act of imitation, and yet the pleasure and joy, it can be seen, have a practical value in terms of relationship with active life. The pleasure and joy are not disassociated from everyday experience, not disengaged from practical necessity, but are essentially a part of both. With primitive men, many gestures and forms of repetitions undoubtedly have their origin in the superfluous energy that has resulted from certain lightening labors that come often with the invention of tools or with an improved mode of existence. The construction of a new tool, however clumsy in character, spelt advance, saved energy, and afforded a new psychological sense of triumph over nature.[27] Certain of the old energy thus was unconsumed, and in a quantitative sense at least was in excess. In repetitive reactions this energy found an outlet that often turned dramatically in the direction of art.

It was only with the increasing separation of classes, and the steady development of one class at the cost of others, affording leisure to the former and unendurable suffering to the latter, that art could ever grow beyond its primitive forms. However grotesque, it was through such deviations in foot apparel as we found among the Senegambi that unique tendencies in the evolution of art were able to begin. In architecture we found a similar illustration. The existence of leisure, as we have repeatedly stressed, was imperative. It was the presence of this superfluous energy and time that made it possible for the leisure class to dominate and determine the nature and continuation of art-concepts and norms. The lower-classes were excluded from art-substance because art was created then only to serve and please the upper. Nevertheless, it was only through these lower-classes that the arts could progress. The lower-classes were used to build beauty for the upper. In Egypt, as we shall see, the Pharoahs sacrificed slaves by tens of thousands in order to build the pyramids of Karnak which were a lasting reflection of the achievement of their power. In Greece, Athenian art flourished at the expense of the exploited masses in the city and the various colonies in the surrounding seas. In Medieval

---

[27] Friche: *The Sociology of Art.*

Europe, religious art advanced upon the shoulders of the downtrodden peasants and serfs, who provided a source of labor that was almost inexhaustible in energy and vigor. In modern times, as art became more individualized, and more and more the product of the single individual, the influence of class-culture only assumed a more subtle form.

Everywhere, then, in primitive as well as modern life, the economic power of ruling classes has been decisive in determining the structure and substance of art.

[This is the first chapter of a book on *Art and Civilization;* the succeeding chapters will follow in future issues.]

THE TREASON OF THE INTELLECTUALS

IN the November-February issue of the M. Q. in an editorial entitled "The Treason of the Intellectuals," there appeared the following:

> "Waldo Frank writes an exquisite series of half-intelligible (though inspiring and thought-provoking) essays on *The Re-discovery of America,* and who is the new Columbus that his mystic America re-discovers? Al Smith! What fools these mortals be! Waldo, self-intoxicated and excessively lyrical, writes this soothing nonsense about Blind Alley Smith: 'Smith, however, is more than a political or economic standard bearer; he is a man, instinctively, vividly, perhaps inspiredly, in touch with American life. With him our present and our future emerges again into the field of political action and America has the opportunity to replace the personified conventions that have ruled us since Lincoln. This rich human quality of Smith—his natural contact with growing America, his own genius for growth and for action that inspires growth in others—seems to me so much more important today *to us* than any immediate economic issue, that I find it my duty to break my rule of political non-coöperation and support him.' "

The implication is that these words are quoted from my *Re-discovery of America.* But although the writer of this editorial reveals the modesty of his own mind by calling "half-intelligible" a series which men have found perfectly intelligible not alone in America, but as well in Europe and in Russia, I cannot believe that mental dullness is responsible for his not knowing that he lifted these words of mine from the context of an interview in *The World* (October 4, 1928); and that the name of Smith does not occur at all in the series of essays in question.

There is at work, here, an uglier trait than intellectual obtuseness. The whole burden of my *Re-discovery* is the need of a profound revolution in American life. Our institutions, our government, our constitution, are analyzed as obsolete and as oppressive censors. It is diligently explained why, in my judgment, no mere effort for economic reform can effect American rebirth; and why a creative reconstruction of American life is only feasible by means of groups of men devoted to the causal task of spiritual re-education, of the creating of values—which groups, in due time, must ineluctibly bring about the revolution, social, economic, political, which we desire. Anyone who reads a page of my text must know the enormity of the suggestion that I look on any existent politician as a "Columbus."

My book is itself a summary of a philosophy of American life; I cannot here summarize a summary. But even an editor of the M. Q., not quite capable of understanding what I said, might be expected to grasp such words as these:

> "Politics as a creative business seems to have been barred by our forefathers who, in their wish to protect minority groups, have eventually

> disfranchised them. For they have put the power into the hands of the majority who of course are ruled by demagogues and cliques. Our Constitution gives no voice to group articulation, and any group in an appeal for political suffrage, must first delete its essence by translating itself into majority non-group terms . . . Revolutionary action is also, for the present, barred; it can be effective only in a world where there is already a group integration. In eighteenth century France, a group could creatively seize power, since it was in millenial relation with the whole; the bourgeoisie had been culturally formed by the aristocracy and could continue (as it has) the France of the kings when the kings failed. The case is not dissimilar in Russia. The Communists, it will soon be clear, have been culturally created less by Marx than by the ages of the Russian church. Now, with the recreative stimulation of the Marxian idea . . . they can continue the Russia of the Church, since Church and Tsar have failed . . . But no group in the American chaos is so close to being born into a relation with the potential American Whole, that it can risk direct action on the mass without the certainty of being lost in the blind mass momentum . . . "

All that I wish here to point out is that the M. Q., instead of honorably arguing or disagreeing with the thesis of my book, has preferred to misrepresent me. Even in *The World* interview from which it quoted without designation, I managed to make a brief reference to the entirety of my point of view. The words reproduced in the M. Q. editorial are *preceded* by a paragraph. This paragraph is the premise explaining why I concluded to vote for Smith. It reads:

> "I have conscientiously abstained from voting since 1916; my reason being roughly that none of the parties, *great or small,* represented any vital issue or possessed any deep contact with American life. This is still my conviction about our parties. I shall nonetheless vote this year for Mr. Smith. I shall support him as a man rather than as the leader of any party or political force as yet in existence. I don't believe I agree with Smith on many fundamental questions. Even his stand on Prohibition strikes me as confused . . . etc."

Misrepresentation surely could go no further!

(2)

All of which is a personal preamble to what I wish to say. I believe that the editors and readers of the M. Q. are entitled to understand why such men as I (I speak only for myself) voted for Smith. In order to do so, I believe that they must understand the collapse of our intellectual revolutionary movement of before the War. And this they will understand, I think, only when they begin to understand themselves.

The leading revolutionists of 1914, in America, "committed treason" because their revolt was an empty gesture, a matter of nerves and mood; because their doctrine was largely a borrowed jargon; because their self-knowledge and self-mastery were void; because their mental and moral character was immature; because their creative values were weak. Any revolution is hopeless, when it is put across by men intellectually, spiritually, morally, on the level of the gang they would eject. And if I, for one, have no confidence in our present-day organized movement of intellectual radicals, it is because I have no confidence in the men who head it. What this specific M. Q. editorial discloses is typical of what I mean. Here is another instance, taken from the same piece of writing.

It calls Herbert Croly "that perfect Christian hypocrite," "who assures us that socialism . . . is so excellent in theory, that it would be dangerous folly to try it out in practice." Now I do not think that this is the place to rush to the defence of Croly. Nor have I always, by any means, concurred with him in vital issues. In 1916, for instance, he supported the War which I refused to take part in—a refusal which I was ready to pay for with imprisonment and with my life. But I have never found Croly a hypocrite. And if the M. Q. has reason to call him one, *no such reason has been adduced.* I have found him indeed strongly hospitable to just that kind of pregnant disagreement which the calling of bad names precludes. Moreover, this description of Croly's attitude toward socialists is as intelligent as it would be to say of Einstein: "that perfect Jewish charlatan who has encouraged the use of dishonest measures, by stating that a yard-stick can be any old length." Here, then, are two instances of stupidity and unfairness: from which, since they are typical of other work from the same pen, the following editorial traits of the M. Q. may be deduced:

a. An exhibitionistic love of bad names and abuse: a love far more evident than any thirst for justice or for beauty.

b. A willingness to get shock-effects by misrepresentation—quite on the level of the tabloids.

c. A failure to seek farther than half-truths.

d. A smattering and glib understanding of current styles in thought.

e. An assumption that the writer alone is sincere, and that everyone who disagrees with him is a hypocrite, a prostitute or a coward.

(3)

Now, why is all this so distressing to me? Because the *program* of the M. Q. is admirable; because it is to my mind a practical revolutionary program; because the discrepancy between its program and its behavior is the precise sort of "treason" of which it complains.

It is the conventional plea of the liberal with a conformist heart that we must not bother about radical changes in our economic structure until we have "changed men's souls." This is not my stand; and I defy anyone to find, in the fourteen volumes of my work, words to this effect. If it were possible today—with all our imperfections on our head—to revolutionize American society into some sort of a communistic pattern, I should be for it. And I should be happy to continue my work—the creating and organizing of values, through intellectual and æsthetic forms—within an economy so much more in tune with my labors. But the point is, *that there is no hope* for such an immediate change in our structure; that such a change is taking place in the U. S. R. R. because the pre-existence of values and of an ideology makes it possible; and that no such prospect will exist for us, *until we have made it possible by a previous revolution in the attitude and vision of the American people.*

Anyone whose knowledge of our labor and farmer groups is more direct than a reading of Marx can make it, is aware that *America as a whole* is saturated with the vision and with the values of Wall Street. (And he knows that this has not been true of the proletariat of Europe.) Norman Thomas, for instance, who in Europe (where these terms alone have

precise meaning) would be classed as a liberal, not a radical, polled 260,000 votes — less than 1% of the total. The American Federation of Labor, for instance, in a recent meeting, rebuked John Dewey for writing fairly of Soviet Education. Ideologically, there is nothing to choose between the children of Gompers and the children of Gary. Moreover, the children of Gary have elected Hoover to satisfy the others with "full garages."

All this means that the American radicals today who cry for "direct action" are the utopists and the dreamers. Godspeed to their dreams, but let them know what they are! And it means, that the men who create values in intellectual and æsthetic works, who distill values—men who, above all, thrqugh self-mastery create *actionable persons,* are the sole practical revolutionists we have. Unamuno wrote:

> "It is said that men need ideas. Without denying this, I should rather say, that ideas need men."

My conviction is that we possess today in our intellectual revolutionary movements neither the ideas nor the men. And my conviction is further that so long as an organ like the M. Q. betrays its strategic program to foment ideas and men, our revolutionary energy will continue to be vaporized and lost as it has been in the past—until the crucial hour is gone and America has set into a blind, dull mass incapable of integration.

(4)

I know, of course, that a work so tremendous as the revolutionizing of American life requires a synchronous variety of attitudes and methods. "This problem of a creative American life," I have said, "involving person, group, leader, nation, is one problem; no phase of it can be conceived without the others." Because I feel myself most fitted for an intimate personal work and for the creating of æsthetic organisms, I do not misprize the necessity that there be others seeking to organize cells for direct revolutionary action. I am aware that at this Nadir the gesture of revolutionary action must be kept alive against the time when our false prosperity breaks and when creative values and a popular impulse for revolution endows that gesture with life. Never, in all my work, have I spoken against the aims of revolutionists because they wore a different aspect from my own. But there is the M. Q. doing just this: sneering at, falsifying, rejecting men because they do not see eye to eye, in the technique of a problem.

Disagreement cannot be creative without a common ground. Battle cannot be joined without a common field. The most revolutionary work in our world must be that of *definition.* Abuse and the spouting of formulæ (Marxian or Freudian) are the Ersatz for definitions. The minority in America who have an interest in our purpose is so small and so frail that we cannot afford to cut each other's throats. Nor can we afford to lose the respect of each other by the indulgence of intolerance, dogmatism, weak thought in ourselves.

For I submit, again, that the essence of the issue at this stage is moral—is spiritual. What is the difference between the capitalism of Hoover and the communism of Lenin—the quintessential difference whence arise their distinctions of *form?* Both are socialistic; it might indeed be said that the North American republic is in a more perfect socialistic stage today than

the republic of Russia. The prime difference is of the spirit: is a difference of values.

The revolutionary groups of America today have not yet revealed the discipline, the craftsmanship, the self-mastery, the æsthetic and intellectual power from which revolutionary values may emerge. But the capitalistic groups of America have revealed the traits from which *their* values emerge. That is why *The New York Times* is a successful organ; and why the M. Q. and *The New Masses* are poor ones.

(5)

This is the kind of thought which entered into my "pragmatic sanction" of Smith in the last campaign. (And from the vote of the radical parties I judge that I may be expressing a fairly common decision.) Smith is a more honest man than the typical American revolutionist: a man far better educated, a man far less sentimental, a man in truer touch with American life; a *craftsman*, above all, vastly superior within his field (of government) to our revolutionary craftsmen in their fields of drama, literature, art, psychology, culture. And he is a man, the energetic direction of whose technique is away from the values not only of Hoover, but of a good many of the organs and persons who supported Smith.

Despite the campaign nonsense written on the subject, there are analogies between Smith and Lincoln—or rather between the situation of the backward America of 1860 and the scarcely less backward America of 1928. Lincoln was no radical; even for his time, he was a conservative rather than a liberal. There were thousands of Americans in his day whose intellectual consciousness and standards were more advanced than Lincoln's. Had these men been in control of the situation, there would have been no slavery and no Civil War. The war was necessary only because of the fact that the American mass was ruled by stupidity, fear and greed, and because of the further fact that the American intellectuals (of whom Lincoln was not one) were in no position to rule. This being so, it was entirely consistent to choose Lincoln as the best available man for a specific job, at the immediate hour, to lead the American mass *in the direction of growth;* and at the same time (if one had it in him) to write *Walden* or *Leaves of Grass*. By analogue, on the deliberate level of immediate action, it was possible for a humble modern to vote for Smith (as the available man to lead a large part of the American mass in the direction of growth), and at the same time to write *The Re-discovery of America*.

(6)

Here, then, brothers, is my conclusion. For an answer to the slurs of the M. Q. I refer to my work. That work—the novels, the essays, the organic cultural studies—is itself a summary of my forming vision. I cannot be expected here to summarize a summary. The cowardice of the American mind—and, even more, of the American emotions—has spread the myth that my work is "hard to understand"—even that it is "half-nitelligible." I am ready to admit that I might well achieve a more perfect clarity—the more readily, since I am forever struggling for more clarity in myself. But I am not able to believe that the fault is entirely with me, since there has been plenty of understanding of my work and since that understanding has come from almost any kind of source, save

always the professional radicals of our country. The inference from this is obvious.

And remember: to dilute Freud and Adler, to make a *panache* of Marx, to wear Bertie Russell on one's sleeve and Plechanov on one's lapel may not be more radical than to quote Genesis or Mrs. Eddy. The true radical is the man who gets at the roots of himself, whence must issue all his understanding of the world and all his creative action upon it. Radicalism must begin at home. And such a man will have another tone than the borrowed menckenianism of our "radical" polemists, or than the stridulous superficialities of the good Schmalhausen. Being better informed about himself, he will be less deluded as to his superiority over the Babbitts—liberal or conservative. He will know, as the first fruit of his self-search, that the humble questioner of definitions is nearer to revolution than the shouter of phrases. He will know, above all, how much of what history calls "revolutionary thought" is but a kaleidoscope of phrases covering the sleep of human spirit and that if the profundities of Jesus could be mouthed by empty fellows, so can the profundities of Marx . . .

(7)

I believe in disagreement—on a decent level—for the purpose of organic work. I see no reason why you should not disagree with Croly or Dewey or me. (I have disagreed with all three, more than once.) But I respectfully submit that until a body of revolutionists grows up to the level of discipline and stamina where it can distinguish between disagreement and abuse, there will be no nucleus for revolutionary action in our country.

Until such time, I shall continue to deem it my duty, as a radical, to accept my solitude, to strive to better myself as an instrument for truth; and to produce, as best I can, organic literary works which may possibly nurture the revolutionary action of tomorrow.

WALDO FRANK.

THE REPLY DISCOURTEOUS

DEAR WALDO FRANKINCENSE:

Your touching rejoinder to that viciously intelligent editorial in the autumn issue of The Modest Quarterly moves me to tears. Your plausible insistence that your articles (*The Re-Discovery of America*) are quite intelligible in Europe and in Russia left its impress upon my imagination. Indeed, I am of the clairvoyant opinion that the writings of many of our younger and youngest generation of creative artists are much more comprehensible when conceived as foreign languages. You must not fail to read Max Eastman's extraordinarily brilliant article, *The Cult of Unintelligibility* (Harpers, April 1929) if you would understand more subtly what I am driving at.

The weakness of the mystic mind lies in its inept talent for logic. The strange psychotic desire to be dissolved in a "mystic whole" creates many grotesque contradictions of which the mystic organism is quite innocent. For example: your revolutionary impulse is so genuine and profound that you not only find it congenial to keep infinitely distant, throughout your plastic years, from revolutionary fellowship and activity, but you actually find it possible and even psychologically plausible to choose a super-animated mediocrity (without culture or great vision or intimate insight) like Al Smith as your Lincoln-like leader of the masses in their obscure struggle toward the light. Toward the light!

If you were possessed of even an embryonic sense of humor (in either the Shavian or the Veblenian sense) you would collapse with unholy self-derision in the reminiscent realization of the childish absurdity of your warm advocacy of a Tammany Hall politician as a new focus of creative possibility in these complacent states and your equally infantile pretense (nothing but pretense, Horatio) that runs the red gamut of revolutionary rhetoric. A mind more keen on the nature of contradiction, better equipped with a sense of realism, more responsive to the bitter humor of things, would hardly be capable, in the year of our benighted intelligence 1929, of defending reactionary practice by revolutionary make-believe.

I know that it will come as a very serious blow to the Third International (or even to its fractional variants) to learn of your sad and dutiful withdrawal from the arena of practical zest and comradely activity (from which your studious and creative absence for fifteen years is confessed by your revolutionary self, pathetically) from now on—until the crack of capitalistic doom. In your own lyrical words: "Until such time, I shall continue to deem it my duty, as a radical, to accept my solitude, to

strive to better myself as an instrument for truth; and to produce, as best I can, organic literary works which may possibly nurture the revolutionary action of tomorrow."

I am somewhat surprised that you are not sufficiently self-analytical to realize that all your wistful reasons for doing precisely what you wish to do, in narcissistic solitude, are the most transparent of rationalizations of a petulant artistic nature specializing in indifferentism. It is so very obvious that a mind sincerely solicitous for the welfare of humanity does not withdraw into a world of illimitable self-centeredness because (what an infantile "reason"!) men in action prove themselves to be desperately human, imperfect, instrumental, pragmatic. Try to imagine any of the marvelously sincere and socially profound leaders of the Bolshevik revolution seceding from the wider fellowship, quoting such silly scripture for their private purposes. Rationalization. Mere rationalization. Words are more meaningful to you than human beings. So be it.

I want to quote a paragraph from a certain writer whom you greatly admire and invite you to say exactly what the sentences mean. If you can do so with reasonable success, your cry of unfairness when your writing is stigmatized as half-intelligible will not have been uttered in vain.

> "In eighteenth century France, a group could creatively seize power, since it was in millenial relation with the whole; the bourgeoisie had been culturally formed by the aristocracy and could continue (as it has) the France of the kings when the kings failed. The case is not dissimilar in Russia. The Communists, it will soon be clear, have been culturally created less by Marx than by the ages of the Russian church. Now, with the recreative stimulation of the Marxian idea . . . they can continue the Russia of the Church, since Church and Tsar have failed . . . But no group in the American chaos is so close to being born into a relation with the potential American Whole, that it can risk direct action on the mass without the certainty of being lost in the blind mass momentum . . . "

"In millenial relation with the whole . . . The Communists have been culturally created less by Marx than by the ages of the Russian Church . . . Recreative stimulation of the Marxian idea . . . The potential American Whole . . . "

Now, Waldo Frankincense, what the hell art thou prattling about? Of one thing I am certain: your revolutionary logic is much feebler than your radical rhetoric. The profundities of Marx will not help you to persuade anyone (except Herbert Croly) that the Communist revolution in Soviet Russia, economic and psychologic and artistic, is really quite unrelated to Marx, being the legitimate offspring of the Russian church.

Thy logic, thy eccentric logic, tortures me. Having explained, certainly to your own satisfaction, how furiously you disagree with the Al Smith *weltanschauung* and how intensely, how sincerely, from the very bottom of your heart, you love the revolutionary theory of things, you beautifully conclude that Mr. Smith is precisely the right American seer to lead the deluded folk, starved for prophetic vision, out of the contemporary wilderness. You angrily say of my logically oriented exposé of your mystic confusion: "Misrepresentation surely could go no further!" I agree.

Now to touch upon a few more intimate matters. You find it painful to be associated with those who are so ill-mannered as to be capable of abuse. Do you know that even the stodgy and reactionary and gentlemanly

Chesterton long ago pointed out that good taste, even more than patriotism, is the refuge of scoundrels. (That's a good point, my lad. Good manners, more often than not, are praised and cultivated among those members of society who cannot or will not make the necessary sacrifices in behalf of social welfare and human amelioration. Good manners are a splendid neutralizer of sincere emotions. Heywood Broun and Nikolai Lenin will give you some clever pointers on this important theme.)

If a man is praised, however excessively (for example, by his incestuous literary mates freudianly united in a mutually adoring society of creative artists) he complaineth not. If a man is damned, he lamenteth and maketh most uncanny noises, even as Job in the awful presence of God Ever Censorious. What, by the way, shall a mature mind mean by "abuse"? Would you say that you were abusive of the tender-hearted and oh most sensitive-minded editor of The Modest Quarterly when you characterize his attitude toward your stuff as "intellectual obtuseness"? How is this for charming abuse out of thy own sweet-scented new-republican throat: "But even an editor of the M. Q." (Moron Quotient?) "not quite capable of understanding what I said, might be expected to grasp such words as these." Now, I ask you, Waldo, is that a nice remark for a gentleman radical? Nor have I quoted thy most precious abuses against my dignity: "Here, then, are two instances of stupidity and unfairness: from which, since they are typical of other work from the same pen, the following editorial traits of the M. Q. may be deduced." I am ashamed of what follows. You speak so scorchingly, Hamlet. ("Exhibitionistic love" . . . "Shock-effects" . . . "Half-truths" . . . "Glib misunderstanding of current styles in thought.") Do you really think that my talent in this direction represents any more genius than thine? A nice point for metaphysicians.

Here is a hard nut for you to crack (do not take this too personally): Since I happen to be the only person of definitely revolutionary convictions who has known how tenderly to evaluate your stylistically beautiful and intellectually interesting essays—cruelly side-tracked or underrated by the typical realistic radical—will you kindly explain by process dialectical (Hegelian or Eclectical) how you can logically accuse me of being superficial when I can sufficiently understand and appreciate you who are (by hypothesis and modest self-knowledge) so manifestly profound? I am stumped. *Either* you must be superficial enough for me to understand *or* I must be profound enough to understand thee. The painful thought caresses my ironic mind, to wit, perhaps we are both equally superficial. Speaking, then, as one superficial thinker to another, why do you need this pose of profundity? Ah, now I have you by the hip.

As profoundly as you can, and as superficially as I can, let us both ask ourselves how it is even possible in a world as vastly unintelligible and inaccessible as is this reeling universe; how is it plausible in an age when knowledge is so dizzyingly intricate, subdivided, and sickly specialized; how is it even thinkable that any mind shall construe itself as adequately profound? What an imposture! I shall not recall with too much biting accuracy what your splendid friend, Leo Stein, did say, with most unseemly candor, about thy neo-pallium. Art thou genuinely a thinker or merely

a marvelous word-monger? Answer that humbly, Little Waldo Frankincense, and thy mind will woo arrogance less voluptuously. How shall a mind know itself truly if it be so narcissistical?

Who is not superficial in our distracting and disintegrated age? Because a man writes obscurely, in tortured phraseology, with mystic ardor, does that of itself indicate profundity of mind or heart? If a man writes brilliantly and lucidly (like Bertrand Russell), does that all by itself bespeak a superficial mind? Is Kant profound *because* he is so difficult and often impossible to decipher? And what will you say of the fact that there are superficial geniuses and profound (both, be it noted, authentic geniuses)? For example: Wells and Dostoyevsky. William James and Sigmund Freud. Max Nordau and Thorstein Veblen. Sherwood Anderson and Anton Chekhov. Belasco and Stanislawsky!

Stridulous or non-stridulous, what ails thee, knight at arms, so wan and palely loitering? I'll tell thee, Tavarisch. Sick self-love in reality. By pretense, love of thy fellow men (*à la* Walt Whitman). All this highfalutin incandescent rhetoric about mystic wholes and potential American Wholes and quaint, unimaginable, strangely integrated fellowships is merely and quite neurotically the spinning of an exquisite cloak of rationalization to cover an inner emptiness, a deep-hearted indifference to humanity. Waldo, thou lovest humanity not. Thou lovest only thy own precious self. Why wilt thou be mystical when life calls to thee to be revolutionary? For shame. For shame.

Cordially and sadistically,

S. D. SCHMALHAUSEN.

ARE RELIGIOUS PEOPLE SANE?

BY E. BOYD BARRETT

RELIGION may well be likened to an old wine that is more or less incalculable in its effects. *If* there be enough of it to go round several times, it will leave in its train, inspiration, depression, rage, and hilarity, while at least a few of those who have benefited by it will "see things." And have we not, in the wake of religion, inspired Mohammedans, sad-faced Calvinists, crazy Corybantes, light-hearted Neapolitan Catholics, and Salvation-army Lassies, to say nothing of the Egyptian Ammonites and Atonites, and their mystic brethren of India and Europe to whom "visions" were vouchsaféd? Religion, no less than old wine, profoundly, and of course more lastingly, affects personality. I knew one man who derived from his prayers the disconcerting assurance that there was a devil abiding in his stomach. Another, whom I knew still better, obtained from his unbalanced piety, the embarrassing privilege of constantly hearing in his right ear the nagging voice of his departed spouse, and in his left ear the villifying voice of his departed father-in-law, both voices issuing supernaturally from hell!

If we accept as a broad definition of religion "the worship of God or gods or the forces of Nature," and of neurosis "an unbalanced state of mind which falls short of madness," we may be ready to grant as debatable the assertion that "religion develops neurosis." There is no little antecedent probability that ardent worship, with all that it implies of tension, and emotionalism, should be pregnant of mental disequilibrium. One has not of course to rely upon "antecedent probability" for coming to a conclusion, for mental homes bear ample testimony to the fact that religion upsets many minds, to a more or less considerable extent. But even among those who never find their way into a mental home, there is engendered a borderland state of eccentricity mixed with normality, evolving from religion, to which state I am venturing to apply the term *Eumenidesia*. The Eumenides, the Furies of Ancient Greece, as is well known, were rather fanatically preoccupied with righteousness. And if we are to believe Homer and Hesiod, their activities would qualify them, were they alive today, for participating in the gravest duties of extreme Fundamentalism.

Among those most liable to acute attacks of Eumenidesia are religious idealists, adolescents, the more sensitive of "the devout female sex," the awe-struck of both sexes, and such as feel particular need of reassurance about their *post-mortem* destiny, and the great eschatological problems. On the other hand, religious folk who sip very moderately and shyly the old wine of religion, and who are not excessively preoccupied with the fear

of "back-sliding," and who flirt with distractions during Church services, are less liable to the mysterious mental contagion.

Among the elements of religion which are most of all calculated to induce Eumenidesia, we find fear, emotionalism, spiritual tension, and the sense of the unseen (or supernatural). A few words about each of these elements must be said.

It is of course beyond our purpose to enquire into the origin of religion, whether it is to be sought for in fear of ghosts, or in fear of the great powers of Nature, as Julian Huxley seems to hold, or whether it originated in some other emotion or form of apperception. It suffices to emphasize the fact that the fear element is strong in almost every kind of religion. Shamanism, which is associated with many primitive religions, is a defense mechanism against fear. The fear of God, which to the Hebrew mind was the beginning of wisdom, was such in the eyes of ancient Plutarch that he declared: "The man who fears the gods is never free from fear." H. G. Wells, a modern Plutarch, epitomises this thought by calling religion "a dismaying obsession." Though this be an over-statement, everyone knows that fear is a potent element even to this day in the religions that guide the hearts of the majority of mankind. Hindus, no less than Catholics, tremble with dread in their temples; the former at the terrifying potentialities of Siva; the latter at the threatening, wide-open, Hell. Nerves snap when eloquent preachers paint a realistic Hell, and Christian neurotics abound.

Emotionalism permeates religion, no less than fear, and is a no less fertile mother of neuroses. In "Shanty Irish" Jim Tully repaints the picture of revivalism, emotional ecstasy, and conversion, in modern jargon.

> "He (the Preacher) walked up and down in front of the Mourners' Bench, his arms frantically waving. He removed his long coat and threw it across the large Bible. A woman rose from the Mourners' Bench, perspiration dripping, bonnet hanging down her back, hair falling over her face. She clapped her hands together and screamed, 'Only Jesus can satisfy me' . . . The Preacher and other religious farmers hugged Moll in the delirium of salvation. They shouted, 'Holy God, let us pray!' They dragged each other about. Rustics in the rear of the church flirted and laughed . . . "

Were it not for staid conventions, such emotionalism, once awakened would drive straight towards a reproduction of the Floralia of Ancient Rome. The old wine of religion can still set in motion instincts and passions that brook no restraint, and harbor no artificial sense of shame.

Only those who have at some time or other given whole-hearted allegiance to creed can understand how intense is the spiritual strain involved in "leading the good life." One has to "watch and pray," and to strive. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence" and only the violent capture heaven. Then there is high tension in fighting and outwitting the devil who "like a roaring lion is seeking whom he may devour." To live under the eye of God, all the time, all and every day, and to remain constantly mindful of death and judgment, means tension no less keen and severe than that which soldiers at the front felt, in trying to avoid exposing themselves to enemy sharp-shooters. Added to the tension of religion is the mystery of it all . . . unseen powers, supernatural visitations, rever-

ence for mistletoe among the Druids . . . for meteorites among African savages . . . for sacred relics among Catholics . . . for spiritual movements among the Quakers. Witness the Holy Week ceremony, called Tenebræ (darkness) in a cathedral; the solemn chanting, the dirge-music, the gradual extinction of lights and blessed candles, till universal gloom fills the aisles; and you will sense how intense and dramatic is the mystery element in religion. What was potent in Eleusis, and Stonehenge, is no less potent in St. Peter's today . . . and no less incalculable are the reactions!

Perhaps the most satisfactory and indeed scientific way of judging the potency of the religious instinct to drive men and women into strange, eccentric and gruesome modes of behavior, would be to set up a Universal Religious Exhibition, devoted to the faithful reproduction, in wax, or plaster, of scenes from religious history. There should be, of course, in such an exhibition, gardens, galleries, halls, and temples. In the gardens would be located Adamites, and Picards, making love freely, and holily, without the embarrassment of clothing. The revels of the Floralia, together with bathing scenes from the Ganges and Jordan might likewise find places. Along the galleries, fittingly depicted in stone, one should see a Buddhist Lama at his prayer-wheel; a Crow Indian keeping vigil for his divine visitation, with lacerated hand; Francis Xavier teaching a grasshopper to sing hymns; Luther hurling an ink-pot at the devil; a Fakir resting on a bed of sharp spikes; Stylites standing with outstretched arms on his lofty pillar; an old woman with a priest's tall-hat upon her head crawling on her knees around a Holy Well; an Aztec priest cutting out the heart of a living man to offer in sacrifice.

Among the halls of the exhibition there would be a Witches Hall, where one could see maidens being dipped in rivers, with their thumbs and big toes tied crosswise, the left toe to the right thumb, and the right toe to the left thumb; or stretched upon a table, nude, in the presence of priests and doctors, being subjected to much pricking and lancing, in the hope of anæsthetized parts being discovered—for it was held that wherever the devil had touched them would thereafter be anæsthetized. A Hall, Moloch Hall, would display various forms of human sacrifice, done to honor God or gods, from Jeptha's daughter to Hypathia, and on to Joan of Arc, and Thomas More. Mutilation Hall would show Flagellants, and Blood-crazed Ascetes. In it the Skopski and their female counterparts, bereft of their procreative organs, would manifest hysterical delight in their disfigurements. In various halls would be shown Cromwell's soldiery armed with axes smashing artistic statuary; Ligayats ostentatiously carrying the most gross phallic symbols; women doing honor to Priapus in the presence of priests and priestesses, by letting the motionless god have his pleasure of them; Devotees extracting spiritual health from imbibing the sacred urine of cows; Mahommedan women kissing "the sacred parts" of priests and *idiots;* Lupercalians whipping naked buttocks; Africans burying alive and in chains the wives and concubines of a dead chief, beside his decaying body; Darwishes and Christians slaughtering one another for the love of God; Dominican and Jesuit theologians hurling maledictions at one another over some disputed point of theology; Toda

priests praying and singing and practising magic rites to drive the devil out of buffalo milk; and last of all Holy Rollers and Modern Revivalists screaming and foaming in the mouth in order to arouse religious enthusiasm.

If well endowed financially, the Universal Religious Exhibition would have a thousand and one other abnormalities and monstrosities to display, and it would be likened by timid and scandalized souls to a madhouse of hell. Historically, it would, nevertheless, have a logical claim to be called "a holy temple of God, and the gods, and the forces of Nature."

The thoughtful man would, of course, gather from a visit to the Exhibition the idea that the religious impulse is perfectly incalculable in its effects, and is pregnant with danger. He would be inclined to concede that men and women who allow the religious impulse to develop uncontrolled must needs live on the verge of Eumenidisia . . . in close proximity to the pathological and perverse.

It is a point of exceeding interest for a Spiritual Director (such as the present writer was for a number of years) to watch the gradual transition of a pious or ceremonial practice into an obsessional habit. A devout soul, to take an example, following the usage recommended in sermons or religious manuals, says such and such a prayer so many times for so many consecutive days. The element of mysticism in the number, nine or eight or three, is not at first unduly emphasized. However, the habit of fixing numbers, and attaching great importance thereto, grows and grips the sub-conscious mind. Ultimately arithmomania develops, and the devout soul becomes a pitiable victim of this obsession. Now, she only finds comfort in her religious exercises at the moment when a certain number is completed. An irresistible impulse compels her to arrive at three threes, or nine nines, or thirty Tuesdays, or eight Saturdays, and so forth. At the back of the obsession is the incalculable religious impulse.

Needless to say, exhibitionists, myscophobiacs, pyromaniacs, dromomaniacs, sadists, and tiquers abound as a result of religious exercises and ceremonies and doctrines. Worst of all, there comes "*folie de doute*" to blast the natural happiness of folk who throw themselves whole-heartedly into the pursuit of religious perfection. This neurosis, called "scruples" by Catholic writers, usually originates in an emotional horror of sin, and of making a bad confession. As an example, I might cite the case of a brother priest, who is under the irresistible impulse to pick up and collect (for subsequent destruction) buttons, bits of paper, cardboard, or even wood, everything in fine on which a few words might be written, owing to his incurable and cruel doubt as to whether or not he destroyed a bit of paper on which, years before, he had scribbled a confessional secret. He now feels that it would be a dreadful sin if he omitted destroying every bit of paper which *might possibly* be the original bit.

Hardly less unfortunate are those, a numerous class, who feel that they have failed to follow out a divine inspiration, a call to follow Christ. I know an elderly man, who has several grown-up sons, of whom he is proud and fond, but whom he would gladly see dead, because their deaths would facilitate his fulfilling a sacred call to the priesthood that he thinks he neglected in his youth. He compensates himself for not being a priest by

dressing in semi-clerical garb, reading his prayers from a Latin missal, keeping as far as possible in the company of priests, and cultivating as far as he can a priestly bearing and attitude of mind. His obsession is of course incurable, but it derives clearly from his emotional over-valuation of his supposed divine call. His wife is and has been as unhappy as possible, and needless to say he is as anxious that she should depart to a better world as he is that his sons should do so.

A man, morbid about purity of conscience, and religiously concerned about having his soul pure as snow, may develop, as I have known some to do, the hand-washing obsession. He *sees* his hands are clean but he *feels* the need of washing away what is an imaginary stain. The transference of the stain from his soul to his hand of course took place when in some moment of weakness he used his hand in a "sinful" way. Thereafter his hand was accursed, and soiled, and his obsession began. Yet such a man (I have one in mind) is eminently practical in other matters, and remarkably clever and level-headed. However, his religious idea has become a disease, and he is caught in the toils of Eumenidisia.

Perhaps as a last illustration that religion develops neuroses (in this case anxiety neurosis), I cannot do better than relate an experience I had with a heavily-built, red-faced, middle-aged New York policeman. A casual view of this Eumenidisiac would have led a citizen to rejoice at being so well protected by the city against the terrors of gangdom. He was almost a giant in stature, stern and menacing in appearance. But to come to my story. It happened in Central Park where I was driving a roadster cautiously and at a moderate pace. I was startled by the sight of a big hand, and behind the hand a cop. I stopped and he got in. I had feared all sorts of things. "It's a fine day, thank God" . . . "It is," I said. My car started with a slight jerk. "O, Virgin Mother and St. Joseph protect us!" muttered the deep voice beside me. I said nothing, but marvelled at so much timidity. Presently a car passed me, and swerved in front. "O, Jesus Christ, and His Blessed Mother!" ejaculated the voice; "we are all in the hands of God." The swerve of the car in front made him bless himself piously. Soon he was to do so again, not once but three times in quick succession. The traffic had been held up by some kind of jam, and my friend thought there had been an accident. If an accident to others, why not also to him? So he set about praying like the sailors in the *Tempest* storm. If he had only known (but he couldn't, for I was in complete mufti) that he had a Catholic priest by his side, how his heart would have bounded with joy, knowing that absolution was immediately available for him in case of an accident! But there was not the slightest danger of an accident. The jam came to an end and we got moving again. The traffic remained congested and his anxiety increased. He removed his cap, so as to be more ready to pray. "Maybe you're a Catholic," he said to me. "I am," I answered. "Well, thanks be to God for that, anyhow. But isn't it terrible the life we have to live," he continued, "so much danger of death?" I suppose nervousness is infectious. Anyway, I began to feel quite jiggy, and it was with no small relief that I finally deposited my stalwart protector of life and property on a side-path. "Does religion develop anxiety-neuroses?" I asked myself. And then I began to think of Eumenidisia.

IS CONTEMPORARY CIVILIZATION NEUROTIC?

BY SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN

THERE are two fruitful approaches to a theme of this character; the quantitative and the qualitative. Or, if you like, the statistical and the psychoanalytical. In the one case we should be piling up awe-inspiring mountains of statistics to demonstrate graphically the fairly precise relation of latter-day civilizations to antecedent civilizations in reference to the amount of neurotic maladjustment among various age and sex groups in the population. That is a research well worth while undertaking, but will be omitted from this brief study. The qualitative method is more simple, and paradoxically, more penetrating and illuminating. We shall be greatly concerned with human nature and its potentialities for disharmony. Psychoanalytically, civilization is a study in disharmony.

If we are not to be endlessly floundering in a quagmire of misconceptions, we must take for our starting point in this analysis a fairly specific definition of psychoneurotic behavior. What shall we mean, then, by neurotic? The primary fact in the mind of man, as well as in the universe which man's mind envisages, is contradiction. The history of metaphysics, of theology, of ethics, to a large extent even of science, is the story of ingenious attempts, by the method of brilliant and sometimes crack-brained dialectic, to reconcile irreconcilables. It is worth while noting to how large an extent traditional philosophy is a chapter in psychopathology.

Philosophers, unwittingly to be sure, have made an almost scandalous use of the Freudian mechanisms of projection, distortion, rationalization. Man's thinking is to a surprising extent a contribution to rationalization, though he loves to delude himself into believing that it is a contribution to reason. Contradiction rules the mind of man. Reason is the logical pretence that contradictions can be laid to rest. Rationalization is the psychological discovery that they cannot. Philosophers may be generously thought of as the great logical lunatics of the race who dwelt in self-complacent serenity in little Ward's Islands of their own, each original mind in an enchanted dementia-præcox detachment from the living realities of our human universe. The delusional system of the paranoiac and the philosophical system of the metaphysician have a lot of noble nonsense in common.

Not until contradiction, enmeshed in the emotional aspects of life, boils over into internal conflict does the familiar problem of psychoneurotic *malaise* arise. When a mind cannot handle its contradictions, and finds itself increasingly a victim of dilemmas and dualities in thinking and feeling, somehow incompetent to transcend the irreconcilables that trouble its composure, only then does it begin to manifest symptoms of a physical

and psychical sort that are the visible embodiment of its invisible cleavage. Psychoanalysis, as a therapeutic technique, is primarily concerned with contradiction at the stage when it has already spilled over into the dark pools of emotional conflict and perturbation.

Since we cannot do more in so brief a survey of so vast a subject than skate on the thin ice of our theme, let us content ourselves with merely sketchy references to the major concepts in the field of psychoneuroses. As we survey a mind in the throes of neurotic conflict, we discover *dissociation* taking place as though a traditional system of habits and values, constituting the quintessence of the Ego, were unable to assimilate a new experience because of a certain incompatibility between the primary ego and the invading episode.

The dissociation may create a cleavage so deep as to result in a definite *disintegration,* in extreme cases eventuating in what Morton Prince has called multiple personality, in milder cases, resulting in tension and disturbance that continue to rock the personality until the Ego learns how to establish a bridge of accommodation between the incompatible parts *either* by a new normality of understanding and acceptance *or* by the sick abnormality of symptoms and maladjustments.

In the course of this internal conflict between contradictory elements in the personality, resulting in dissociations that may run their course to the extreme of pathologic disintegration, we are made aware of the existence of the so-called mechanism of *repression,* which is, in simple reality, the attempt of the self-regarding sentiments to dominate the field of attention and consciousness to the exclusion of the self-abasing sentiments (that belong inevitably in the history of a human nature).

Repression is the abstract term for the attempt of consciousness to deny entrance into the field of attention of behaviors and imaginings that are looked down upon as not quite reputable or morally acceptable to critical awareness. In this connection the orthodox analysts speak of *censorship and taboo,* insisting perhaps too dogmatically, upon the characteristically unconscious nature of the repressed material. In short, the conscious mind may report, and with apparent sincerity, so complete an ignorance, or unawareness of, or inattention to, those experiences that trouble its composure, its serene self-regard, that we are led to agree with the psychoanalysts when they call this sidetracked and inhibited and repressed subject-matter unconscious.

The obvious manifestations of the conflict within a human nature are best recorded in the amount of tension and of attention which psychoneurotic *malaise* engenders. A vicious circle is created between the perturbing element in sub-consciousness that is afraid or ashamed to rise to clear awareness of itself, and the attempt of the Ego as moralistic censor to shut out and deny the very existence of that obtruding situation. A habit-pattern is formed which takes on the nature of a true *fixation,* becoming in due course, under the sheer influence of repetition and habituation, obsessive and compulsive. And since the self-regarding sentiment of the mind is both afraid and ashamed of being dominated by the episode

that has created the sense of self-abasement, the fixation has also become a phobia.

Thus, we can perceive the brilliant pathologic inter-linkage between excessive attention to an episode found incompatible with ego-regard, the accompanying excess tension that troubles the body and the mind because a contradiction has boiled over into a human conflict, and the swift emergence of the dark psychoneurotic chains binding the perturbed mind in the vicious circle of fixation, obsession, compulsion, phobia, psychoneurotic *malaise.*

In this condensed psychological analysis, we are presented with a vivid picture of the mind of a neurotic victimized by perturbing episodes that somehow defy the lucid and reasonable control of consciousness. Until the Analyst steps in and offers the boon of a liberating re-education of the personality!

Succinctly, we may offer as a criterion of psychoneurotic *malaise* this dictum: *whenever a part of the organism rides and dominates the whole, there is something definitely wrong; maladjustment occurs; sickness, disintegration.*

Though it marks something of an excursion from our main theme, it is important for our general enlightenment concerning the psychoneurotic nature of contemporary civilization to understand the several ingenious views that have been offered in analysis and elucidation of the contradictions and conflicts in human nature. The Freudian view, as every one knows, stresses *sex disharmony* as fundamental: the critical ego occupies the perilous and insecure position of having to reconcile its memories and experiences in the period of its maturity with the conventional morals of the herd, as well as with the promptings of conscience, the residuals of the faiths and inexperiences characteristic of the period of infancy and childhood.

The conflict between natural impulse and conventional morals is a fertile source of psychoneurotic disintegration. We might briefly assert that conscience doth make psychoneurotics of us all. The Adlerian conception, as fundamental as Freud's but not as spectacular or melodramatic, perceives in *the feeling of inferiority,* rooting in organic defect or psychological handicap or even social disqualification, the great causative factor in the psychoneuroses. The illimitable dependence of the child upon the mother, the spreading cult of self-indulgence made possible by the small family situation, the egocentric preoccupation of children who know themselves the center of attention (Mama's and Papa's little darling), the numerous fears that flourish in childhood, are all favorable to the growth of neurotic personalities.

In the keen speculations of Jung, we are persuaded to think of the essential essence of psychoneurotic deportment as residing in human nature's failure to level up to the maximal possibilities that belong creatively to it. Hence, the Jungian philosophy of *the remaking of the personality,* the therapeutic wisdom of inspiring it to reach out toward the stars of its true creative destiny.

In the Watsonian, or behavioristic theory, we are introduced to the primacy in infancy of the emotions (usually called instincts) of fear, rage,

love, as the raw material of the multitudinous "conditionings" that affect for good or ill our adult life. In the behavioristic psychology, the magic key to psychoneurotic involvement is *habit-distortion.*

By the mechanism of a wide irradiation, congenial to the plastic nervous system especially in the developmental period, episodes infected with fear, aversion, disgust, shame, withdrawal, drag into maturity a long chain of unconscious associations that trouble the conscious mind. These habit-residuals, traceable often to traumatic episodes in infancy, in childhood and in adolescence, involving primarily the emotions of fear and love, constitute the background for psychoneurotic breakdown.

Finally, let us include the psychological outlook of the mental hygienists, whose philosophy of the psychoneuroses is perhaps the most adequate we have and certainly the most flexible-minded and therefore sane, who study the disharmonies resident in human nature as a graded series of maladjustment springing variously from sex frustration, ego-humiliation, familial disharmony, societal maladaptation, occupational dissatisfaction, the feeling of inferiority, personality deficit.

Perhaps the concept of "personality deficit" represents most vividly the kind of problem which mental hygiene is concerned with. A true mental hygiene of civilization would include the study of the various factors we have just enumerated.

Nor shall we be ready for an adequate comprehension of the theme under discussion until we have gained a few clear notions about what is now meant by normal and abnormal, sane and insane. One thing is certain: it is no longer permissible to draw sharp lines of demarcation between these concepts. In sober truth, the profoundest contribution to our psychiatric enlightenment comes precisely from the discovery that human behavior, as well as human misbehavior, runs along a continuous curve that represents gradations of more or less, not sudden, sharp changes. In other words, the differences are those of degree and not of kind. The sane person is not one hundred per cent. sane nor is the insane person one hundred per cent. demented.

The so-called normal mind is in a surprising number of particulars abnormal: the so-called abnormal mind is in a significant number of reactions surprisingly normal. Out of this enlightening knowledge happily emerge humility, tolerance, insight, wisdom.

If we should ask, Is the normal mind sane? we should be posing a query that represents beautifully the new attitude toward the mind. Still, I would not leave the loose impression that no true and vital differences obtain between the sane and insane mentality, the normal and the pathological personality. The distinctions and differences are real enough, socially of the greatest significance, psychologically and therapeutically of the very essence of the case.

We can get some nice insights into the complicated series of contradictions and conflicts and disharmonies called civilization, if we study the psychological behaviors by means of which the mind constructs its own congenial (albeit, provincial and self-righteous and rather intolerant) little world within that jangling larger universe called life.

The first device we notice at the mind's disposal for adjusting, with

what seems to be a minimum of friction, to the contradictory world of reality, is the device of the *logic-tight compartment.* Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's. That sacred dictum reminds us of the baffling problem underlying: idealism versus materialism, God versus Mammon, pretence versus desire, altruism versus egotism.

The device of the logic-tight compartment permits a mind to harbor the most contradictory notions and yet be apparently unconscious of the fact. Practically speaking, such a device is a marvelous work of economy in building a simple equilibrium between a man and his *milieu.* He forms partial adjustments to the various components of his environment and learns to live quite harmoniously within systems of habits and loyalties that are sufficient unto themselves, self-justifying.

If the mind could not invent this technique for economizing thought, every bit of practical behavior would then be subject to the disturbing law of contradiction, compelling a vast draining off of human energy from life to thought, from practice to philosophy. Think of the perilous plight of the average practical man compelled by the contradictions of his mind to become, willy-nilly, a thinker! Mr. Average Man rightly views such a possibility with the horror appropriate to common sense and efficiency.

I think we might legitimately assert that the sanity of the average mind depends upon the device of the logic-tight compartment: the psychological arrangement whereby the left cerebral hemisphere is not permitted to know what the right is thinking. From a philosophical point of view, we may agree with the poet who cries out of the depth of his lyrical pain: The world is too much with us.

The way out of that intellectual forest of bewilderment is the construction of neat little one-track pathways of behavior that can dispense with the logical complication inevitably arising in minds that pursue interrelation, co-ordination, contradiction, correlation. If it be true that contradiction rules the mind of man, then it is equally plausible that his sanity depends upon "solving" the contradictions, which he does most often by simply ignoring their existence. I know of no device of the mind that serves this purpose so ingeniously as the logic-tight compartment.

But the costs psychiatrically must be reckoned with. Man achieves this precarious normality and so-called sanity of mind by surrendering to a principle of cleavage which is the very essence of the mind's pathology—when an original contradiction has broken into a painful conflict that knocks at the gates of consciousness for recognition and resolution. Let us put it this way for the sake of the greatest clarity: the principle of a sane mind is the logic-tight compartment; the principle of the insane mind is dissociation.

A nice question for the philosophers of sanity is this: how fundamental, in the nature of the case, can the difference be between the normal and the abnormal psychology of adjustment to life?

When we survey the mind familiarly called sane, what do we observe? We observe faiths, prejudices, dogmas, fixed ideas, defensive attitudes, rationalizations, passionate convictions, dominating the mind's reaction to reality. If we were speaking as organic pathologists, we could intelli-

gently point out that these adjustments on the psychological plane are of a piece with blood clots, tumors, arterio-sclerotic hardenings, discoverable on the physical plane. Which leads the acute psychologist to envisage the mind in its realistic and dynamic context as primarily subject to the law of *fixation,* of compartmentalization, and therefore of an increasing *inaccessibility* which has its perfect analogue in the sclerotic state of the brain.

I am eager to stress the deep tendency of the human mind to become sclerosed. If we understand as much, we shall in that extent help ourselves to rise superior to dogmatic fixation and prejudiced rationalization. The greatest unsolved problem in education, viewed either in the psychological or in the medical sense, is to provide incentives and techniques for the developing mind to go on developing until the crack of doom. As William James, whose brilliant and extraordinary capacity for flexible-minded accessibility to the variety of human nature and to the novel complexity of life furnishes a beautiful illustration of how the mind of man can remain always fresh and responsive, if its true love is thinking and experiencing and growing, demonstrated in his own career. It was James whose clever insight made us aware of the existence not only of old fogies but of young fogies.

You cannot mention one psychological behavior of the technically insane mind which cannot be found, at least in its incipiency, in the technically sane mind. We are all more or less insane. And the sense of humor assures us: more.

Before grappling with the theme of civilization proper and its relation to psychoneurotic involvement, let us devote a few more winks of attention to an example that may clarify what a mind is like. An illuminating analogy is that of a frozen lake played upon by shifting temperatures. In one part, the ice is firm and beautifully integrated: the ego may disport itself at its pleasure there and know the thrill and confidence of a great security. This, in psychological terms, is a state of confidence, coherence, control, lucidity, This is sanity at its best.

In a neighboring portion of our hypothetical lake, the ice begins to yield, stresses and strains are working their will upon the central integrity of that zone, cracks begin to appear, insecurity creeps like a frightening shadow across that place. So it is with the normal mind when subjected to the strains and stresses of a traumatic or perturbing episode.

To carry the analogy further, we imagine another portion of the lake thawing so perceptibly, the critical ego is in no doubt whatsoever that danger lurks there. In this state of insecurity from forces that lie buried below, the lucid mind reports itself in many a strange behavior as definitely in a state of fear and anxiety, hysteria and compulsion, disintegration. The imminent danger to the ego as it surveys the sucking abyss into which at any moment it may be drawn lies in its fear of drowning. This crucial situation represents those fascinating borderline cases where the mind's surviving lucidity keeps oscillating between sanity and insanity.

An untoward event, in itself seemingly trivial, an increase of insecurity, will be sufficient to precipitate the dark crisis of psychotic surrender to breakdown. The struggle is unequal, the ego's self-confidence is undermined, withdrawal from a baffling situation seems a true salvation, the

sane mind slides exhaustedly into the welcoming arms of insanity. This final stage is the counterpart of that section of our hypothetical lake where danger signs have been vividly placed as sufficient warning to those who would recklessly skate on such deceptive surfaces.

The psychiatric moral of this little story is the realization, incomparably important, that the mind is to be respected and humanely treated even when there are positive signs of breakdown, of insanity. Let the inquisitive reader instruct his sane mind by reading an illuminating little book entitled *Reluctantly Told*. The sane mind deserves to be treated humanely because of the powerful stresses and strains that are undermining the ego's controls and causing the havoc within that moves darkly toward insanity. The insane mind is deserving of our tolerance and fellowship because of the residual sanity that appeals, sometimes in language so inarticulate as to appear wholly unintelligible, for comprehension and reaffirmation.

I believe it was worth our while to undergo the drastic discipline of so long an introduction for the sake of studying civilization as befits psychologists who perceive in the contemporary world an overwhelming mass of contradiction, conflict, cleavage, tension, dissociation, repression, censorship, taboo: psychopathology on a grand scale.

What do we mean by civilization? Apparently, the conquest of matter by mind. Actually, the subjugation of mind to matter. This is the paradox of civilization.

To wrestle competently with our high theme, suppose we survey civilization from several acute angles: sociologic, psychologic, scientific, psychiatric, and spiritual.

As psychopathologists of civilization, what do we see sociologically? We behold, if our eyes are not color blind, social stratification; class cleavage; divisive groups; religious and racial and cultural dissociations and antagonisms. Instead of that increasing integration which promises a wider and wider scope for the healing works of sanity, we discover the rapid rhythm of disintegration infecting life with tumult and chaos and conflict.

If you scrutnize the scene economically, you can see nothing but mechanization, the reign of routine, division of labor, carried to a point of specialization so minutely extreme that we are on the eve of that neomechanical revolution in which super-experts and super-robots will be the two classes in society: the social pyramid standing on its crazy head, a spectacle of mechanistic horror, the culmination in the new metropolis of science and sociology.

What else can we see but regimentation, mass production, standardization, incredible monotonous uniformity, at all levels of life? Where the parts of the organism ride and dominate the whole, we have been taught to beware of the breakdown of the organism, psychoneurotic and psychotic disintegration, widespread *malaise*. Our civilization is sick with contradictions. Literally so. Carpenter was a very far-seeing prophet when he wrote his courageous book: *Civilization: Its Cause and Cure*.

Socially we witness the universal triumph in our midst, despite the rhetorical pretences and oratorical make-believe of democracy, of the superior-inferior relation with its infinite capacity for wounding and muti-

lating human personality. The cult of gracious obedience and amiable servility conduces to unwholesome states of mind, creates lickspittle personalities, contributes to psychopathology. No man's soul is decently his own; how then can he build the sweet self-respect, the healing sense of inner harmony, that health signifies psychologically?

Never before in the discordant history of life have we witnessed on so large a scale and with such unbelievable devotion the human pursuit of power and profit and prestige!

> "Our success does not make happy, our loyalty to State or Corporation does not enlarge, our cult of sport does not invigorate, our cult of crime does not release; our education does not educate, our arts do not recreate ,our beauty does not nourish, our religions do not make whole. Yet it is our energy that feeds these practices and cults. With our spirit, we give them life and blood, in order that they should fulfill us. *But they do not touch us.* They surround us, they bind us, like a shell. To the shell goes our passion, our purpose. And we, within it, remain dark and soft, dissatisfied and stifled. Thus American life threatens to emulate the lobster—the clumsy lobster whose power is all upon the surface, and whose delicious meat, soon or late, falls prey to a less unwieldy power."

In these burning and brilliant sentences Mr. Waldo Frank diagnoses the malady of our civilization.

A cross-section of contemporary civilization mapped by the psychologist reveals two prominent features: the triumph of pretense and the sway of prejudice. I find it difficult to think of a more perfect conception of civilization psychologically than its pretense-nature. Moral make-believe, what men call ideals, are looked upon as the innermost texture of the civilizing process.

It is the violent contradiction between pretense and fact, between ideals and realities, that is the never-ending theme of discourse of the cynics, the dramatists, the poets, the thinkers. The plays of Ibsen and of Shaw have achieved their overwhelming influence because of their brilliant presentation of the conflict between illusion and disillusion. Latterly the journalists in literature have refused to handle so highbrow a term as pretence and have frankly, with true lowbrow audacity, plainly talked about bunk. The debunking of civilization is the talk even of the intellectual hicks who infest Main Street.

From the point of view of prejudice, ingeniously bolstering itself up by the subtle aid of rationalization, we may justly say that pure reason, cool reflection, suspended judgment, socratic reasonableness, exist only in the abstract dreaming minds of philosophers, alien forevermore to the mediocre minds of the generality of mankind. The demonstration is impressively at hand that the highest reach of the mind of man is prejudice. Prejudice is a partial point of view that parades as the whole truth because reaffirmation is dear to the mind of man, revaluation too difficult of achievement.

Egotism and narcissism are the psychoanalytic ingredients of the mind that account most plausibly for the provincialism of judgment which we know as prejudice. Such familiar phenomena as race superiority, nationalistic self-love, wealthy snob status, the perversion of science to the sweet uses of special privilege, the cultivation of clans and clubs and societies

and fraternities whose innocent pretense it is that they build exquisite brotherhoods while in actuality they divide men into cozy little exclusive sects that perpetrate a ceaseless conflict of rivalry and competitive show-off having as its all too human aim the glorification of me and the damnation of thee, are potent indicators of the limitations resident in human nature *in reality*.

Equipped with the provincial limitations of pretense and prejudice, man's mind proves itself desperately unequal to the task of running the universe amicably, sanely, wisely. Man does not appear to have the necessary psychological resources for understanding his fellow men sympathetically if they happen to be set apart from his particular herd by the accidents of geography, color, class, culture, personality.

The intellectual blind spots that mar his vision of the living universe appear to be irremediable. He simply cannot be persuaded or instructed or inspired to think beyond his prejudices, to feel beyond his pretenses, to act beyond his provincialisms. "How divine a creature is man! how infinite in reason!" Nonsense. A clinical Shakespeare would say: "How human a creature is man! how infinite in unreason!"

Scientifically, civilization has as its great aim, now quite accomplished, the reduction of man to the state of manikin. The soul is studied under the microscope. The mind is distilled into a test tube. The brain secretes thought. The sprightly platitude has it that first psychology dispensed with God; then with its soul; now with its mind. And so it is, in veritable reality, with regard to the history of life itself: the narrative of disillusion piled upon disillusion, falling to the low depressed state of disenchantment.

The humiliation suffered by man's ego throughout the scientific centuries, the intolerable wounds inflicted upon his vanity, are the continuing record of his pathetic breakdown as man made in the image of God. Disillusionment and disenchantment everywhere.

Copernicus without much ado sent man sprawling and reeling out of the heavens. The true fall of man! Darwin supplemented the cruel disillusion by confronting man with a mirror fashioned by his ancestral apes and most unmercifully compelled that incorrigible narcissist to see himself as he was, a crawling earthworm struggling desperately to be a man. Came Freud, the third member of the unholy trinity, robbing man of his last vestige of pretense and make-believe, persuading him to accept the final dose of disillusion.

These successive *traumatic* episodes in the life of modern man illumine marvelously that dis-ease in the innermont heart of man which we may know as heart-break. Man is divided against himself. Disillusionment has torn his human nature into conflicting elements that war ceaselessly upon one another's sovereignty. The instincts cannot abide the rule of reason. Impulses cannot accept the counsel of reflection. Reason is not at home among the natural impulses.

The body and the mind hate each other in queer ways that run the gamut from tenderness to violence. Ambivalence poisons our human nature. We are scientific and superstitious; critical and credulous; conservative and radical; libertarian and autocratic; savage and charitable;

intolerant and amiable; educated and shallow; prosperous and empty; these antithetical moods exist within the human nature of modern man and are the rich source of his internal *malaise* and his external maladaptation.

In the fields of scholarship the necessary but evil principle of specialization has been carried to the desperate *impasse* where a multitude of sects abound, each speaking a dialect of its own, religiously sincere in its devotion to its small fragment of truth, astonishingly insensitive to the variety of truths in a pluralistic universe. Science, the false Messiah!

In this brief study of ours we can't help being most profoundly interested in civilization from a psychiatric angle. We have already prepared the ground so intensively for comprehending civilization as a study in disharmony, a research in psychopathology, that we must content ourselves with a few sketchy summarizing observations in concluding that section of our analysis.

The preëminent fact is the breakdown of ancient norms that guaranteed stability and the consequent chaos that has come upon us, for new norms have not yet been created out of the luminous chaos that is our contemporary morality. By simply mentioning such astonishingly new facts as the gospel of "birth control," the disintegration of family life, the troubling interval between puberty and marriage that grows ever wider with the complication of a cultural standard of living, the deep invasion of our life by the jazz rhythm of sensational self-indulgence, the hectic pursuit of pleasure as the goal most worth while, the desperate quest for erotic novelty, the prevailing subordination of procreation to recreation, the swift contagious spread of various patterns of personal behavior that have usually been labeled perverse and pathological,—here is a kaleidoscope of the contemporary scene that fascinates and perturbs the thoughtful mind.

The mood of revolt has infected all our behaviors, even the most intimate. The sweeping reaction against repression and theologic hocus-pocus has become a cyclonic force that will not pause in the presence of any obstruction to its will, madly substituting the excesses of expression for the excesses of repression. Extreme inhibition has given place to extreme exhibition. This circular insanity in behavior hints at the feeble stability of the human mind that seeks ever and anon to break loose from restraint and in so doing invites so hectic a display of impulse as to compel, in the sequel, a sobering return to discipline and control.

How shall we help human nature to live more sanely, honoring expression while realizing the relevancy of personal discipline? The logic of the golden mean is not congenial to the modern mind.

Whatever the costs, the sexes are hell-bent for heaven, employing the strategy of unabashed egotists in quest of a more candid fulfilment of personal impulses, without benefit of clergy. The "younger degeneration" is getting its share of the limelight, and whether the show it is putting on is rotten or no, we can't help paying attention and being wonderfully interested in the comedy of errors that threatens at so many intense moments to become tragedy.

The younger generation is behaving like a crazy man who for one lucid moment has suddenly realized that the physicians in charge are all demented, too. The elders who have for so long been the sacred guardians

of civilization have bungled their task so abominably as to have lost irrevocably their influence for sobriety and sanity with the youth of the world. The failure of the church to treat sex and natural impulse with dignity and candor is the largest single fact in that disintegration of personal codes which confronts us in these hectic times: the inevitable swing of the pendulum from concealment to exhibitionism, from repression to expression, from reticence to publicity, from modesty to vulgarity. This revolutionary transition is inevitable and essentially wholesome, for all its crudity and grotesquerie.

Spiritually we witness the triumph of moral chaos. A luminous chaos. Perhaps Nietzsche was wise in saying: Out of chaos a dancing star. What would he now think knowing his dancing star obedient to the rhythm of "black bottom"? The mounting evidences of divorce, brief marriages, casualness in the love life, childlessness by intention, the vogue of adultery, abortion, unmarried motherhood, promiscuity, sexual anarchy, are interesting side-lights on that new infidelity which underlies the new instability in contemporary civilization.

Loyalty is looked upon as synonymous with stupidity. There is a reputable shamelessness in the behavior of the sexes that constitutes a quite brand-new reality in the history of life, for its fascination has affected the most modest and the most sober. *Instability rides the mind of modernity.* Ibsen, the profoundest of dramatists, understood the sick paradox of the age when he wrote:

> "Suppress individuality and you have no life; assert it and you have war and chaos."

If life has come to such a pass that everyone enjoys washing his unclean clothes in public; if the observation of Aldous Huxley is sagacious even if not quite true, that modern young people "copulate with the casual promiscuousness of dogs" (is not this an insult to dogs who follow the sober law of periodicity in their matings?); we are still left with the largest unsolved problem of contemporary civilization, to wit, the equating of naturalness with dignity, of candor with control, of expression with sobriety, of pagan exhuberance with humanistic restraint.

How to harmonize passion with compassion strikes me as being the profoundest of our personal problems whether we view it educationally or psychoanalytically or spiritually.

What we witness in civilization is a complication of life only too obviously beyond either man's comprehension or his control. Civilization has created the instruments of mastery. No one doubts that. Why, then, are we, by our own troubled confessional, slaves of those instruments? Perhaps the new science of psychological engineering may come to our rescue one of these dynamic days and show us how to construct bridges of accommodation between the unstable elements in civilization and life.

Modern man is a slave imagining himself a master; he lives in a world of delusion and grandiose imagining where insanity is perilously at home. Is not the braggart conceit of modern man the psychic compensation for a subconscious realization of his diminishing stature in the skyscraping scheme of things? He worships quantitative magnificence because he has been robbed of his qualitative appreciation of beauty.

Sensitiveness fades out of his life; coarseness enters there, brazenly flaunting its banners of triumph.

Before concluding, let us cast a critical eye upon our institutions to discover the principle of disharmony resident in each of them. *The home* represents the jarring discord of the generations ("Crabbed age and youth cannot live together"), each defending a code of faiths and deportments uncongenial to the other, concealment and candor engaged in an interminable wrangle concerning the conduct of life. *The school* is the ludicrous center of the contradiction between skepticism and credulity, the scientific course of study celebrating the skeptic view of reality, the moralistic bias of the elders reaffirming and championing the noble rôle of credulity. As we survey *the state* we discover a bitter conflict between coercion and freedom, the pretense being that the state represents the public good including the inalienable rights of the individual, the actual practice being an increasing amount of coercion, control, conscription. Freedom is being suffocated unto death.

What of *the church?* Is there any promise of harmony within that ancient abode of solace for the weary? To ask the question is to answer it. The church is in a state of fragmentation and cleavage so complete and extreme as to make a sad mockery of its surviving attempts to inspire man, to succor him spiritually. In an age of science, the church clings lovingly to mythology. Spiritually, the church is suffering from a bad case of shell-shock. And what do we observe in the institution called the *law?* Red tape asphyxiating humaneness. All the jangling controversy of the horrible age in which we live is vividly in evidence in our legal system. The law is so remote from justice as to become a theme for cartoonists and jesters.

Wherever you look critically, you discover the contradiction between pretense and reality, the psychopathologic severance between what man as idealist pretends to believe and what man as realist in actuality practices. These discrepancies and disharmonies have become so obvious even to commonplace minds as to constitute the underlying menace to the perpetuation of that faith in perfectibility which is the emotional quintessence of the enterprise called civilization.

That overshadowing modern institution called *big business,* absorbing into its monotonous processes a staggeringly disproportionate share of human interest and energy and affection, is witness to the triumph of possessive over creative activity. The unremitting surrender of man to mechanism! Civilization, under the inspiration of geniuses of commerce and industry and high finance, threatens to extinguish the creative ardor that lives in the mind of man—until he has embraced the religion of efficiency as his true salvation. Nor can we breathe more freely if we look about us in *society* and observe how the various herds impose their mean conceptions upon the conduct of life. Public opinion has become a nightmare that quite terrifies the soul of man.

Our institutions are shot through and through with discord, disquiet, conflict, contradiction, division, disharmony. Contemporary civilization reveals, on a most magnificent scale, an increasing disintegration that moves dangerously toward chaos.

The Great War marks a turning point in modern civilization. The illimitable destruction and heartache and pathologic disharmony of that far-off malign event are the sick causation of that flight from reality which our jazz age so perfectly embodies. Our minds have been wounded and rendered unstable. We are simply in a state of neurasthenic exhaustion and disheartenment. We cannot muster the stamina to care what happens. The will to live has been undermined. But since we must live on, we continue in a state of apathy, irresponsibility, giddy light-mindedness, like persons recovered from a long illness, glad to be let alone, at peace in childish thoughts and pursuits.

Psychoanalytically construed, our jazz age represents a regression to the infantile, a panic flight from the realities appropriate to maturity. The realities have become too difficult. Hence the hectic pursuit of pleasure close upon the heels of universal death and destruction. Our greatest need is to forget what we find so unbearable to remember: the collapse of the world's ideals. Disillusionment. Disenchantment. The jazz age!

The old values are gone. Irrevocably. The new values are feverishly in the making. We live in a state of molten confusion. Instability rides modernity like a crazy sportsman. Civilization is caught in a cluster of contradictions that threaten to strangle it. Modern man is the victim of internal conflicts and external maladjustments that keep rocking his human nature to its psychoneurotic and psychotic depths.

Contemporary civilization is a fascinating study in psycho-pathology.

Psychiatry to the rescue!

WAR—A MARXIAN ANALYSIS

BY EMANUEL KANTOR

I

INTRODUCTION

(A)

KARL MARX laid the foundation for the scientification of Sociology when he published to the world the principle of Historical Materialism.

He was not content, however, with the mere positing of this principle, but proceeded to apply it to the various social phenomena of Capitalism. In this way he convinced himself that it was impossible to analyze social phenomena scientifically by any other means. Whereupon some of his disciples, who were of like conviction, utilized it in tracing the evolution of private property, the family, etc., from the period of Savagery through that of Civilisation, concluding with a scientific prediction of the future.

In this memoir I shall apply Historical Materialism to the phenomenon of WAR. I shall demonstrate that only by means of it can one picture its evolution and predict its gradual devolution and final elimination.

(B)

In studying the evolution of war one is agreeably surprised by the discovery that Humanity began its career in Peace. We find that war did not exist in Savagery and matriarchal Barbarism—the periods in which private property in the means of production was unknown.

This idea of the peacefulness of primitive man runs counter to the accepted view. Yet the slightest acquaintance with ethnologic data will convince even the most skeptical of its truth. W. J. Perry (*The Growth of Civilisation*, p. 192) says:

> "Suppose it were suggested that, far from civilisation having tamed the savage, it has made man into a 'savage,' into a being who has learned modes of violent conduct entirely unknown to his forerunners. Suppose it be suggested that, as civilisation has developed from its most primitive stages, mankind has been educated in cruelty as well as in other ways. An argument such as this, which seems to turn thought upside down, to reverse our current conception of the meaning of what we term 'Civilisation,' will have to be supported by many facts if it is to gain any hearing. Yet I submit that this contention is sound, and that all we know of history goes to support it."

R. Holsti (*The Relation of War to the Origin of the State*) and Havelock Ellis (*The Philosophy of Conflict*) categorically assert that war was unknown in primitive times. N. Bukharin is one of the few Marxists who is aware of this important fact. He says:

> . . . Under primitive communism, there was no class rule over the means of production and no political power for the protection of such a rule. On the contrary, such rule, *as well as the use of force,* grew up by evolutionary process from the primitive communist production relations, owing to the growth of private property, etc."

When cattle, the first means of production to become private property, was monopolized by the men primitive peace was disturbed by sporadic Amazonian revolts. The pastoral tribes developed this incipient strife further by indulging in constant cattle-raiding. These conflicts involved little loss of life, for as yet the means and motives favorable to protracted warfare were only slightly developed. But when land became private property and the State, the armed power of the ruling class, was organized, Society became the battlefield of contending armies. The political State introduced Civilisation, and Civilisation introduced WAR. As Civilisation and Private Property developed war became more and more destructive of human life. So that today we find that militarism is threatening to destroy the human race.

But no one need despair. For Marxian social science predicts that with the transformation of private into social property the warfare of Civilisation will be metamorphosed into the peacefulness of Communism.

Finally, the dialectics of war may be expressed as follows: Before private property in the means of production was introduced *humanity was peaceful,* but this peace could be occasionally disturbed by adverse natural conditions: When private property in the means of production was developed and society was divided into warring classes, strife in the form of booty raids and wars came into being: When private property becomes social property war will become peace; but this peace will be superior to the peace of primitive society because nature will be unable to disturb it. In brief, the evolution is from a natural state of peace through a period of raids and wars towards a state of conscious scientific peace.

II

WAR IN SAVAGERY

We know little of the social conditions of our savage ancestors. Yet they have left sufficient evidence behind, chiefly in the form of rough, unpolished flints, from which it is possible to determine whether they were peaceful or warlike.

What do we find on reading the paleontological and archæological records? We discover that in the early Stone Age, when man was most savage, when he was struggling against the wild beasts for a firm foothold on the earth, there were no weapons of war extant, but merely implements for domestic use. This fact led Perry (*War and Civilisation,* p. 6), to conclude that

> "the complete absence of weapons in the early Stone Age thus constitutes strong evidence that fighting, even personal combat, was unknown at that period, or was so rare and innocuous as to be negligible."

In this contention he is supported by Prof. Sollas (*Ancient Hunters,* etc., pp. 137, 193, *passim,* 1924 ed.); and L. Siret tells us that the arrow-heads of the later Palæolithic Age in Europe "are incapable of killing anything

much bigger than a rabbit."

As a matter of fact it must have taken primitive man tens of thousands of years to fashion hunting implements capable of destroying the more ferocious animals. When he had reached that stage of development, warfare was theoretically possible.

But how is it in actual historic reality? Do the savage tribes fight? do they war against each other?

Ethnology records the fact that modern savages never go to war. We find that the Veddahs, the Semangs, the Sakai, the Andamanese, the Punans of Borneo, the Eskimo, are perennially peaceful. The savage Australians have never been guilty of shedding each other's blood. If occasionally a few tribesmen engage in a contest the first blood spilt ends the strife. Seldom, if ever, do they inflict deadly wounds. The Eskimos do not understand what war is. They are the most peaceful of savages and their language has no word for "war." The Tasmanians, now extinct, were a peaceful people until the civilized Whites introduced strife among them.

What is the cause of this primitive peacefulness? How are we to account for the fact that the savage is peaceful, while his civilized brother is warlike?

The explanation is to be found in the fact that in primitive communist society the means of production—the lands on which the savages hunt and the rivers in which they fish—are communally owned. The products of the chase are communally shared, so that it is impossible to create classes even on the basis of personal property. Man and woman are free and equal, despite the fact that the sexual division of labor places many burdens upon the woman that man is free from.

In a propertyless and classless society war cannot develop. But due to the irregularity of development of peoples a certain amount of strife may at times be introduced among savages, as exampled by the Bushmen of South Africa.

The Bushmen migrated from the northern part of the Dark Continent through unoccupied territory to the South. This migration could have taken place only after the discovery of fire and the invention of weapons requisite in hunting the wild beasts native to South Africa. It implies a development of the productive forces beyond that prevailing in the primitive commune. The history of this tribe, as also that of the Australians, the Veddas, the Semangs, etc., records the existence of the first division of labor. This division is between the sexes: the men are the hunters and possess the wapons of the chase; the women are the food-gatherers, collecting roots, bulbs, and the smaller animals. They are unarmed and require the protection of their male consorts.

> "In its economic activity the primitive commune did not yet know of the division of labor, for the extremely simple implements of labor (stones, sticks, etc.) could be used equally well by men and women. Since division of labor did not exist in the primitive commune, there was neither domination nor subjection; the foundation was equality." (A. Berdnikov and F. Svetlov: *Elements of Political Education*, p. 155.)

The introduction of hunting weapons was the cause of the first division of labor. This improvement in the tools of production broke up the primi-

tive commune.

In the primitive commune the tools of production were so poorly developed that strife was impossible. The savages had not yet forged weapons of sufficient strength with which they could conquer the beasts of field and forest. They lived in constant fear of the ferocious animals, and subsisted on roots, fruits, nuts, etc.

When they had invented hunting weapons and fire it was possible for them to migrate. They could now cope with the larger beasts. Their productive power was raised and their numbers increased. Tradition tells us that the Bushmen in migrating to South Africa entered the land of the wild beasts. Their task was to make themselves the masters of the animal kingdom. They fought with the beasts and won the victory. Their fighting is not warfare. We call it hunting. Nowhere is it recorded that man fought man at this early period. Originally man was a hunter and not a warrior.

From these considerations one may safely conclude that the Bushmen were peaceful in the primitive commune and when they were in undisturbed possession of South Africa.

> "From all the evidence that can be obtained," says G. W. Stow (*The Native Races of South Africa*, p. 38), "the Bushmen in their undisturbed state appear never to have been the aggressors. This doubtless arose from the fact of their having been the primitive inhabitants of the land, and therefore having never displaced any other race of men from its still more ancient possessions. The only rivals they had to contend with for dominion and supremacy were such animals as the mailed rhinoceros and lordly lion."

The communism of primitive society is a natural communism. It is a communism that has not been able to conquer nature and is consequently more or less at its mercy. Nature, not being equally kind to the various savage groups, retards the development of some and accelerates that of others. That is to say, some groups will still find themselves in the hunting stage at a time when other groups are in the pastoral, and still others in the capitalist, phase of social evolution. When this occurs, as it did in South Africa, primitive peacefulness is somewhat disturbed. This takes place according to the law of the irregularity of development of peoples, of which Lenin's law of the irregularity of development of capitalist nations is a special case.

The Bushmen were peaceful savages originally. They were hospitable to strangers, and received kindly many of the pastoral Bachoana, who sought asylum among them. They did not make war on them, nor did they rob them of their cattle and personal possessions. But this condition of amity was soon destroyed.

> "As soon as the Bushmen saw these strangers beginning to intrude themselves in large bodies in every direction, with a determination to make permanent settlements, a spirit of opposition was aroused within them. The game, which was as precious to the old hunters as herds of tame cattle were to their aggressors, was destroyed or driven away; and cattle-lifting almost as a natural consequence took the place of stalking the eland, the quagga, or the elephant. Capture and recapture, injuries and retaliation soon grew into a war of extermination against the weaker and smaller race . . . "

Later, the Hottentots and the Bantus pressed into their territory, disrupt-

ing the communism of the Bushmen almost completely.

The Hottentots and the Bantus are essentially pastoral. They occupied the hunting grounds of the Bushmen in order to have sufficient pasture lands for their flocks and herds. The Bushmen retaliated by constant raids during which few lives were lost. As a matter of fact the intrusion of the pastoral tribes and later the imperialist Whites merely forced the Bushmen to retreat into the mountains and desert regions. There they eke out a miserable existence, due to the poverty of nature. They also practise infanticide, which is a contributing cause working for their extinction. However disturbed their economy may be at the present, the Bushmen were originally peaceful.

Not only do the Bushmen suffer on account of the irregularity of development of peoples but also the Bantus, whose economy is based on cattle and maize. The English capitalist economy is gradually crushing the inferior economy of these patriarchal Barbarians.

> "Between 86 and 87 per cent. of the land is owned by the 1,700,000 whites; only 13 to 14 per cent. by the 5,210,000 Natives. Yet the Natives' economy rests on cattle and maize, and access to the land is their crying need. The reservations are overcrowded with humans and overstocked with cattle, and cannot in general support the population within them. Hence at one time as much as half the able-bodied male population in certain districts is likely to be away, working for wages in the white man's towns, mines, and factories. From domestic service down, Natives do almost all the manual work, unskilled and semi-skilled, in the Union, wages ranging from £3 to £5 per month." (*The Nation*, Feb. 9, 1927, p. 153.)

The dissolution of the tribal economy of the Bantus is taking place under our very eyes; resulting in the creation of a poorly paid and oppressed working class necessary for the building up of a higher economy in British South Africa.

This leads us to touch briefly on what modern anthropologists call Diffusion. It can be said without fear of contradiction that no hunting tribe can adopt a pastoral economy unless within the womb of the hunting society the germ of the pastoral economy had been previously sown. In the case of the savage Bushmen this necessary preparatory development had not taken place; so that when they came in contact with the pastoral tribes around them they could not adopt their economy, and were therefore compelled to defend themselves against it. This introduced strife in the normally peaceful tribal community. In the case of Capitalist economy we find that Japan, for example, was able to make use of capitalist culture because it had already developed within the womb of its decaying feudalism the seeds from which a capitalist economy could develop. If it had shunned the new economy it would have found itself in the same predicament as China is today, for the latter country retained its feudal status just long enough to allow the Imperialists to fasten their rule on its most important cities.

I cannot ere discuss the relation of the law of the irregularity of development of peoples to the theory of Diffusion. However, it is certain that wherever peoples in different stages of development come in contact one with the other, and the irregularity of cultural development makes diffsion impossible, strife will result. The people of lower culture will be pushed

to the wall and ultimately eliminated as a factor of social ecolution.

This analysis was necessary to account for the strife now existing in Bushmen society. When peoples of a higher culture had not yet penetrated South Africa the Bushmen were as peaceful as the other savage tribes known to ethnology, namely, the Australians, the Veddas, the Punans of Borneo, etc. And prior to the introduction of hunting weapons the Bushmen were in their Golden Age of Peace, in which strife, even personal combat, was absolutely unknown.

Is not, then, the primitive peacefulness of humanity established?

Communism in the means of production, the absence of classes, the nonexistence of warriors, and the various communistic customs prevalent in Savagery render warfare impossible in primitive society. But since this communism is a natural communism, and not one consciously organized, strife may occasionally disturb the peace of man. Nature introduces conflict in accordance with the law of the irregularity of development of peoples, etc. Yet this counteracting factor does not destroy the truth of primitive peacefulness, for it mars the peace of primitive man only in special cases.

Savagery is the period of peace because it is the period in which private property in the means of production is unknown. Savages are peaceful because of the low development of the productive forces and the primitive character of their tools of production.

III

WAR IN BARBARISM

According to L. H. Morgan, the period of Barbarism commences with the introduction of the art of pottery. Savages are unfamiliar with this art; and if it is occasionally found among them we discover that they have borrowed it from tribes on a higher plane of culture. On this point Prof. Sollas (*Ancient Hunters*, etc., p. 481, footnote) says:

> "The evidence of the existence of pottery before the Neolithic epoch is inconclusive. The Bushmen no doubt learnt the potter's art from neighboring tribes . . . "

Along with pottery we find that the Barbarians have supplemented hunting with primitive agriculture, or have passed out of the hunting stage into the pastoral and into the pastoral-agricultural. Primitive agriculture and domesticated animals are even more characteristic of Barbarism than pottery. For it is a well-known fact that savages are hunters and food-gatherers and never domesticate animals or practise agriculture even in its crudest form.

Engels (*Origin of the Family*, etc., p. 30) says:

> "But with the beginning of barbarism, we reach a stage where the difference in the natural resources of the two great bodies of land makes itself felt. The salient features of this stage of barbarism is the taming and raising of animals and the cultivation of plants. Now the eastern body of land, the so-called Old World, contained nearly all the tamable animals and all the cultivable species of grain but one; while the western continent, America, possessed only one tamable mammal, the llama (even this only in a certain part of the South), and only one, although the best species of grain: the corn. From now on, these different conditions of nature led the population of each hemisphere along divergent roads. . . "

As a consequence of these natural differences the tools of production and the modes of production remained more primitive in the Americas than in Europe, Asia and Africa. Private property developed slowly in the West, and more rapidly in the East. The result of this unequal development of societies was the subjection of the less advanced social groups by the more advanced social groups. The rising capitalist nations of Europe, in which private property in the means of production and classes were well developed, destroyed the Barbarian societies of America, in which private property in the means of production and classes were generally undeveloped. Moreover, this inequality of development, based on the differences in natural resources, accounts for the fact that the Barbarians of the West were generally less warlike than those of the East. For when the tools of production are relatively less developed, private property is relatively less important, and warfare is relatively less frequent and severe.

Modern Quarterly—Galley C—Kanter 1

It is an axiom of anthropology that the patriarchal tribes of Barbarism were once matriarchal. Tylor, Morgan, Hartland and many others have shown this to be the fact; and their position has not been weakened by recent research. In fact, there is sufficient evidence to show that the now civilised Indo-Europeans were once in the matriarchal period (W. Ridgeway: *Origin of Tragedy,* p. 190 ff; L. H. Morgan, *Ancient Society,* Chap. 8; Jane Harrison: *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion;* S. Reinach: *Cults, Myths, and Religions;* Andrew Lang: *Custom and Myth;* W. O. Farnsworth: *Uncle and Nephew in the Old French Chansons,* etc.; C. H. Bell, *The Sister's Son in the Medieval German Epic;* A. W. Aron: *Traces of Matriarchy in Germanic Hero-Lore;* Potter: *Sohrab and Rustem.*) These matriarchal tribes knew nothing of private property in the means of production. Although there was a division of labor among them—the men were hunters and the women were primitive agriculturists—there was no division of society into classes, no rich and no poor. Whatever property there was in these tribes was merely of a personal character; that is, it could not be used in the exploitation of man by man or of woman by man.

The internal condition of such a people is one of peace. If we take the Iroquois as an example we find that they are hospitable, truthful, honest, self-reliant; they live in harmony with one another. Man and woman are social equals and manage the affairs of the tribe more or less jointly. Wherever woman is not oppressed there one generally finds a society given to peace.

But since the primitive communists are communistic only within the tribe, contact with other tribes may lead to anti-communistic action; that is, a "battle" may be fought now and then. However, one must never forget that since the weapons of the matriarchal barbarians are not highly developed, and since the character of their fighting is such as to result merely in the slaying of a few warriors, their battles cannot be called wars. A few quotations from W. J. McGee's *The Seri Indians* (pp. 254-265) will clarify this point. He says:

> "In short, most of the casual expressions and fuller recitals alike indicate that while the Seri are famous fighters their weapons—except the

> much-dreaded 'poisoned' arrowsare incidents rather than essentials to savage assaults, and that their prowess rests on bodily strength and swiftness."
>
> "A striking feature of the recitals, indeed, is the rarity of reference to weapons . . . but the ordinary expresions concerning the despised yet dreaded Seri are precisely those employed in recounting conflicts with carnivorous beasts."
>
> "According to the consistent accounts of several survivors of conflict with the Seri, their chief weapons are arrows, stones, and clubs—though several survivors manifest greater fear of the throttling hands and rending teeth of the savage warriors than all their artificial weapons combined."
>
> Their fights are of very short duration, and are merely an intensified counterpart of the chase.
>
> "Of open warfare and face-to-face fighting there is hardly a germ among the seri."

The Iroquois are a more advanced matriarchal people. But once they were in the same primitive condition as the matriarchal Seri. For we know that originally they were unfamiliar with primitive agriculture, which art they acquired somewhere in the Mississippi Valley. In their native habitat they lived chiefly on fish, just as the Seri Indians live primarily on game, being totally ignorant of even the crudest form of agriculture. There they were peaceful. But during their migrations they might have fought occasionally, but these fights could not have been of a serious character. For they did not attempt to dislodge other tribes from their hunting grounds. We shall realize the truth of this contention from the fact that ultimately the Iroquois settled in the State of New York, which was previously unoccupied by any other people.

> "When the Iroquois entered New York, they seem to have found an unoccupied land, nor has much evidence been discovered of previous occupation." (Beauchamp: *Aboriginal Occupation of New York*, quoted by H. M. Lloyd, Appendix B (20) in his notes to L. H. Morgan's *League of the Iroquois*, 2 vol. ed.)

The fact that in seeking a new home they settled on unoccupied land proves conclusively that they were not prone to warfare before their entry into New York and for a long time thereafter.

L. H. Morgan was misled by the Iroquois traditions, which pictures them as very warlike. He also was mistaken in thinking that the Iroquois had to dislodge tribes already in the possession of New York. In this connection it is interesting to note that the most unwarlike of peoples known to ethnologists, the Eskimo, attempt to convince travelers that they have had grea wars. The Blackfeet Indians talk about their military prowess, yet their paintings, which record the greatest occurrences in their history, never depict great battles; the reason being that they never fought any. Before the intrusion of the civilised Whites the Iroquois were relatively peaceful. Holsti (*The Relations of War to the Origin of the State*, p. 20) says:

> "As for the Indians of North America, there are abundant statements to the effect that as soon as these peoples came in contact with the Whites, obtained horses, weapons, and other implements and learned the value of furs and other trade goods, thefts, which previously had been a comparatively rare trait among them, gradually increased and took the shape of private expeditions of plunder, nay even, as among the Iroquois, 'to enforce the payment of tribute.' "

Under normal conditions of existence the communistic matriarchal barbarians are very peaceful. No strife can exist in a society in which the

means of production are held in common, in which there are no classes, in which the passion for private property is hardly developed, in which truth, honesty and hospitality are customary. Only by stimulation from without can this peacefulness be disturbed. Among the barbarian peoples the law of competition and not that of coöperation generally regulated inter-tribal activities. But this law seldom found expression in war because the passion for the accumulation of private property could not develop on the basis of their communist economy. Environmental factors are by themselves in sufficient to appreciably disturb the peacefulness of primitive man. At the most the forces of nature can cause disturbances of insignificant dimensions in the communistic tribes. But the introduction of highly developed weapons make major war operations possible. The Iroquois did not become warlike because of the influence of environmental factors, nor could their communist economy develop warfare. On the contrary, it was the result of the action of the rising capitalist nations of Europe that transformed peace into war. They became the mercenaries of the English and the French; and warfare of a very serious character developed in accordance with the law of the irregularity of development of peoples.

In the patriarchal period of barbarism the seeds of war were sown over the social soil; for the idea of private property in the means of production was now developing in the soul of man. The passion for property caused the first breach in the equality of man and woman and resulted in the expropriation and subordination of woman.

This first division of society into classes, this antagonism between the sexes, occasionally resulted in armed conflicts. These struggles are known as the Amazonian revolutions. But since the women were generally unarmed they could not often oppose the men in actual battle; instead they fought the men with psychologic weapons, and thereby laid the foundation for the so-called war of the sexes, which mars the love-and-sex life of Civilisation.

In the Americas the absence of domesticated animals and of private property in land retarded the development of the productive forces; it hampered the tribesmen in their attempt to accumulate private property. This condition reflected itself in their social relations. Even in their patriarchal period the women were hardly discriminated against; the law of hospitality (communism in food), and the strength of their kinship ties, still protected them from flagrant abuse. The communistic customs were the fetters which the productive forces of the patriarchal economy of the American Indians could not burst asunder. These fetters strangled private property and retarded the evolution of Indian society. The environment was criefly responsible for the weakness of the productive forces, for it failed to supply the Indians with domesticable animals. They were therefore handicapped in accumulating property and in developing the art and weapons of war; the result being their subjection by more advanced social groups.

Among the peoples of Europe, Asia and Africa domesticated animals played an important part in the development of war and private property. Cattle, the chief means of production of the patriarchal period, could now be acquired more easily by stealing than by labor. Cattle raids became common and strife between tribes was increased. These raids became the

basis of primitive accumulation. The most capable warriors and the most respected and intelligent elders gradually became the proprietors of sufficient property to distinguish them from the more peaceful and less intelligent tribesmen. This division into rich and poor marked the beginning of the ultimate destruction of tribal life. When the rich tribesmen organized the State and introduced private property in land, this class division dissolved the tribe and political society, Civilisation, came into being.

The cattle raids of the pastoral peoples were not truly wars. They involved little loss of life. The warlike Abipones cursed a victory if one of their men were slain.

> "Thus even the Masai, who consider themselves the true warrior race by divine grace, and the true owners of the cattle of the neighboring tribes, by no means always wage very destructive wars. After a cattle raid, as Thomson observes, there may be 'more warriors killed over the division of the spoil than in the original capturing of it.' The warfare of their neighbors is of a similar kind. Among the Wataturu, the fighting ceases when a few are slain. Of the Wafiumi, we are told that the inhabitants of the neighboring districts do not make war upon each other, but only beat each other with their long sticks." (Holsti: *op cit.*, p. 37.)

The Kafirs, the Masai, the Gallas, the most warlike pastoral peoples of Africa, are cattle thieves. They make raids on other pastoral groups, but never engage in long and protracted wars. Also, most of the agricultural peoples of Africa are peaceful, as exampled by the Barea, Karama, Tonga, Ovambo, etc. And it was largely through the influence of the civilised Whites that slave raids were frequent in Africa.

In brief, it may be said without fear of contradiction that no true wars were ever fought in the period of Barbarism. At the most there were cattle-, tribute-, and slave-raids.

> "Speaking of primitive warfare in general, Deniker affirms that it consists more of shouting and terrifying than of serious fighting, and that, consequently, there are few slain." (Cited by Holsti, p. 39.)

This general conclusion seems to be contradicted by the warlike history of the Aztecs, the Teutonic Barbarians, and the Homeric Greeks. These peoples seem to be very warlike. The fact of the matter is that these barbarians seldom waged bloody wars. A. F. Bandelier says of the Aztecs that

> "their expeditions could never be of long duration, partaking more of the character of forays or raids than of regular campaigns." (*On the Art of War*, etc., p. 132.)

On page 128 of the same work he speaks of

> "the well-known custom of the Mexicans . . . to look more to the capture than the slaying of their foes."

Prof. Chadwick lays special emphasis on the fact that the Teutonic Barbarians were stimulated to wage extensive wars only after they were influenced thereto by the Romans; before that they were relatively peaceful (Perry: *Growth of Civilisation*, p. 139, quoting from Chadwick's *Heroic Age*). Furthermore, even the Homeric Greeks did not generally pass beyond the stage of cattle and booty raids. And the Trojan War, according to Homer, is one in which personal combat plays the chief part.

The Barbarians could not pass into the stage where war was possible because they had not yet completely destroyed the communistic tribal organization: they had not yet organized a State, the armed power of the ruling

class. They had not yet made land a private possession, and therefore they could not develop Slavery. But once land became private property and the State was formed, a standing army came into being. This army was sent out by the ruling class to conquer the lands of other peoples and to acquire slaves; the latter constituting the labor force necessary to carry on the new economy. Now real war was both possible and actual. And we realize that we are no longer in the period of Barbarism, which knows nothing of war in our sense of the term, but in the first phase of Civilisation, namely, that of the slave societies of Egypt, Greece, Rome, etc.

IV
WAR IN CIVILISATION

When Land became private property and when the State was organized Civilisation was born. " . . . Society, in the period of Civilisation, is broken up into antagonistic and, indeed, irreconciliably antagonistic classes . . . " (Lenin). This fateful social division is based on the fact that a minority of the population owns and controls the means of production. This minority also monopolizes political power and is thereby enabled to utilize the State for the purpose of accumulating more and more property. The standing army, the police, the judges and pails serve the ruling class. With these political instruments they proceed to develop their society by means of war and the intensive exploitation of the propertyless and subjected majority.

The politics of the ruling class is identified with that of society; and all the social institutions are utilized as instruments of propaganda in order to make this identification seem natural. Once this is accomplished Civilisation is launched on its career of War and Property.

Civilisation is an historical category, like Savagery and Barbarism. It is divided into three phases—Slave, Feudal, and Capitalist. In the first phase of Civilisation society was fundamentally divided into two general classes: the slave-owners and the slaves. The former were the property-owners and the exploiters, the latter were the propertyless and the exploited.

The economy of the slave Civilisations of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Greece, Rome, etc., required that ever larger and larger bodies of slaves be secured for the effective working of the large estates of the aristocratic slave-owners. These slaves could be secured chiefly through war. The shocking record of the destructive conflicts that were waged for this venal purpose is to be found in every library of the world. Moreover, another important phenomenon made its appearance in this period. Revolution, the war of class against class, raised its gory head. The revolt of Spartacus against the Roman aristocrats, the most ferocious attempt of the slaves of the ancient world to free themselves from oppression, clearly expressed in action the ever latent conflict between the chief classes of the slave civilisations of antiquity. Th Amazonian revolts in the period of transition from matriarchalism to patriarchalism were insignificant in comparison.

The constant wars and revolutions of these slave civilisations gradually exhausted the free population. The freemen were reduced to the position of landless proletarians. These ancient proletarians would not work for

the slave-owners because they were averse to competing with the despised slaves. The propaganda spread by Plato, Aristotle, Cicero and others as to the vileness of labor found its social expression in the numerous hordes of homeless proletarians that crowded the cities of Greece and Rome. These were graduallydemoralized and became the pawns of the politicians.

While the slave civilisations of antiquity were destroying one another in their incessant wars for slaves, land, and tribute, the Germanic Barbarians were evolving toward civilisation. These peoples were originally peaceful, but later they learned the art of war from the Romans. With this knowledge they were enabled to organize their tribes for conquest. The decaying Roman Empire finally fell under onslaughts. After many centuries of strife and confusion the semi-free and semi-slave civilisation of Feudalism was formed.

In this period the barons continually fought each other in order to enlarge their domains and increase the number of exploitable serfs. In the towns the apprentices and journeymen were in uninterrupted conflict with the guild-masters. So destructive were these struggles that the Church was compelled to issue a decree outlawing war during Lent and various other holidays as well as on Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. But the feudal barons continued to exterminate one another; the strife in the towns was bloodier than ever before.

Gradually within the womb of Feudal society was nurtured a new class, the bourgeoisie. This class developed the forces of production to the point which required the destruction of the feudal production relations. The discovery of new continents, the progress of invention, the accumulation of wealth in the hands of merchants and traders, the development of manufactures and the division of labor in the workshop, the expansion of the market which required more and more goods, forecast the doom of a society that restricted production chiefly to its immediate market. Feudal society could not produce for the world market and was therefore destroyed.

The bourgeoisie did not take power into their own hands immediately. They were not strong enough for that. Instead they left most of the political power in the hands of the nobility. These nobles deprived the peasants of their land in order to develop a proletariat that only labor-power to sell. They also oppressed the self-sufficient artisans in order to drive them into the ranks of the propertyless proletariat. The revolts of the peasants and artisans in Germany, England, France and other countries in the declining period of the Middle Ages marked the rise of Capitalist economy.

In the beginning the chief task of Capitalism, the final phase of Civilisation, was to develop nationality. In Feudalism the nation was unknown, and patriotism was a dead letter. But Capitalism had to develop a Nation, a political form that could utilize the newly developed productive forces for the enrichment of the non-feudal nobles the zourgeois of a definite geographic area. The struggles to form nations, which characterized the period of evolving capitalism, ended in 1871 with the unification of Germany. The history of this period was one of incessant warfare; one in which the

various capitalist states shed each other's blood for the advantage of their particular class of capitalists.

The chief industry of this period was the textile industry. It was the period in which competition developed the productive forces of capitalism in consonance with the property relations of capitalism. It was the age of a rising and vigorous bourgeoisie, drunk with political and economic power. It was the period in which absolute monarchies were destroyed because they impeded the development of bourgeois democratic institutions. It was the period in which the workers won the right to vote; in which the illusion of democracy was penetrating the very vitals of the proletariat. It was the heyday of a healthy and evolving capitalism.

But soon a change occurred. The chief industry of capitalist civilisation became the metallurgic industry. This industry manufactured capital goods, in contradistinction to the consumable goods of the textile industry. These capital goods could be utilized for export only on condition that the capitalist nations be in the possession of colonies. This was the reason for the scramble for colonies at the end of the nineteenth century. At that time England had the most highly developed metallurgical industry and therefore had to secure the largest and most important colonial territory. This she was able to do only with the aid of the largest existing navy.

By the year 1914 the earth was already divided among the competing capitalist nations. Some nations, Germany in particular, found that their colonies were insufficient to absorb the capital goods that their respective metallurgical industries were producing. It was also necessary to secure new colonies as a source of raw material and in order to exploit the cheap labor from which super-profits could be derived with which to bribe the skilled workers. This need for colonies and new spheres of influence on the part of Germany conflicted with the economic interests of imperialist England. The colossus of continental Europe was compelled by the over-development of its metallurgical industry, which was greatly superior to that of England, to seek a repartition of the earth more favorable to its economic development. England found that it was now necessary to destroy Germany or to be conquered by the power of German industry. The result of this condition was the World War of 1914-1918. Moreover, this war is the chief Imperialist war since Imperialism became the policy of Capitalism.

Capitalism, in the period of Imperialism, is declining. It is in its monopolistic phase, in which industrial and finance capital determine the policy of nations. This period is characterized by the sacrifice of the productive forces for the purpose of maintaining the profit system. Prices of commodities rise; unemployment increases; strikes become epidemic; here and there democracy, the veiled dictatorship of the bourgeoisie, becomes an open dictatorship(Italy, Spain, etc.). New nations, ready to throw off their feudal and semi-feudal yoke, are hampered in their social development by the profit-seeking Imperialists. The case of China today is illustrative of this interference. Due to the general law of the irregularity of development of peoples, China has come to the point of nation formation in the Imperialist period; that is, long after the dominant capitalist coun-

tries of the world have passed into a higher phase of evolution. This irregularity of development accounts for the friction between the nationalism of China and the Imperialism of Europe and America.

China is in that phase of social development in which the textile industry is the centre of their rising capitalism. The Chinese are struggling at this time to organize a political state adequate for the development of their industries along capitalist lines. Whether the organized workers will be able to press the nationalist revolution into the soviet phase is exceedingly doubtful, and I would not venture a guess at this time. The imperialist nations, allied against China, are in that phase of industrial development in which the metallurigacl industry is the centre of economic life. The irregular development of capitalist nations, which brought about the world War, the most important consequence of which was the Sovietization of Russia, promises to precipitate another world conflict. This war may be fought in China in the very near future.

In order to fully appreciate the destructiveness of the wars of Capitalism in its period of decline I present the following figures for the benefit of the champions of Civilization:

WORLD WAR (1914-1918)

9,998,771 known dead,
2,991,800 presumed dead,
6,295,512 seriously wounded,
41,002,039 otherwise wounded.

Also, according to W. T. Kittredge, Assistant Director of the League of Red Cross Societies, war, disaster and famine took a toll of 62 million lives since 1914 (a period of twelve years) and 140 million people were injured in that time.

It is evident from this analysis that Civilisation is the society of war *par excellence*. As the productive forces develop in societies based on the private ownership of the means of production wars become bloodier and more destructive than ever before. Revolutions, the wars between the haves and the havenots, likewise become fiercer and fiercer.

WAR IN COMMUNISM

Marxian social science tells us that the Dictatorship of the Proletariat is the transition from Capitalism, the final phase of Civilisation, to Socialism, the first phase of Communism. In this period the workers of the world will be engaged in constant struggles against the capitalists. Revolutions and revolutionary wars will disturb the life of man. Blood will flow in torrents. The property-owners and the propertyless will be pitiless towards one another. Soviet States will war against Capitalist States. The issue will be clear-cut. For or against: For private property or against private property; for the continuance of Civilisation, in which the minority of property-owners rule, or for Communism, in which the majority of proletarians manage their social and economic affairs in their own interest.

During these struggles the Proletariat, the overwhelming majority of the population, will learn to recognize their enemies: the capitalists, the priests, ministers and rabbis, the lawyers, etc. They will begin to understand that

wars result, and have always resulted, from the economic defects of class societies. They will realize that in order to eliminate war from society they must transform private property into social property. For only by this procedure, which will harmonize society by removing classes and class divisions, can the reign of peace be ushered in.

When that shall have been accomplished Socialism will have been reached. In the period of Socialism war will be impossible, for the Coöperative Commonwealth will develop harmonic social relations. As Society develops further and educates and refines its members, the law of social harmony, based on industrial harmony, will permeate the social body and eliminate all discord from human relationships. Then humanity shall have reached the highest phase of Communism (Anarchism).

In this period of social evolution the State, Religion, Bourgeois monogamy, philosophy and law, the expression of discordant civilised societies, shall have completely vanished from the social scene. With the final elimination of social divisions the war of the sexes, which commenced with the Amazonian revolts in the transition from ratriarchalism to patriarchalism, shall have been terminated. Peace and Love will unite and harmonize the sexes for coöperative, communist, living. This Love-Life will be possible only on the basis of the communilization of industry; only when the slogan of society shall be, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

SUMMARY

Private property in the means of production is the mother of war. Since Savagery and matriarchal Barbarism are free of private property and class rule is unknown in these periods of social evolution, with the introduction of private property in the patriarchal period of Barbarism the seeds of war are sown. Social life is disturbed by cattle-, booty-, and tribute-raids. When Civilisation is reached the ruling classes engage in wars for the accumulation of more and more property. This property career of Civilisation is rudely interrupted by the rise of a class-conscious proletariat and the creation of a Soviet State in Russia. In the period of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat the function of the dominant Soviet States will be to transform private into communal property, competitive industry into coöperative industry. As class rule and private property wither away so will war and strife wither away. In the final phase of Communism absolute peace will reign on earth: the brotherhood of man will then be a living reality.

This picture of the evolution and devolution of war could not have been painted without the use of the principle of Historical Materialism. Bourgeois scholarship, in rejecting it, is compelled to deny the existence of social science; one of the consequences of which is its inability to trace the evolution of war. Marxian social science applies this principle to the phenomenon of war and discovers that it gradually developed as a consequence of the development of private property, and that in order to eliminate it from society we must end the reign of private property and pass from Civilisation into Communism.

In brief, there is only one road to peace, and that is the road that leads into Communism.

THE RETURN

BY MARK RODSON

HE stood there, in the dark corner of his room, waiting for her to return. He wished to avoid the window. The blue blind annoyed him with the heavy cast of shadow it threw across the carpet. The piano almost seemed to lean against it in the dusk.

Her fan, with its tattered folds, which she had bitten in her nervous silence, was still unopened on his desk.

She had gone down the stairs with a noiseless haste. He could still hear the tormenting echo of each step that she had taken. The stairs seemed still alive with the stir of feet. Many feet. Was it her feet, or the feet of some invisible woman whose body he had never seen? Did he recall her feet at all? Was it the going of her feet that frightened him so? Or was it the going of feet into which he had breathed so much beauty that they were no longer feet at all?

He did not know. He could scarcely remember. All he knew was that he did not think he would ever hear those feet again. Still he knew he would have to wait there for their return. He might have to wait hours, days perhaps—still he would have to wait. He felt that he could not move until he heard those feet again. He wanted to erase a fly-stain on the edge of the piano-keys, but he could not move himself to actually do it. In the midst of his thoughts, the fly-stain intruded, and worried him, but still he had to let it stay. He was already listening for her returning steps altho she had scarcely gone. He had not yet lost count of the seconds. He would count them until he became dizzy with additions, or fell asleep thru fatigue. No; he would not fall asleep he knew, and he would not count the seconds for very long, either. The calculations would drive him mad. He would stop, then, without further ado. She would not return anyway. Suppose she did not return? But wasn't that what he expected? What did he expect? Would he go mad if she didn't return? Mad, never. Go mad, because she didn't return? What an absurd idea! Then he would know the kind of woman she was. Then he would know her attitude. Then he would completely scorn her, discard her with contempt. Had he not scorned her often before? Had he not often despised her pettiness and coquetries, and been disgusted at her emptiness of soul? Of course, he had. But they had been momentary scorns and contempts. He knew that. Why had he never let them grow into an attitude? But if she did not return he would. Then he would have the strength to; then he would possess the power. He almost felt strength rushing into him at the thought; but then it seemed too thin, and a weakness came into his fingers, and a frightening

uncertainty into his mind. Could he really scorn her, hate her, if she did not return? Would he have the courage? Or would he seek her out like a sentimental idiot despite her decision? No; he would never do that. After this afternoon he never could. Had he not been strong for the first time since he had loved her? Had it not been he who had forced things to this final turn? Could he weaken after having gone so far? Been so strong?

How long had she been gone now? An hour almost. He looked at his watch. He was startled. What, only sixteen minutes? He was allowing himself to become too unsettled by the whole situation. Had he not promised himself to be calm, and not let his impulsiveness betray him? Was he going to weaken like a silly youth?

"Go!" That was how he had said it. There had been no tremor in his voice. It had even sounded unusually firm and resonant to him, and he recalled how proud he was of its vigor. She had understood, too, that he meant it. Never before had he been so strong and decisive. She had been even more surprised than he. She had never known this element in him. Neither had he, for that matter, but under some conditions one is forced to act so strangely that sometimes he cannot recognize himself. The victory had always been hers in the past. She had always coaxed him into yielding to her will. Even when he knew her influence was most sinister, he could not escape it. She knew identically what to do to weaken his resolution. She had made him into a helpless menial. He had had no strength and decision of his own. How often he had withered under this enslavement! At times he had even thought of killing her, but her tears could always dissuade him. She knew this. She knew it to a point of calculation. She knew it as any easy realization which was always within her grasp and control.

How she had tortured him! How she had taken advantage of his impotency! How she had ruined his reason! What was it? How had she managed to do this to him? It was not thru any beauty that was hers. She did not have that. It was a fascination that she had, often it seemed a fascinating ugliness. It had wound itself about him like a knot of steel. And whenever he felt himself about to break it, she had wound it tighter and tighter about his soul. The tighter it had become, the more he had hated her, and yet the moment he had tried to vent his hate she had mollified it with her winsome caress.

This time, tho, this afternoon, he had reversed the situation. He had forced her to obey his will. He began to pace up and down on the dark side of the room. He could move now without difficulty. He would be himself, an independent soul again. He would not surrender to a woman's will. Was he not a man? Was he not a thinker? Had he not worked out problems in mathematics that had made his reputation in less than a year? Had he not written books which had made his name famous? How faultless had been his logic! Even Poincare had praised it. How he loved the cool serenity of his mind as it approached a mathematical equation! Why had he not been able to introduce this serenity into his life? Why could he not have solved his life-problems with the same ease and perfection that he had solved mathematical enigmas? To have made his life move in the exquisite ways of an intricate theorem. To have made his emotions behave

as the gracefully interlacing symbols of an equation. That one time when he had tried it . . . Perhaps he would try it again. The X which he had made into her symbol would never work. It stood for her and yet it didn't stand for her. It represented her on paper but not in life. He made it move and work as he could never make her do. Even the Y which he made represent him did not work. X plus Y never made the two of them, no matter how he twisted or shaped their forms and relations. Perhaps some X elevated to a ninth power, or a Y—no, no matter how he tried, as he knew he could never solve anything by this method. Once he remembered, he wanted to crook her arms and legs behind her so that she would resemble a human X. Then he might make the equation work. It was just at the moment when she had flung her fan at him after the Arnolz affair. At the time, he believed he could have broken her arms in order to get the mathematical effect of perfection. But even if he had she would never remain a simple equation. Even when he hated her most, he knew that. Or perhaps, when he loved her most, was most mad about her, he knew that most deeply. She would subtly escape every simplicity. She abhorred simplicity. That was why no symbol was subtle enough to encompass her contradictions. Her personality seemed to have no common denominator. But today he had found it. Today he had made her disclose the sesame of her soul. Had he?

What time was it? Twelve minutes past seven. Almost an hour had passed. Certainly she should be back by now. All she had to do was to tell Timholz that she was going. Timholz already knew. He would understand. He would not even protest. But would she? Of course she must now. She would not have gone if she had not intended doing that. But maybe she had gone because of his command. Maybe she had gone because of the inexorableness of his "Go." But wasn't that what he was so sure of? Wasn't that really why she had gone. Then why was he so worried about her not coming back? Certainly she had gone because he had compelled her. Certainly it was his strength that had overpowered her. Certainly it had been he who had been the victor. But she was such a strange person . . . one could never tell what she thought. She had gone without saying a word, and left her fan on his desk. Maybe she had left her fan there as a farewell token. My God . . . that would be just like her. That's what she did it for. Oh, Judith, aren't you coming back?

"Judith!" Her name escaped his lips in a subdued scream.

Her fan, with its black-beaded saffron sutures, was still faintly obvious to the eye even in the darkness that had crowded out many of the other objects in the room. He went over to the desk and touched it with his long, thin fingers as if thru them it might be made to speak. It seemed to quiver like an insect in passion as he held it in his palm. No, it was his fingers that were quivering, not the fan. How ridiculous of him! He was almost afraid for the moment that it was an hallucination. He pressed the fan against his face.

"Judith!"

She would not come back. Now he knew it at last. Now it was all clear to him. This was her farewell. See where her teeth had left these last marks for him to kiss as a remaining memory of her.

He lit the little candelabrum on the wall beside the piano. It gave a dim, mystic hue to the room. He held the fan beneath the flickering glow of the candle-light. If only she had written something on it. It was still shaking within his fingers as if fluttered by some wind that moved within itself rather than in the world. He could still see the trace of her finger-prints along the edge of its small white handle. It was still alive with her touch. Judith! . . . why did you do this? He crunched the fan within his palm, but then he suddenly released it with a wince of pain. Perhaps he had hurt it. The last thing she had left him. Oh, how carefully he would have to preserve it! He would lock it from human sight. No one but he would ever see it again. He would have a precious vault made for it. There he would bury it with his memories of her. There he would come at times, every day perhaps, and just look at it. No, he would caress it and kiss it in order to keep alive this last beautiful thing in their love. He would love this fan more than her. But perhaps Timholz knew this fan, too. Perhaps even he had held it in his hands as he was now. What . . . could it have been so? It must have been so. Maybe he had even given it to her . . . . .

He flung the fan from him in a tantrum of anger. Its upper ridges snapped and broke against the wall. He scarcely knew what he had done. He forgot for a moment why he had thrown it as he looked at its broken form upon the floor. The act had startled him. After all, it was her fan. It had the marks of her teeth and fingers imprinted upon it. He started to pick it up, but then he remembered Timholz . . . . no doubt he had bought it for her . . . he had bought everything for her . . . her clothes, her jewelry, her books, her home, her body, even her soul . . . why hadn't he bought her this fan too? Even if she had bought it, it was with his money . . . so in one way or another he had bought it. It was his fan more than hers . . . . Was not everything about her more his than hers? Wasn't that one of the reasons why he hated her so?

He left the broken fan upon the floor. At first he thought he would blow out the candles . . . but then he might not be able to see her if she came. Foolish notion, would he not hear her long before he saw her? He would be able to feel her coming long before she ever reached the house. Then her feet upon the stair. Oh, God, what a joyous sound! How his heart would leap at the moment! Even now, in anticipation, it had started to thump against his chest. He almost thought he heard her on the steps. What? He listened with his ear turned against his hand. No . . . not yet. But it was only half-past seven . . . . No, it was really twenty-six minutes of eight, but his watch was most likely a little fast. But certainly she was on her way by now. Even if he had started to argue with her, she surely could have escaped by now. And it was only fourteen minutes walk from their . . . no, from his, . . . but after all it had been their . . . yes, it had been their house, altho Timholz had really paid for everything in it . . . . How he hated Timholz's money . . . not that he was jealous of it. Never . . . money would never mean anything to him. But she was so easily influenced by money. She was so petty in this way. It was not the actual money, but the psychological power which it exerted that so easily seduced her. She liked autos and elegant clothes,

and fountain-scented houses, summer retreats . . . she didn't love them, he knew . . . not as she really loved some things . . . as in her best moments she loved him, for instance . . . but she liked them . . . yes, she liked them so well that she had been willing so long to sacrifice many things she loved for these things which she only liked. Maybe she liked them more than she thought, more than she admitted. That would explain a lot about her reaction. It would take away the enigma from her. But she really wasn't as crude as that. What she wanted was both things . . . but these easy things crippled her resolution for the finer things. They actually paralyzed her will-power. She knew better . . . she had always known better . . . in her mind, that is, . . . but somehow in her life she could never live up to them. Why was that? God, how often they had fought over that issue! How often she had promised to refuse Timholz's gifts! And she had often . . . he had believed she had . . . but had she? She had said so . . . But, then, she may just have hid the fact from him in order not to pain him. She must have . . . those moments when she told him . . . they were such wonderfully sincere moments . . . who could disbelieve her eyes? How lucid and persuasive they were . . . such marvelous eyes . . . they said so much . . . he always felt himself part of her as he looked into her eyes . . . all doubts disappeared, worries, lacerations, became as nothing . . . only once as he looked into them he saw her looking the same way into a dozen other men's eyes and he drew away with a shudder, but he had returned his glance a moment later for fear that he would not be one of the dozen . . . her eyes had always bewitched him . . . he knew he had been able to tell her to go only because he had not allowed himself to look into her eyes. She had tried to bring him to . . . just a few minutes before she had left . . . but he had been strong . . . he had kept away from her glance. After all, that was all strength meant, avoiding things which weakened . . . That was the secret of all vigor. It had taken him a long time to learn that, but today he had put it into practice. Her eyes had been his ruin in the past, but they never would be again. Whenever he wished to resist her in the future . . . but would there be a future? Didn't he hear a sound upon the stair?. Surely it must be she. Judith!

He listened with anxious ears. If only it is she. Oh, Judith! He went to the door, and his eyes went begging thru the darkness of the corridor. There was no sound. A sudden heavy gloom came upon him. Would she never come? Did he mean all that he thought? Judith! No, he would give anything to see her. Yes, he would even look into her eyes. Those eyes! Oh, Judith! . . . suppose he never saw them again . . . suppose she did not return . . . suppose . . . oh, he would give anything to look into her eyes again . . . anything . . . yes, he would even give up his victory of the afternoon . . . That must be her step. He went out into the corridor and called.

"Judith!"

There was no answer. Surely someone had opened the door. He went half-way down the steps. She was there, hiding . . . that was it . . . that would be just like her.

"Judith, stop fooling, dear. I see you."

Still, there was no response. Maybe she was not there, after all. Oh, but she must be. He was sure he had heard the door open, positive. Certainly, it could not have been the wind, not on such a hot, breathless night. He went down to the bottom of the stairs. The door was closed. Doubtless, she had closed it tightly after her, but that was not her custom . . . oh, but tonight was different . . . she would close it tonight . . . She must be hiding behind the hat-rack at the lower end of the hall. He tried to see if he could not detect her dark lavender dress protruding behind the hat-rack. Of course, he could not . . . lavender could not be seen in the dark. He stamped on the steps with his foot as if to frighten her with her approaching discovery. He liked to play with her. She was so jolly, so mischievous. She would not move. That was just like her again. She would just wait there until he came, and then spring upon him with a kiss. He would surprise her this time. He would play a trick upon her himself. He turned and started slowly to go up the steps. He trod noisily upon each step, and then allowed his foot to linger, so that she could not fail to hear him. Why did she not call to him? Oh, she could be a little vixen when she wanted to! Such a mischievous, irresistible vixen.

"Judith, I'm going!"

Still she let him go, undetained. This was too much. Oh, why play any longer! He would surprise her another way. He went down the steps again until he was at the bottom of the stair. Then he lit a match, and as its little flame began to illumine the hallway his lips had already betrayed his emotion.

"There you . . . "

But they did not complete his thought. She was not there. No one was there. Nothing. Surely he was mistaken. Someone had come in. He was sure he had heard the door open. He walked the whole length of the hallway. There certainly was no one there. He had an inclination to look under the hat-rack, but that was absurd. Only a child could crawl in there. His match went out, and he hastily lit another. He noted his haste with amazement. Was he afraid of the dark? Just the opposite. He wished someone would spring at him in the dark. At least it would be life. This silence was deathly. It made him more afraid than any person. What was happening to him? Had he deluded himself as to someone's having opened the door? Had no one really opened the door, then? The match-flame burnt the end of his finger while he was at the bottom of the stair. He wrung his finger with pain. Maybe he ought to look down the other side of the hall. She might have hidden there. No; she could not have gotten there in so short a time, and certainly not without his having seen her.

Oh, he was letting her make a fool of him again! This had to cease. He might have known better by this time. Why was he so concerned about her, after all? Who was she? The wife of Anthony Timholz, the hardware manufacturer, and the former mistress of Sam Pelham, the painter. He had taken her away from Pelman, tho. Pelman was a fine artist, but he could not hold a woman like Judith. She was a coquette. That was it, a coquette. But she was an artistic success at it; he had to grant her that.

A cruel success, however. How often her success had made him suffer! Yes; he envied her success, and yet . . . yet, yes, it was her very success that held him to her. Was it, tho? Well, even if it was, it was the thing that made him loathe her, too.

He blew out all the candles except one. The one candle flicked a thin, perpendicular flame that in its shadow on the wall resembled a Byzantine dagger. Judith had noticed the resemblance first, many months ago. Why was he always doing things that reminded him of her? God, how often he had tried not to do that! She was not going to return any more now. He was convinced of that. He stared at his watch again.

Ten minutes past eight!

"Judith!"

He was astonished at his own cry. Why should he be so sentimental? Why should he call her name again? She was done with him now, that was certain, and he was done with her. He must learn to hate her as he had that time when she had deserted him when he was ill. No; he must learn to be indifferent. That should be his attitude. But what was the use of hoping for that? He could never be indifferent. She was not the kind of woman he could be indifferent to. One had to either hate or love her. There were no "in betweens." He had to learn to hate her. That was it. He had to turn his scorns and contempts into a deep, inexorable hatred. How hard her face was at times! He had to see it as always hard. He had to make it even harder than it really was. He had always hated hard faces. That was it, he had first to understand himself, and then learn to protect himself against those things that injured and wrecked him. Didn't he learn this afternoon how to avoid her eyes? Now he should learn more than that. He should learn to emphasize those things which would give him strength and conviction even if he had to use his imagination to enforce them upon his mind. This afternoon had been his triumph. He must make the rest of his life a triumph. He must never invest his whole life in any personality. He must always be sure of a certain autonomy within himself. Men are ruined by women without their being aware of it until the ruin is already upon them. Women are intuitively subtle. They get things done which men don't want to do, and fight against sometimes for years, and even when men are doing them they come to believe it is for a noble end. It is only afterwards that they realize their error. Tears and pleas can sometimes even make strong men sacrifice ideal and principle. How often Judith had made him yield when he knew it meant ignominious surrender of the very principles he most deeply cherished! Men had to learn to fight these powers in women. He had begun. He would not surrender again. Of that he was now certain. All he had to do was to think of all the cruel things she had done to him. Recall her callous nature . . . the terrible anguish she had so often brought to his soul. God, how she had made him suffer! He would never forget it. The only time he really ever forgot it was when her eyes were upon him. Then, he knew, he could remember nothing; he lived then so vitally, so consumingly, in the present. But her eyes were deeply deceptive. He knew that now. Why could he not know that, remember that, when he looked into them? But he would hereafter. Perhaps it was better, tho, not to take

the chance, and refuse to look into them at all. That was what he would do. Damn her eyes! That day when his mind had become so blinded after the death of his mother, and he had called her up and begged her to come. Would he ever forget it? She had said she would come, and then she had gone to the theatre with Vincent Pels instead. How he suffered that afternoon! He would never forget the hours of torture, of feverish waiting and maddening despair. It was a wonder he did not lose his mind that day. She meant everything in the world to him. She knew that. That was the trouble, she did know it. That was why she did it . . . because she knew her power over him. She knew he depended so desperately upon her. She knew that no matter what she did, he could never escape her. He could never leave her. God, how correct she had been! He had cursed her that day for her treachery. He had denounced her mercilessly. He was sure that he would never love her again. And then she had come to see him the next day, and he had surrendered to her caress. He hated himself now as he recalled this surrender. But he had done the same thing that afternoon after his attack of hysteria, and she had delayed coming for four hours. She had been delayed by the snow, she had said. He knew she had lied. Even her eyes could not deceive him on that day. Still he had not been able to stay her charm. Again he had surrendered after having suffered unspeakable agony for hours. It had happened so often. Why had he never driven her away after these deceptive delays and evasions? Why? How often he had put that question to himself! Why? Of course, he knew; but he had been afraid to face the truth at first. It was because he had always been afraid that he would lose her. If he had driven her away, she might never have returned. Life without her would have been unendurable. Even as a torturess she had meant, in those days, so much to him that the thought of not having her would have shot him into madness. But those days had passed . . . he was sure of that.

Was that she? He listened again, tapping agitatedly on the edge of his desk with his little finger. He would not be fooled again. He lit another match in order to make certain of the hour. It was twelve minutes after nine. She would never come now. Oh, why had he sent her away? What was the matter with him? Had he not just decided that he was done with her, as she had been? She had to be different, or . . . of course he had. He was not the way he was when his mother died or when he had those attacks of hysteria. Was he not different now, stronger, more resolute? He would make her see that he was as strong and determined as she. Had he not done that today? Today had marked a revolution in his life. It had indeed. And how glad he was that at last he had achieved his revolution. He was no longer Judith's slave.

He got up from his chair, and looked out the window toward Dayson Street which wound up from behind Parkton hill. The street was desolate. He wished his house was down on Avron Street where there were more people passing by, even more noise. There were times when everything within him just cried out for noise of some kind, just to escape the almost rustic silence that spread itself every night across Dayson Street and the environs of Parkton hill. There was no use of his looking for her

any longer. He had played . . . and he had lost . . . that was all. Lost . . . lost what? . . . lost Judith! Why did these terrible sinking sensations always seize him whenever he thought of her? He had only lost a coquette . . . that was all she was. Nothing more. Oh, why couldn't he convince himself that that was all? Why did he, even as he told himself the opposite, inevitably feel the imminent return of his old depressions and despairs? What was the matter with his mind? No; it was not his mind, it was his body. Could he never escape that woman? As he became more and more conscious of the trembling of his hand, he became more and more anxious to conceal it from himself. He himself was becoming ashamed of himself. What a ridiculous fiasco! And tonight of all nights . . . after this afternoon. Did he really want her to come back after all? What did he want her to come back for, anyway? It would only mean the continuation of his torture. If he could escape her, then there would be no more torture . . . or . . . would there be eternal torture? . . . the torture of not having her at all . . . of somebody else's having her instead of him . . . that would be unbearable . . . he could not stand it . . . he would only race after her in more servile fashion than before . . . if she were dead it would be different . . . perhaps if he killed her . . . but how? . . . no, if . . . if only he could conquer her in some way. This afternoon . . . no, there was no use fooling himself with false thoughts . . . it had been no conquest . . . she was not coming back . . . it had been a failure . . . a total failure . . . and just before he had thought he had conquered. He was so anxious to conquer that he had convinced himself that he had . . . that was what happened . . . foolish dolt!

He wanted her madly. He was tired now of trying to persuade himself that he didn't. He couldn't live without her. That was why he had told her to go, because he knew that he must have her all to himself . . . that if she still lived with Timholz that could never be. With Timholz she was always playing with him; he could never be sure of her. If she was once with him that would all cease. It would have to cease. Then he would have the power over her . . . what? . . . was he really seeking power over a woman? . . . power . . . yes; why evade it? . . . it was just that which he sought . . . she had driven him to it . . . he wanted to conquer her . . . really conquer her . . . as she had always done with him. Make her bend to his will . . . make her succumb to his strength. That was what he wanted . . . that was what he had craved ever since the crushing embarrassment and anguish she had caused him by not appearing at the Ainslee ball . . . after all, that was why he had done what he had this afternoon . . . he had gambled with a huge stake and lost . . . gambled with Judith; great God! had he really lost her? . . . what? . . . was he going to be sentimental again? . . . he knew what he was doing . . . to continue as he had been meant repeating the same torment . . . but to make her give up Timholz . . . to make her end with everything but him . . . to make her agree to be his alone . . . oh, how could he ever have thought that was possible! . . . it was too wonderful to be possible . . . would it be Judith if she really did it . . . of course not, but it would be a new Judith . . . a cowed Judith . . . a Judith he had whipped into submission by his own mastery . . . she would not recognize her-

self . . . how had he believed it possible that she might ever change so . . . Judith . . . it was silly of him ever to have imagined that he had a chance of forcing her to change so . . . her whole nature was against it . . . but there had been moments . . . and lately she had been very sad and sick with Timholz . . . she never saw Pelham any more . . . it was only her child that held her to Timholz anyway . . . and, well, perhaps his money . . . but she was changing these days . . . she was caring less and less for money . . . at least he thought so . . . but was it possible for Judith to care little for money?

What time is it? God, it was ten o'clock! She would never come now. She was abed already, and perhaps asleep. That would be just her way . . . dismissing him in a wisp of dream . . . Sleeping, no doubt, in Timholz's arms, the fat money fiend.

Oh, Judith, . . . why didn't she know how much he loved her? . . . that was it . . . she did . . . If only he didn't love her, everything would be easy. How often he had said that to himself! . . . would he never get beyond it? . . . But who could ever get beyond her? . . . she was so irresistible . . . so . . . if she did not come back, how would he pass the night? . . . how could he? Could he ever live thru it? What would he do with himself? What could he do with himself? What could he do with his mind? Ten o'clock! Ten o'clock. The hour throbbed already in his brain. He lit another candle, then another, if now they could only make the room luminous, flush it with light. Where would he go? He couldn't stay here . . . But where . . . where? There was nowhere he could go. If only he had learned to drink . . . he might get drunk anyway . . . no, no, drink could not quiet him now. Judith! Judith . . . if only he hadn't told her to go.

The street was like a hollow cavern in the dull hot night. His room had become suffocatingly close in the candle-glow. But he had only told her to go because he wanted her to return . . . but now . . . oh, why had he risked so much on a single gesture? Why? Oh, Judith! . . . would he never hear her tiny feet again on his steps? Would he never see her coming to him again? Never see her wonderful eyes burying their passion in his? A horrible fear overcame him, an aching emptiness that made of his mind a ravaged bowl. Judith! He had to go somewhere . . . even if there was nowhere to go, he had to go anyway . . . the sight of his room would drive him insane . . . everything . . . and that fan there . . .

What! . . . the door had opened. He heard it distinctly this time. There could be no error. But she wouldn't return this late at night. No, it couldn't have been the door. He would not allow his anxiety to deceive him again. Come! He strove to calm his agitated body. He felt that something within him was about to burst or break. He could not listen, even. He could not hear a thing. He went over to the door of his room. He could see nothing. He struck his ears with his hand. He could hear something. Yes, something . . . Certainly there were feet on the stairs. Such dainty, delicate feet. Oh, Judith! They were coming up the stairs. There was no mistaking it this time. It couldn't be a delusion again. He was about to call when the feet stumbled across the landing at the turn of the stairs. He withdrew into his room. He must give her room to pass.

But why shouldn't he meet her at the door? He wanted to see her as she entered the room. She was returning to him. He had won, after all. She had left Timholz for him . . . that had been her decision. He was the victor. He counted her steps. Oh, Judith! He would see her eyes again. She would be his . . . everything . . .

He rushed over to the door, his eagerness quickening with his increasing emotion. He would seize her with a kiss as her foot touched the little Roman step leading into his room. He held his hands against the edge of the bookshelf, tremulous with anticipated joy.

The next moment, with a curious twitch, he sprang back in astonishment and horror. His right leg slipped against a jardiniere that faced the book-lined wall.

Anthony Timholz scarcely gave the room a glance before he spoke. Apparently, in the dimness of the room, he could see little, and was interested in less.

"My wife says" . . . his voice was round and unctuous . . . "she wants the return of her fan."

THIS JEW

BY A. A. ROBACK

THE question of Jewish genius has been debated back and forth so much in the last fifty years that it has become almost threadbare. On the one hand, we are confronted with the prejudiced anti-Semite, whether he be of the intellectual calibre of Carlyle or belong to the crew of Houston-Stewart Chamberlain et Co. On the other hand, we are greeted by a host of chauvinistic enthusiasts who cry themselves hoarse hurrahing for Spinoza, Heine, Disraeli, and a few other Jewish geniuses of whom they have heard in the Temple sermon or read about in their community sheet, and throw in for good measure half a dozen celebrities whom they suppose, for one reason or another, to be Jews. Thus, Columbus is annexed to the Chosen People, although the evidence on which the claim has been made is flimsy, to say the least; and Rembrandt who painted Jewish types and lived close to the Amsterdam ghetto has been turned by recent writers into a Jew; not to mention the names of Wagner, who might have been a half-Jew, although I am inclined to give his mother the benefit of the doubt, and Rossini, whom Disraeli, in his *Coningsby,* has apparently confused with Rossi, and very recently even Schubert, whom the *Jewish Blue Book* publishers, in a brochure announcing their publication, were parading as a Jewish genius. In a physical culture magazine I noticed the same mistake repeated by a Rabbi who should have been more *au courant* with the facts. In this connection, Thackeray's delightful squib on Disraeli's *Coningsby* ("Codlingsby") might be recalled; and for some time I had been seriously contemplating bringing out a publication entitled "Great Men Who Are Not Jews."

Many are the anecdotes told about the old-country "batlonim" who took Lincoln (Abraham), Roosevelt (Rosenfelt) and a host of other famous personages (Mendel, Mendelieff), to be of the seed of Abraham. This tendency, *entre nous,* is not confined to the "batlen" alone. Our very brilliant Judeophile, Huneker, and, to a less extent, the scholarly Joseph Jacobs had a tendency to err in this direction, and lead others, *e. g.,* Lombroso, astray, too.

The zealous ignorance of Jewish achievement on the part of intellects like Carlyle and Buckle, as well as the ignorant zeal of the average Jewish communal worker, need not be gone into again. No attempt, so far as I know, has been made in spite of the pretentious volumes purporting to show how many Jews have participated in the march of civilization, or to enumerate the Jewish geniuses—no attempt has been made to analyze, on a large scale, the genius of the Jew, especially in comparison with that of

other races and in the light of historical epochs. Joseph Jacobs' laborious study on the comparative distribution of Jewish ability is the nearest approach to this sorely needed endeavor.

Fishberg's anthropological study, *The Jews,* at once suggests itself, but does not recommend itself because of its one-sided and now antiquated standpoint of historical materialism. A whole shelf of books on this subject can be cited in English alone, not to mention hundreds of articles, but the *motif* behind this memorialization is undoubtedly an apologetic one, and bespeaks the well-known inferiority feeling of the sponsors of such works as Madison Peters' *Justice to the Jew,* Sterling's *The Jew and Civilization,* or even Singer's forthcoming encyclopedia which for the present seems to be labelled "A Gentile's Outline of the Jewish Contribution to Civilization." Dr. Singer seems to have struck the grand idea of engaging none but Gentiles to write the life of the Jew. Even in this there is nothing new, and it has already come about without the intermediation of a promoter; for the most "biographed" person in the world is a Jew; and sometimes a Jew takes a hand in this biographical offering too, *e. g.,* Emil Ludwig.

To my mind, the Jews are equal to the task of appraising their own cultural giants, without seeking the *imprimatur* of non-Jewish authorities. Indeed, we should not be at all surprised to find that these will, in their turn, consult Jewish expert opinion for their guidance, and secure the "hekhsher" (the causative noun of "kosher") of contemporary Jewish leaders.

Of all the various species of ability—the Jews have been credited on all sides with alertness, intelligence, cunning, shrewdness, and even brilliancy. Intellect and talent have been accorded them as individuals but not as Jews, while in the matter of genius, only a few of the superior Gentile minds have been sufficiently immune from bias as to allow that there were any Jewish geniuses. The Nordic philosophical writers have been especially stinting in their appreciation of Jewish achievement. Hence it should not be out of keeping with their own methods and policy to "make them sit up and listen" to the Jewish rôle in the world's cultural performance. At times, of course, the narration will sound a bit vainglorious, rotarian, or self-centred; but such a procedure might be justified as a strategic move to undermine the monopoly of unrestrained self-flattery in anti-Jewish circles.

Jewish intellectuality will be taken for granted on the score of common observation expressed so frequently that it would be superfluous to document the instances. The question of Jewish genius is not so easily disposed of. Usually, advocates of the Jews are confronted with a special type of the hoary fallacy of composition. The argument would run somewhat like this: "Since we, non-Jews, have produced Phidias and Plato, Aristotle and Hippocrates, Bach and Beethoven, Raphael and Michaelangelo, Dante and Shakespeare, etc., etc., and you have none to measure up to any one of these, and very few to compare with the long list that the Gentiles can draw up, it follows that geniuses of the first order are not to be found among the Jews." In other words, the Jews are here pitted against all the nations of the world from antiquity to recent times!

It is strange that this obvious sophism should have been swallowed "hook, line and sinker" by so many cultivated Jews who have shown themselves willing to concede that while the "People of the Book" have produced a good many able men and women, yet they must be considered as woefully lacking in stars of the first magnitude.

From this somewhat depressing view we are, however, pulled up with a jolt when we survey the influence of Jewish intellect in the modern era. Can it be denied that the leaders of present-day thought and even art are Jews? Even if Bergson is not to be compared with Plato or Husserl with Kant, Einstein, by the consensus of distinguished scientists in his own science, cannot be removed from his lofty pedestal beside Newton, Kepler and Copernicus, and perhaps even Galilei; and whether we accept Freud's doctrines or not, he is hailed as a genius even by his adversaries.

Similar comparisons may be made in other fields, as I have attempted to show in my forthcoming volume, *Jewish Influence on Modern Thought* (Sci-Art Publishers), but it naturally will be contended that our present century is not to be mentioned in one breath with the Florentine golden period in the early Renaissance, or the Elizabethan age, let alone the heyday of Athens when there were more geniuses to the square foot than there are now to the mile.

I have taken all these contentions into consideration. What is more, I have tried even to understand, if possible, the anti-Semitic flurries against Einstein or their vehement protests against admitting eminent Jewish scientists to rightful honors. Such an attitude at first stupefies one because it displays so flagrantly the irrationality of men, even of those who enjoy an exalted position in society, presumably because of their intelligence and ability. Surely it is difficult for a thoroughly sane person to sympathize with a view which would preclude a man from receiving recognition for his services simply because he happens to be born a Jew. Judeophiles themselves would scarcely explain their behavior after this fashion. The ostensible reason for the opposition, in such cases, would undoubtedly be the supposed aggressiveness on the part of the Jewish leader in calling attention to his achievement, the implication being that Jewish fame is artificially fanned, and that almost invariably there is more smoke than fire, so far as real merit is concerned.

Anyone who is at all acquainted with the lives of outstanding pioneers in the history of civilization will testify to the groundlessness of such a charge. The Jew, as a matter of fact, has had to travel uphill with a greater burden on his shoulders and over a rockier path than did his more fortunately born colleague. Even as a convert to Christianity (witness Disraeli) he was still tainted with his Jewish origin and would have to exhibit an extraordinary amount of vital stamina in order to attain his eminence.

If we accept the data of Dr. Singer's staff, at work on his "Gentile's Outline of the Jews' Contribution to Civilization," then about 1800 Jewish "master minds" have made "the most significant original contributions to the progress of mankind." (Circular letter dated February 5, 1929.) Among this number probably only a score of first-rate geniuses could be discovered; but even that number is relatively high, when one makes

allowance for the historical conditions which made the Jew practically non-competitive for several centuries. In fact, it is only with his emancipation in the latter half of the nineteenth century that he could be said to participate in the intellectual race of mankind.

million and a half Jews [who] have lived to fifty in the past century, only a little more than half a million can be said to have lived, the rest have but existed."[1] Furthermore, the Jews have always constituted, numerically,

We must remember that, as Joseph Jacobs has pointed out, out of 'a a small nationality. A century ago, there were scarcely three million Jews in the world, according to the latest figures of the Yiddish Scientific Institute (Leshtchinsky), and, previous to 1735, it is estimated their number was little over a million.[2] What chance, particularly, was there for a Raphael, Titian, Da Vinci, Dürer, Holbein or Velasquez to develop at a time when the ghetto gates were shutting the Jews out from the very thought of painting?

Theological and pietistic preoccupations were another handicap to the expression of Jewish genius. How many subtle minds were lost to the world through the legalistic atmosphere in Palestine and Babylonia at about the beginning of the Christian era! Had the Wilno Gaon been born a century later, say, in Berlin or Frankfort, he might have astonished the world with his scientific ingenuity instead of concentrating entirely on Talmudic lore and even refusing to publish his writings during his lifetime.

Sometimes, it is urged that the Jews because of their very persecution had acquired a vigorous intellect in the course of their struggle for existence. Such a view will hardly bear examination in the light of what is known about the inheritance of acquired characteristics; and, besides, it would seem as if the scattered People were the only example of a people producing ability because of persecution. It is strange that history should not afford us other instances of the operation of such a principle. The Armenians in the clutches of Turkey, the Poles under the domination of Russia and Austria, and the various minor nationalities who had fallen a prey at different times to the more powerful states surrounding them certainly did not give evidence of a heightened genius coefficient. On the other hand, it has been abundantly proven that the most suitable conditions for mental capacity to express itself are a tolerable amount of freedom and a cultural center. Economic sufficiency is perhaps not as important as Buckle supposes, although he makes a strong case even for that factor.

The Jews had none of these advantages, and yet were contributing more than their quota of illustrious men in the drive of progress.

To be sure, comparisons are not only invidious but in the sociological domain they are well-nigh impossible; for conditions cannot be reproduced and certain phenomena stand out alone almost as miracles. Long after he had ceased believing in miracles, that perspicacious Frenchman, Ernst Renan, could not rid himself of the feeling that the Greeks, through their unparalleled achievement in a small state, and the Jews, through their irrepressible pertinacity as a nation, were each manifesting a miracle.

[1] Joseph Jacobs: *The Comparative Distribution of Jewish Ability. Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.* 1886. Vol. XV.

[2] *Loc. cit.*

Perhaps no one will have the temerity to place the Jews side by side with the Greeks as regards fertility of genius. In extolling the qualities of Attica during the period between 530 and 430 B. C., and particularly under the rule of Pericles, Galton, in his *Hereditary Genius,* has rightly dwelt on the number of great men that were produced on a small strip of territory by a population that consisted of 90,000 native freeborn individuals, 40,000 aliens and about 400,000 slaves, laborers, and artisans of no educational attainments.

Surely it would be futile, almost fatuous, to begin to draw parallels between the titans of Greece and the giants of Israel. We are awestruck at the very sound of such names as Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Pericles, Sophocles, Phidias, Euripides, Æschylus, Hippocrates, and at least a dozen others who were practically contemporaries. Genius then rubbed shoulders with genius; followed in the wake of genius. You could not speak of one as being head and shoulders above the rest; for at many a gathering there could be found at least half a dozen that were of equally colossal stature.

All this and more is granted. But the question is: What has become of the powers that teemed with genius? There is a Greek nation just as there is a Jewish people still existing. While the former has exhausted its supply of greatness, the latter are still producing in ever greater numbers and in a variety of fields. Must we not come to the conclusion that there is a *dynamic* quality to the genius of the Jew in contradistinction to the static properties of the ancient Greeks, and probably of other nations; for in the case of England we may ask with equal force: Where are the Shakespeares and Milton, the Bacons and Newtons, the Purcells and Byrds of earlier days? The decline of English mentality has been remarked by more than one keen observer; and were it not for the Scotch, Irish, Welsh and Jewish elements in Great Britain, the present cultural status of the country would be nothing to boast of.

The Jews, like a perpetual fountain, keep replenishing their reservoir if not from year to year, at least, from decade to decade. It would be irksome to enumerate here the long list of top-notchers in every field of endeavor that are of Jewish birth, whether in politics, law, philosophy, criticism, art, science, *belles-lettres* or the stage. If the Jews cannot be said to vie with the ancient Greeks in the calibre of the genius produced (although I am inclined to think that the halo of hoary age must be reckoned with here), perhaps Moses Mendelssohn is not merely the *Jewish* Socrates but the peer of that roguish dialectician whose noble and dramatic death was instrumental in swelling his fame, and Disraeli may have not been not a whit less able than Pericles, and Spinoza perhaps the equal of Plato whose producing span was more than twice as long as Spinoza's, since the former died at the age of 78 and the latter when only 45 years old (nor was Plato obliged to grind and polish lenses for a living from early morning to late at night)—if the Jews then are only *proxime accessunt* in comparison with the Athenians of antiquity, they at least have exhibited a far greater distribution of genius and an inexhaustibility which must fill one with wonder, considering the ravages effected among the "elected people" through continual persecutions and conversions to Christianity. It is well known that scores of towering men, in order to be assured advancement,

were converted, frequently by their fathers. Since these and their (culturally though not morally) precious stock were permanently lost to the Jewish race, it is all the more marvellous that the supply of genius among the Jews should not have considerably diminished.

In the light of these facts, what other inference can we draw but that Jewish genius is to be distinguished by its dynamic and progressive force? In some respects, Jewish genius is unique. In spite of the legendary character of the great liberator, and notwithstanding his belittlement by Goethe in one of his minor works, Michelangelo's conception of Moses seems to be a faithful representation of the man whom the Jews regard as the greatest of the great. The Prophets, again, are a *sui generis* phenomenon in history. Face to face with their fervent sense of and uncompromising demand for justice and universality, the abstract quest of Socrates and Plato seems "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The lyrical portions of the Bible have never been surpassed, and suggest to us that probably a large part of the ancient Hebrew productions have not survived.

The age of the Talmudists abounds in acute minds that have unfortunately been diverted into sophistic channels. What these quibblers would have accomplished if transplanted into a scientific atmosphere! Indeed, some of these Talmudists, like Samuel Yarkhinoho, were astronomers and physicians in addition to carrying on their legalistic activities in the academies.

We are often prone to neglect these men because their aptitude did not meet the requirements of Occidental civilization, but some of them may have been geniuses, regardless of the fact that their contribution was not serviceable to humanity at large. If Porson is to be rated a genius because of his textual criticism, why may not Rashi, the "Prince of Commentators," a mind as crisp, intuitive, and lucid as Porson's, be placed in the same category? Or are the *Institutes* and *Reports* of Coke so much above the level of the closely reasoned *responsa* of the subtle and learned Gaonim as to secure lasting fame for their author to the disparagement of the decisions rendered on the part of the great ecclesiastical jurists of the Jews? If Galton includes superb oarsmen in his list of British genius, why should the scholars not be accorded a similar privilege?

These are all questions that might profitably and justly be considered. Have the poets, philosophers and statesmen (Yehudah Halevi, Ibn Gabirol or Avicebron, Samuel Abulefia) of the Spanish period—apart from Maimonides—received their full meed of recognition in the non-Jewish world? Have the Jewish apostates of genius (Neander, Herschell Stahl, and a host of others) been taken duly note of in the appraisal of Jewish capacity?

It is to be feared that the attitude of the learned world toward the Jews in this respect is reminiscent of the suggestion, "Heads, I win; tails, you lose." These queries have been proposed here not for final disposition. They are merely hints as to the direction our investigation along "psycho-Semitic" lines should take. Meanwhile, it is sufficient to stress the dynamic strain in Jewish psychology and further to note that Palestine has produced very little genius; that although Jews have lived in the land of "milk and honey" ever since Joshuah led them there, nevertheless in post-Biblical times we must look to the Diaspora for the budding of true great-

ness. I can anticipate many objections to this statement on partisan grounds, and many explanations will be forthcoming, but the fact remains unchanged.

Again, I realize that to talk of a dynamic force in Jewish genius in contrast with the static quality of Greek genius smacks of mysticism. Social psychologists, especially of the behavioristic school, will ask: What is the substratum of this dynamic force? Is it inherent in the individuals of the race, or does it hover above, somewhere in a Platonic world, as a super-soul?

My reply must necessarily be tentative, general and brief. It may be summed up as follows:

(1) Genius is hereditary, but is seldom inherited directly from the parents alone. The unit characters which constitute genius are the result of a felicitous combination or conjuncture of desirable dominant and recessive qualities.

(2) The Jews are, as a people, possessed of a nervous system which allows of a readier canalization and, therefore, rapid redistribution of nervous energy, thus facilitating adjustment and readjustment with greater ease than in the case of perhaps every other race. The Greeks were not endowed with this plastic nervous system and, consequently, in time were reduced to an insignificant nationality.

(3) The nervous adjustment of the Jews is such that it permits of a great variety of combinations eventuating in accordance with the circumstances and atmosphere. We may liken the situation to a number of dice which are polished and rounded as compared with those that are nicked and rough-hewn.

When we read Jacobs' previously mentioned study today, we are astonished at the cultural strides the Jews have made in the last fifty years, and also at the revaluation of some of the celebrities. "Of course," apologizes Jacobs, "the Jews have no Darwin. It took England 180 years after Newton before she could produce a Darwin." In the year 1929, we should have completed the concessive sentence by adding "but they have an Einstein and a Freud." Jacobs reckoned out that it should take, on a statistical showing, considering the Jewish population, 900 years before the Jews would produce another Spinoza. But perhaps Jacobs has underrated the genius of Mendelssohn and Solomon Maimon; and, surely, he could not have anticipated the rising stars of Bergson and Husserl—all of whom, if not on a par with Spinoza, were or are, as philosophers, almost unique in their generation.

The figure of Lord Reading (Rufus Isaacs) would especially have intrigued Jacobs could he have foreseen in those days to what heights the promising attorney would attain; and surely the former Viceroy of India must be set down as one of the first rank geniuses in his field.

If Jacobs were here today to rewrite his pioneer study, we should have a different picture of the situation. If he was able then to collect "335 names of Jews distinguished in all branches of human activity," during the century between 1785 and 1885, with Disraeli, Heine, Lassalle and Felix Mendelssohn topping the list, the number of such celebrities between 1830 and 1930, let us say, would be far greater and would compare much

more favorably not only with British genius, but with German and French as well.

(4) The mechanism which is responsible for the persistence of the Jews, in the face of the most exterminating tactics on the part of their persecutors, is at bottom the same which is instrumental in fostering their genius.

(5) There is no telling whether the Jews will produce a genius in music to match Bach or Beethoven, or a painter to approach the art of Raphael, or a sculptor like Michelangelo. Who, for instance, would have predicted a hundred years ago that the Jews would count among the renowned sculptors of the world such men as Antokolski (in Russia!), Epstein and Glycenstein? Jacobs in *The Comparative Anthropometry of English Jews* (*Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland,* 1890, Vol. XIX), suggests that the larger incidence of color blindness and color weakness which he found, in common with other investigators, among the Jews, may explain "the absence of any painters of great ability among Jewish celebrities." He regards Josef Israels only as a third-rate painter, and does not mention Pissarro, Anton Mengs, and a few other artists of high rank. It is worth noting that Israëls' reputation has been in the ascendant since Jacobs wrote his paper for the Anthropological Institute.

We are inclined, and rightly so, to judge the future by the past. Most of us are almost certain that the great masters in art, literature, and music can never be equalled, but the fortuitous nature of hereditary conjuncture and the doctrine of mutations must not be lost sight of.

I suspect that a good part of the secret involves the relation between the dominant and the recessive characteristics, which may be governed in certain races by slight deviations from the standard principle.

With reference to the just noted color weakness, Jacobs had no inkling, in 1885, that the Jew, Bakst, would be acclaimed the greatest scenic decorator of the twentieth century, and that the era of Jewish painting was just beginning at the time he was practically despairing of seeing the Jews on an equality even with the British artists.

Strange to say, the theory of another Jew (Alfred Adler), the doctrine of organ inferiority, could, under the circumstances, be invoked to argue that the larger incidence of color weakness among the Jews would call for, in their geniuses, an over-compensation in the direction of painting, ophthalmology and optics.

(6) The corollary to be drawn from the foregoing is that Jewish genius is not confined to any one sphere. There seems to be a process of evolution or perhaps only change guiding their development. Jacobs found that the Jews had no distinction whatever as agriculturists, engravers, sailors and sovereigns." Apart from the fact that some of these designations are not specific enough (*e. g.,* David Lubin might surely be alluded to, in one respect, as a great agriculturist), the statement is without point. He might just as well have observed that the Jews have not produced any great Popes. During the comparatively short period of Jewish self-rule, two of the greatest sovereigns of all times had governed the country. Either one, David or Solomon, could be associated mentally with Alfred the Great.

It is true that Jews have not yielded their quota of explorers. It would seem that the "wandering" spirit could not be concentrated in outstanding

individuals when the whole race manifested this bent. In other words, the genius is one who brings to expression the subconscious potentialities of his race, but where these latent potentialities are actually kinetic, there is nothing to absorb from his racial reservoir.

Of one thing we may be quite certain, and that is the Jews excel as interpreters, whether of literature, the acted drama, music or painting. Nearly all the great instrumental executants are Jews. On the stage their prowess is unquestioned; and in criticism, Brandes will be a name to conjure with for many a decade, until probably another Jew takes his place.

The reason for the peerlessness of the Jew in the realm of interpretation is to be found undoubtedly in his *empathic* endowment. With his cosmopolitan spirit and universal reach he can, thanks to his adaptability or, physiologically speaking, plasticity of neural organization, gain an insight into the purpose of a masterpiece; and all interpretation is to a certain extent creation.

It is to be feared, however, that this very universality, which is part and parcel of the Jew's genius *in abstracto,* constitutes in itself a limitation. Men like Beethoven and Bach, Titian and Raphael, although passing through a stage of apprenticeship, become lost in their own art. Da Vinci was an exception in the range of his interests. The versatility and humanistic interests of a number of Jewish near-geniuses probably prevented them from deepening their creative powers. (Mendelssohn, Heine, Marx, Lassalle, and a number of others may be mentioned in this connection. Spinoza, on the other hand, belongs to the more introverted type.)

Equally surprising is Jacobs' conclusion that the Jews "are less distinguished than Europeans generally as authors, divines, engineers, soldiers, statesmen, travellers." Again, we are at a loss to know just what is to be understood by the term "author," "divine," or "soldier." The "Jewish divine" is a particularly incongruous phrase; and as to soldiers, surely it would be preposterous to expect a Jewish Wellington or Nelson at a time when a Jew could not even receive a commission in the army or navy. Since matters have taken a different turn in some countries, we have had the pleasure(?) of seeing a Monash lead his Anzacs in the World War. In Italy, Austria, France and the United States a number of generals and admirals of Jewish birth could be cited, and at the eventful capture of Quebec, by Wolfe, Isaac Schomberg conducted himself in hero-like fashion. We ought not to forget that the greatest military genius of all times, Hannibal, who single-handed engaged the most powerful empire of antiquity, was of a kindred race.

In another place, the same writer asserts, "We may expect great mathematicians and philosophers from them, but not, I think, great inventors, biologists or painters till they have had time to throw off the effects of their long seclusion from Nature." Again the finding may be taken exception to on the basis of present-day facts.

The reasons assigned for Jewish pre-eminence in music and philology are characteristic of the efforts made by mechanists and historical materialists to explain a result of heredity, or constitutional make-up, by some circum-

stance, which, were it incontrovertible, would be too trivial to account for the phenomenon. "The chief cause of the musical pre-eminence of Jews lies, in all probability, in the home character of their religion, which necessarily makes music a part of every Jewish home." Similarly, he supposes Jewish mastery in the field of philology, "in part due to their frequent change of country, and also to the fact that they have had an additional sacred language besides the vernacular."

It seems, one may just as well argue that the Jews have acquired a sense of good taste because of their having for generations partaken of the Sabbath "Cholent" and "Kugel." Such conjectures are unworthy of scientific men; and reasons for facts ought rather to be left unassigned than concocted in this manner.

(7) In the statistical treatment of famous persons born of a mixed marriage, we ought to adopt some equitable form of allotment. It would hardly be fair to regard all such half-Jews as if they were full-blooded Semites, although Jacobs seems to have shown no scruples in thus handling them, after he had affixed an asterisk to their name. One method of classing such individuals would be to count every two half-Jews as one Jew, but I should consider this simple arithmetical device inadequate without some biological sanction.

I have been gathering data on inheritance, so as to ascertain whether the son usually inherits his ability from his mother or from his father, likewise whether some generalisation may be formulated as to the inheritance of aptitude on the part of women. So far, both statistics as well as biographical material seem to corroborate the inference implied in Galton's *Hereditary Genius* (although he appears to be reluctant to accept it) that there is a cross inheritance of ability.

In this event, we should include in our Jewish roster only such men of mixed marriages as have had a Jewish mother and such women as were begotten by a Jewish father. Naturally, in some instances, the genetic occurrence will have violated the rule; but in all likelihood these exceptions will, in the long run, balance up, and the margin of error will in general be negligible. At least, we should have a psycho-biological principle to resort to in such evaluation.

THE PARADOXIC JEW

BY W. BERAN WOLFE, M.D.

I

THE enigma of the Jew has puzzled philosophers for centuries. The coincidence of his genial accomplishments in the arts and sciences with his debasement in vice and crime have made the Jew the paradox of history. Probably no race was ever more vilified, and yet no race has ever contributed more to civilization. The Jew has been discussed, explained, eulogized, and exculpated from various points of view, to no avail. No one has offered a satisfactory single theory to account for the existence in one race of such diversified individuals as Moses and Lefty Louie, Spinoza and Einstein, Eddie Cantor and Freud. The Jew remains a riddle.

The life of a race, like the life of an individual, may be compared to a symphony. Past attempts to explain the Jew have been confined to the analysis of certain outstanding traits or characteristics. Because these attempts are comparable to the isolation and dissection of a chord or phrase in a symphony, no true understanding of the Jew has been derived from the examination which reduced the Jew to terms of his religion, history, or physical characteristics alone. The failures of the past have been failures of method.

It is apparent that we must attack the riddle of the Jew from a new point of view. We must attempt to view him as an organism striving, like all living things, for peace, security, and totality. We must remember that whatever the Jew does, thinks, or dreams, is an instrument toward this end. We must remember that tools vary with the task—that in different ages and under varying conditions, the Jew approached his goal with varying means. And we must remember that his goal of superiority was determined by the specific conditions of inferiority which attended his emergence as a child among the family of races. The more profound his early discouragement has been, the more intense his striving must be, while the law of the Preponderance of the Means over the End, which the German philosopher, Vaihinger, announced, will account for some of the curious distortions of his historic behavior.

Older investigators have encountered difficulties because they have considered the Jew as a unique phenomenon. A Jew is a human being first, and a Jew only secondarily. In any specific instance he must act as an individual striving for his goal of peace and security, according to the

demands of his situation. Jewish groups or types assume conduct patterns which would appeal to individuals under identical circumstances.

Our method is to make the story of the Jew a case history. We shall search for the major themes in his symphony, piece the confused counterpoint of his pageant through the ages into a unit plan, and, if our premises are correct, no single aspect of Jewish life will remain dissonant or extraneous.

As to the elements which determined the primitive Jew's sense of inferiority we can but make conjectures because the historical data are lost. Organic, endocrine or constitutional physical equipment must have played an important rôle. In this psycho-historical examination we must content ourselves with the knowledge that the early Jews acted in much the same fashion as a child who is forced to solve the problem of existence with a defective apparatus.

Compensation for defective apparatus follows a few simple channels. The artist compensates for defective organs by the development of a better technique in their use, or the substitution of activity in other organs. The philosopher may choose a pattern in which the defective organ is shielded, the inventor may create machines to overcome his handicap, while the coward runs away from the problem, and attains security by isolation. The compensation in any case will follow in one of a few broad avenues—by training to overcome the defect, or by the invention of compensating mechanisms, or by isolation behind spiritual or physical walls, and the circumscription of activity.

These are the laws of human behavior. Does the history of the Jew fulfill our expectations? Do we find the means of compensation becoming ends in themselves, according to the Law of Preponderance of the Means over the End that governs all living behavior? Do we find exaggerated compensations, exquisite techniques, effective devices for attaining security, satisfaction, and a sense of completeness? Do we find isolation, despair, evasions, and negation of life? Let us take the Jew into the psycho-historical laboratory and examine him with dispassionate objectivity.

II

Consider the childhood of the Jew. The facts are that an insignificant group of Semite clans assumed a patriarchal theology which immediately distinguished them from their neighbors whose prevailing civilization was matriarchal. When a child wants to be an enchanted prince or a lion tamer, we may deduce with some certainty that he is dissatisfied with being a child, and when a group of tribes discards a prevailing polytheistic, idolatrous, matriarchal theology in favor of a new, relatively magical, monotheistic, patriarchal religion, we may be sure that the fruits of idolatry were not sweet enough. We are not at all concerned with the relative merits of monotheism and polytheism in this essay, but to understand the Jew we must realize the situation in which the change to monotheism originated, and we must acknowledge that at that time monotheism was a purposive tool which the Jew found appropriate to the attainment of the security and totality desired by all living beings.

Let us examine the matter of his religion more thoroughly. Perhaps Judaism is the most outstanding characteristic of the Jew. He has clung

to his dogma in the face of all opposition with an unbelievable tenacity. He has been burned and he has been tortured, but his religion has gone on for thousands of years. Let us remember that this religion was the magic device which removed the Jew from an unpleasant environment in the childhood of his race. It was his first and most profound gesture of compensation. It was immensely effective in the beginning, and the Jew has not given it up. Although it probably began as an individual experiment, Judaism has almost become a race habit. Its origins are lost in the haze of antiquity and rationalization and we can never expect to know those origins entirely. But we can understand them psychologically.

Closely related to the Jew's love of religion is his love of the law. This sense of justice is so characteristic that the Jews have been called "The People of the Law." Here is an index of the deep-lying inferiority feeling in the Jew's psyche, and an example of its splendid compensation. Giants living among pygmies do not make laws, but pygmies living among giants make laws to circumscribe the conduct of the giants. Law obviates inferiority, by regulating the arena of battle. It is not strange that the Jew, living in danger for centuries, should develop a legal talent. Law is close to his heart, an essential compensation of the race, born of danger and necessity.

III

The Diaspora was the bitter adolescence of the Jew. Here the analogy to the child is more transparent, for we have plentiful data to confirm our psychologic deductions. The Jew experienced the artificial duress of dispersion as an additional handicap. We deduce that he acted like a poorly equipped child, denied the shelter and care of a home, who had been thrust into a cruel and inconsiderate world. What patterns might we expect in this period? Only a few are open to a child who is neglected, enslaved, brutalized, blocked in his natural expressions at every turn.

Under these circumstances the Jew learned to play the chameleon and look to his protective coloration. He learned the art of identification, he learned *Sklavenmoral,* mimicry, patience, and suffering. There were Jews who beat their heads against the obdurate walls of things-as-they-are, and they died on the pyres prepared by their enemies. Others developed a sensitive technique of life, perilously vacillating between outward acceptance and inward protest. Burdened with a hopeless sense of his own inadequacy, many a Jew idealized the environment in which he lived, became a disgusting lick-spittle, a cringing slave deprecating himself and his race. Others sought solace for the misery of their existence in a variety of artistic and philosophic sublimations or stretched their hands for some tangible symbol of security and power—and became the bankers of the world.

If religion and law were the characteristic compensations of the Jew's youth, then philosophy, science, art and economics are the compensations of his racial adolescence. Suffering made the Jew a philosopher and a physician. He whose body is weak must develop a better technique of living, or become extinct. With the Jew it was always a question of maintaining his existence in the face of odds. He had to look sharply for values, and

it is not surprising that he should have extended his views to encompass cosmic relationships. The intellect and its cult, in whatever field, supplanted magic and emotion. The study of the imponderable forces of nature, the maximation of the mind and the spirit, these became objectives. Of necessity every Jew is a philosopher because without an adequate plan or *leit-motif* to guide him, he would be annihilated in perplexity. It is not by accident that the Jews gave Isaiah, Maimonides, and Spinoza to the world. These men merely expressed superlatively what was in every Jew's heart.

The economic virtuosity of the Jew is likewise a child of the Diaspora. It was snatched from a brutal feudalism as the jewel of philosophy was wrung from the nostalgia of dispersion. The Jews, originally a shepherd people, became money-wise because of their political, social and economic insecurity during the Middle Ages. Necessity commended money and jewels—the safest, smallest, most movable sources of power and peace—to the Jew. The amazing economic power of the modern Jew is a super-compensation, the Preponderance of the Means over the End. The first Jewish economist was the Ghetto Jew, hugging his slim money bags to his yellow gabardine, while he fled from persecution and misery.

It is in the field of medicine that the Jew has most happily compensated for the tenuousness of his existence. Having tasted death often, having suffered famine, disease, misery and unhappiness for centuries, he is well qualified to become a champion of life. No race boasts a background so appropriate to the development of medical genius. Only that man who has overcome obstacles and suffered pain can ever become a good physician. Adversity is the best medical school, and the Jew matriculated early in the corridors of pain. In few other fields has the Jew reached so happy a compensation for his adolescent difficulties as in the field of medicine and its allied sciences, and if monotheism was the chief contribution of his youth, then certainly the art of healing the sick body and of understanding the perplexed soul is a worthy contribution of the race's adolescence.

Not less significant than the cult of the intellect, is the Jew's cult of the imagination. We cannot in so short an essay trace the artistic history of the Jew, and it will suffice to indicate that his flair for the arts is a natural compensation for his emotional lability, and for his difficulties in acquiring tangible hostages of security. The fine arts gave the Jew a new world to conquer, a world in which the artificial repressions of politics and society did not exist. Simultaneously they gave him consolation and escape from the bitterness of reality. The same dangers that gave rise to the law produced the lyric strain which runs as a constant subdominant melody throughout the symphony of his life.

IV

If inferiority is the springboard to useful compensation, it is also the pitfall of evasion. The Jew has not escaped the evil consequences of his relative impotence, and he has learned the technique of lying with the truth to save his skin. It is the merit of the psychiatric point of view that it explains not only the Jew's successes, but his obvious failures.

The Jew's inferiority complex has often led him into futile by-paths, and his wrigglings and squirmings, his evasions and treacheries and insin-

cerities have furnished anti-Semetic ammunition since the era of Goliath. The clannishness of the Jew is a defense mechanism that has served its time and fallen into ill repute. The anxious assimilationists among the Jews betray an immemorial fear. They have lost the courage to compensate in a useful manner.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find the modern Jew developing a "Jewish complex" in which the very difficulties with which some Jews have built a highway to fame, become the basis of a profound anxiety neurosis. The Jew in the modern world has won technical equality, yet his emotional attitudes are still based on an old world *Sklavenmoral.* He carries spectres in his blood, sees dangers where none exist, and crowds the clinics: the examination of his complaints indicates that the "Jewish complex" is a plea for leniency and exemption from adult responsibility.

The "Jewish complex" has another side. Whereas adversity has evoked his finest qualities, prosperity has in many instances been detrimental to the Jew. The Jew's exuberant over-activity in modern America is comparable to parallel phenomena that exist in the realm of zoology and physiology. The English rabbit, removed to Australia and freed from his natural enemies, becomes an impudent pest; the Jew freed from the yoke of centuries and the shadow of persecution and famine, waxes sleek, impudent, and arrogant. He forgets his Isaiahs and Spinozas. But the fat paunch, the ludicrous imitation of Gentile snobbery, the blatant diamonds, are but the yellow gabardine of the Ghetto in disguise. The countermelody of Mammon is not a new theme in the symphony of the Jew.

The Jewish criminal is interesting because his psychogenesis is rooted deep in the Jew's past. Since crime is always a specific revolt of an individual against a group, to speak of a typical Jewish criminal is a paralogism. There is, nevertheless, an interesting group of Jewish criminals which repays psychological investigation. "Moral insanity" is not an uncommon phenomenon in Jewish families of impeccable moral background, where the transition from an unfavorable Old World condition to an extremely advantageous *milieu* in the New World has occurred within a few generations.

During the bitter days of the Diaspora the Jewish mother bore the onus of saving the Jewish race. Her solicitude maintained the Jewish home and her tenderness nurtured the Jewish genius. These valuable traits become liabilities when they are transplanted to richer soil. When the Jewish mother surrounds her American children with the exaggerated solicitude required in pogrom-ridden Russia, she produces neurotic, egoistic, and delinquent young men and women. The pampered, overfed, dependent, self-centred child of the modern Jewish parent, is poorly prepared for the conditions of modern life; in this competitive world courage, social feeling, independence and coöperation are the tools best fitted to develop individual character, but maternal over-solicitude develops none of them.

In a majority of cases the Jewish criminal is the beloved child of a too solicitous mother and too strict father. His "moral insanity" is the consequence of the fallacious symbiosis of the Jewish family; he is a product of a too close family bond, a too sheltered, too indulgent preparation for life. Jewish family life has been a principal bulwark against outside aggres-

sion in the past, but the overgrowth of the means has paralyzed the original purpose: the very closeness of the Jew's family life has become an important obstacle in his development.

V

We have examined some of the major themes in the Jewish symphony and have found that the Jew, far from being a paradox, is a complex, but comprehensible, product of the reactions and interactions between his internal constitutional factors, and the external, environmental and historical, influences which have touched his life. There is little doubt that the progress of civilization, with its erasure of racial, sexual, and economic structures, will witness the slow but inevitable assimilation of the Jew, for neither law nor tradition can obstruct the ruthless trend of Nature to sacrifice the individual for the improvement of the race. There will always be a Jewish "problem" as long as there are Jews, but the Jew will help solve his problem, for there are enough Jewish philosophers, poets, teachers, and physicians to heal and redirect those members of the race whose mistaken response to life constitutes the "problem." We may never see the problem entirely solved, yet with the spread of insight and the rise of a new and dynamic education toward a veritable brotherhood of man, it will surely be ameliorated.

What is the cosmic purpose of the Jew? The answer to this question must be a humble conjecture, for none of us is sufficiently wise to guess the inscrutable purpose of Nature. Although most Jews consider Judaism their *raison d'être,* we doubt whether his patriarchal monotheism justifies the cosmic values ascribed to it. Yahweh is fraught with too many infantile emotional fixations. Judaism as a religion has outgrown its usefulness. As the Jew matures, racially, he will put away his religion, together with his belief in magic. We are inclined to believe that Judaism is a product of the childhood of the Jew, an eponymous myth, a rationalization, a guiding fiction. There will still be Jews when Yahweh has gone the way of Baal and Osiris. When he has put these childish things behind him, the Jew will attain his maturity and become the physician to a society whose soul is sick, the apostle of a new understanding of human nature.

SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT

BY ARTHUR W. CALHOUN

CHAPTER V

THE titles of the several chapters in this study have not been designed as exclusive labels of distinct subject matters, but have served rather to indicate the particular emphases involved in an all-round presentation of "the principle of social development." It should now be clear that the principle in mind is that all social phenomena hang together, and that the general stream of social development is determined by the problem of adjustment to the conditions of existence in this world. Certainly there is nothing novel in this statement, but it is hoped that phases of the subject ordinarily slurred over have received fruitful accentuation. It now remains to deal with the general relation of social development to science and education and to reiterate the fact that the realm of social phenomena is in reality a "universe."

If we undertake to maintain that science is a social product, a creature of economic circumstance, it will of course be asserted that such a proposition gets the cart before the horse—that economic technique depends for its development on the evolution of scientific knowledge, so that while the desire for material progress may be the incentive of intellectual advance, the latter is the efficient cause of material progress and the scientists are the real factors. Such an opinion does not, of course, necessarily imply that the operations of the scientific mind are uncaused and it may even regard them as conditioned by social events, so that scope is left for an ultimate economic interpretation. It would be difficult, indeed, to make science primary. There is, of course, a primitive "idle curiosity," closely related, perhaps, to the aptitude for play and negotiating what has come to be a "continued advance toward a more and more comprehensive system of knowledge." The employment of the scientific method, however, is not innate, but a socially acquired characteristic. It is doubtless true that there is such a thing as the scientific spirit which pursues knowledge from a disinterested love of it; and it cannot be denied that such spirits hit upon truth that is destined to embody itself in economic technique. Engels, however, was close to the point when he remarked that "a technical want felt by society is more of an impetus to science than ten universities." Thus, even the disinterested embodiment of pure and "absolute" truth is relative.

The processes of the mind themselves illustrate the principle of social correlation. "The habits of thought that rule in the working out of a system of knowledge are such as are fostered by the more impressive affairs

of life, by the institutional structure under which the community lives." Thus, in primitive genetic society the canons of knowledge are in terms of generation. In feudal society, cosmologies take the terms of "a feudalistic hierarchy of agents and elements," and natural laws are thought "in terms of authoritative enactment." Under such circumstances, workaday knowledge is not a fit subject for "dignified inquiry." In the early modern period, the "laws of nature" reflect economic circumstance and are "workshop specifications handed down by the master-craftsman." In the machine age, interpretation is in terms of "a running process of cumulative change."

It is clear, moreover, that every scientist is limited and partial in interests and outlook. Every investigator selects his data and treats them in the light of his particular interest. The social scientist is subject to special limitations. The external world moves so much faster than the reactions of the human mind that conceptions current at any moment reflect the phenomena of the past.

Science in the large is a product of economic necessity. "The scientific method is no more nor less than controlled trial and error"; it developed "in the narrow, habitual, perceptual, and mechanical areas of life." One needs not deny the occurrence of sporadic bursts of intellect, but "intelligence considered in what seems to be its original feature, is the faculty of manufacturing artificial objects, especially tools for the making of tools, and of indefinitely varying the manufacture." There is no ground for the view that the development of science has been from the most non-advantageous to the most advantageous. Geometry was developed as a criterion of property rights; weights and measures, the implements of science, are a product of commerce. Astronomy in Babylonia developed as a necessity of agriculture. It is true that science once set going develops a certain momentum of its own and loses consciousness of its social origins, but the social correlation persists. Thus, the Renaissance was the union of the "initiatory movement of the bourgeoisie" with the traditions of ancient learning, which social development had made once more usable. The economic scouting trips of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries preceded the outburst of modern science just as Greek colonization and trade preceded the rise of Greek science. Moreover, the very instruments that the scientist must use are a result of improvement in the material processes that we call economic. If it is true that the germ of an invention often lies dormant waiting for the development of scientific method, it is likewise true that scientific method waits on the development of new instruments, which may depend in turn on the elaboration of some new substance. On the whole, technical improvement and scientific advance are obverse and reverse of one process. Modern technology and modern science use the same concepts, terms, and tests. Science is in the main but the spirit of the tool and owes its life, its methods, its implements, its shape, to the evolution of economic processes and institutions. Sometimes invention is a happy accident of the industrial process; sometimes the scientific principle is first grasped, but on the whole, technical advance has worked itself out with very little spontaneous intervention from pure science. Scarcely anyone has as yet attained a genuine scientific attitude.

Science as such is a function of economic surplus, which makes possible

a certain leeway, freedom, and detachment. The modern circumstances of research—the scientific genius tied down to the practice of a profession for the sake of livelihood and able to snatch no more than a casual moment for disinterested investigation; the colossal endowments necessary for proper advance—exhibit in heightened way what always was fundamentally true, that science hinges on leisure and facilities. Pure science is of course dependent on a certain spirit of disinterestedness. It cannot occur in any notable degree until the economic dividend of society has been so enlarged as to provide an environment in which variations in the direction of pure scientific aptitude may escape extinction and find a degree of leisure and a modicum of equipment for research. Of course the rise of scientific men may be in a sense a biologic phenomenon, but no one would imply that the racial stock has sufficiently changed during historic times to explain the modern burst of scientific achievement. Economic development accounts for the phenomenon.

In general, pure science has not yet become independently potent. Society is not interested in disinterested research unconcerned with "useful" ends. The canons of validity under whose guidance the modern scientist works "are those imposed by the modern technology . . . Men have learned to think in the terms in which the technological processes act." Increasing prestige of the intellect is largely due to the obvious worth of its material inventions. Even the vaunted headway being won by science in the field of the humanities is mainly illusory by reason of the fact that social-class interests are the decisive criteria. Not knowledge as such, but knowledge as self-conscious activity, constitutes the key to progress. It is, in fact, only such scientific discoveries as constitute the next step in social technique that become functional. Roger Bacon's dreams of suspension bridges, aeroplanes, automobiles, and ocean liners merely stamped him in the eyes of his age as a madman. The inventor must always get himself financed, and usually he suffers from the blindness or the cunning of the man of means. The worth of any bit of knowledge depends directly on how it relates to the whole existing scheme of things, on whether it is of such sort that it can be embodied in social technique. In the main the distribution of economic power determines the operation of social selection of ideas and devices. Preoccupation with the political and social mechanism of competitive expediency and exploitation is subversive of the scientific spirit. The possibility of the free use of any sort of knowledge is controlled almost entirely by current economic institutions. Where vested interests find it necessary to curtail freedom of research and expression in any field, science in all fields is stultified. There is special danger in a democracy; whereas in an artistocracy the élite may safely indulge in radical research. There still remains, of course, a type of mind more predisposed to the looser and more imaginative thinking of the prescientific age, and restive under the growing dominance of science; but, as Sir Oliver Lodge points out, knowledge is not likely to suffer from lack of sympathy with it, or from any intellectual obstacle; "it is the greedy and essentially uncivilized condition of what prides itself as the most practical part of society, and the consequent deep-rooted and unadmitted canker eating into the bones of the social organism, that is disquieting and oppressive." The

long repression of science by magic, theology, and metaphysics has been succeeded by secular superstitions of "property rights" and social "superiorities." Capitalism faces a dilemma: either it must renounce every vestige of censorship or else it must get along without a soundly scientific background. In the one case it will succumb to the new insight of an enlightened populace; in the other, to the paralysis that comes with senility.

The world of today faces an additional danger. Utilitarian technology may exploit pure science, but has no longer much to give in return. Now it might formerly be thought that pure science could claim primacy in this age, but industry is dominating the laboratory and drawing the best men by sheer monetary necessity into the utilitarian grind of "applied science" to such an extent that pure science, the very fountain of technique, is in danger of drying up. Canons of expediency or profit are disastrous to science. The indirect influence of commercial standards is especially insidious. Even if an inventor is not in need of money, his self-respect depends on his ability to command the respect of men of affairs, so that presently the thinker becomes submerged in the mechanic, who will say with Edison: "I have never made it a practice to work in any line not purely practical and useful." Now under modern conditions the progress of science requires that theoricians and empiricists work hand in hand. Pure science can develop only as industry feels the need of it. Thus while scientific discovery is properly included in the evolution of the means of production and while the application and not the principle itself is the factor with power to revolutionize society, and while science is at bottom but the consciously reasoned side of technique, the scientific method is a roundabout method, a further refinement of the general process of technical production.

Science is, furthermore, a world coöperative project, dependent on international transit and transport. The scientist should be relatively free from dependence on his immediate surroundings, but he is vitally dependent on his group. Coop science up and it will die; it must be international if it is to have any momentum. Alexander's campaigns gave a tremendous stimulus to science. In ancient Greece each man of science began, not where another left off, but at the beginning, and knowledge was stagnant. The scientist of today understands the necessity of international journals as a clearing-house for the prevention of waste of time on problems that have already been solved. Anything that erects barriers between nations is the enemy of science. Tariffs are such a handicap, but in particular does warfare prostitute and ruin science. The blockade of Soviet Russia and the general impoverishment of Europe by the results of international rivalry in the economic field threaten to kill science in the Old World. The apparatus of speedy and effective world communication has been evolved in the course of trade and has become adequate for the needs of science, but the unscientific economic system imposes ponderous obstacles to its use.

(To Be Continued)

A PROLETARIAN PHILOSOPHY OF ART

BY LEON SAMSON

I PROPOSE in this article to present a proletarian approach to the problem of Art. My thesis is that Art is the material embodiment of the social essence of an anti-social world; that it owes its origin to the birth of property; that its function is to achieve an imaginary reunion of the individual with society from which he has been torn by the competitive egotism of the property régime; that its destiny is to disappear with the disappearance of property and with the birth of a human social world. It is not necessary, in defense of this doctrine, to cross swords with any of the theories of art now widely accepted. As we shall see, not only does it not contradict the other schools of art interpretation, but it even helps to explain them.

In the history of æsthetic theory, the Platonic School holds a venerable place. When Plato called Art a shadow of a shadow of an Idea, he set the standard for later idealistic interpretations. Thomas Aquinas even went so far as to draw from the "capacity of matter for obeying the human artist an analogy to the obediential power which is in things and in souls with regard to God." Kant continues the tradition by defining Art as the "materialization of the Concept," and Hegel calls it "the sensible appearance of Idea." In our day, Spengler makes Art the physical manifestation of a metaphysico-historical spirit, and Croce, in more obscure language, says the same thing. Now it will not do to wave away these spiritual definitions as mere metaphysics or poetry. The word Spirit or Idea, which on the lips of the philosophers sounds like a vague metaphysical monstrosity, is but a linguistic representation of an uncontrollable inner social need, felt by the epotistic civilizee, to re-experience those long-forgotten social passions, which, stamped out of his conscious personality by the iron hand of property, steal themselves into his soul under the mask of a God. During primitive propertyless Communism, Society usurped the place of Spirit. Every phenomenon which is now recognized as spiritual was then a social phenomenon. Instead of bending the knee to a High God, primitive man bowed humbly to Society; in place of spiritual or platonic love, primitive man lived under conditions of sexual and emotional communism. Virtue was not a spiritual whip wielded by a Categorical imperative, but a social custom taken for granted. Now if Spirit can thus be displaced by Society, we are justified in translating the spiritual interpretation of Art into social or, to be more exact, into historico-materialistic terms. Viewing the matter in this light, we can at once perceive the Secret of Art. We can then see that Art is nothing less than the historical crystallization into sound and form and color of

a social substance, divorced from society, separated from it, set up above it and substituted for it. It is as if Society, forced to flee from itself, seeks refuge in paint and stone. It is as if harmony banished by property from the midst of man, takes flight on the wings of music. It is as if the discordancy of the competitive world ushered in by property, having no room for rhythm, exiles it to the world of Art.

We are confirmed in this view when we learn that under primitive communism Art was indistinguishable from social life, that it could not and did not exist as an independent entity, a self-contained phenomenon; but was absorbed by social activity, so that we are not surprised that that art which lends itself best to social participation, namely, the Dance, prevailed. Through the Dance the primitive felt that he could control his natural and social destiny. The war dance, the hunting dance, the food-gathering dance, all illustrate the incessant merging of daily life into Art and the simultaneous dissolution of Art into the vital pores of daily life. With the advent of property, the social unity of man was broken up. Society became divided into classes and atomized into individuals. Slavery appeared and with it the degradation of woman. Competition displaced coöperation and peace gave way to war. Thus property brought chaos into the world and stole from man his social soul. It robbed him of the pleasure of social coöperation and threw him into the discordancy of egotistic striving. But the social emotions, isolated from each other by the thick walls of property, seek and soon find in Art a secret means of communication. Tolstoy was right when he defined Art as a messenger of the emotions. The communistic self of the individual, buried under the tombstones of property, finds in Art an underground passage recommunicating it with Society.

The school of Schiller, Spencer, Groos, and Guayau, which makes Art arise from the instinct of play, likewise confirms this thesis. The régime of property which imposes upon society the cruel discipline of work and war, robs us of the right to play. But though the play instinct is thus suppressed, it is not destroyed. Banished from our lives, it soon finds its way to the temple of Art. That carelessness and easy grace, that rhythmic enthusiasm and imaginativeness, that sense of illusion and of make-believe which characterize the process of play, all find themselves at home in Art.

The Utilitarian School of Æsthetics, the school of Morris, Ruskin, and Lethaby, stands on the formula of Quintillian: There is never true beauty apart from utility. I have no quarrel with this school. No one will deny the pleasure of artistic workmanship, or the desirability of beautiful products. Certainly the medieval artisan was a happier man than the modern factory hand, and a Gothic cathedral is more attractive than a skyscraper. One can even sympathize with the Guild Socialists and understand how the crude shocks of the Machine Age drive them to the Middle Ages. But one can hardly agree with them. Workshop or, in general when Art is married to industry, the problem neither of Art nor of industry is the standardization of commodities and the reduction of the working day, thereby solved. Communistic manipulation of machinery will accomplish the standardization of commodities and the reduction of the working day, thus pushing economic activity to the background of life, and liberating

time for social play. The liquidation of Art is a social, not a mechanical, liquidation. A well-made shoe cannot displace a Rodin, but a happy society can.

Henry Bergson in his *Time and Free Will* develops what might be called the Lullaby Theory of Art. Pointing to the principle of a rhythm as the basis of Art, he shows the essential similarity of the rhythmic tension in a painting, statue or a musical composition, which lulls our senses to sleep, and the lulling to sleep of a baby by the rhythmic rocking to and fro of the cradle. Does not this theory sound plausible? Is not rhythm indeed the emotional cradle upon which Art playfully rocks us to sleep? And who does not wish to sleep in a world of discord, tragedy and despair? Yet it would be wrong to sum up Art as an escape from life. The Bergsonian theory can best be understood to mean that Art is an escape from the maniacal turmoil and discordancy of property life—from the dull debates of lawyers to the pleasing music of poets, from the barter of the bargain counter to the tension of the theater, from the noise of the street to the silence of the museum. The concept of æsthetic pleasure as a falling asleèp, a self-effacement, is nothing but a translation in terms of Art of the sublime joy we instinctively feel in sinking our conscious individuality within the vast sea of harmonious social relations.

The Cathartic Theory of Art, which Aristotle confines to tragedy, tells us that the function of tragedy is, by presenting pity and fear on the stage, to remove these emotions from the human breast. Now since it is precisely these two emotions that render a man impotent in battle, it is plain that one of the chief functions of Art is to prepare man for war—war which the régime of property makes imperative between nation and nation, class and class, man and man. Benedetto Croce, extending this theory of Aristotle, defines Art as a purgative of the human soul, and maintains that the ugliest feeling, idea, or action, can be rendered beautiful by the magic hand of the artist. Now it is precisely in this Cathartic theory that we once more meet art as a social substance. For, if Art can cleanse our soul, if what is ugly in life can become beautiful in Art, the reason is that in Art we experience our emotions socially. We must remember that in the absence of Art, society can function as an emotional cathartic. Since both in Art and in Society the ugly can become the beautiful; since, for example, an ugly act of murder, committed by an isolated individual, can be transformed by the collectivity of the battlefield into a noble deed of heroism, and by the illusion of the stage into a sublime spectacle; since the isolated deed, ugly because it is isolated, can be cleansed of its ugliness by being socially performed and purged of its individuality by being artistically presented, it follows that Art and Society, performing the same function, can be substituted for one another. This is the reason why in Art the individual, frozen and isolated by property, can find himself back on the bosom of Society.

We are now prepared to understand why it is that a great work of art is invariably prompted by a sudden flash of inspiration coming from the depths of the subconscious. If, as is our contention, the subconscious is primarily the suppressed primitive social self of the Ego that has been buried by thousands of years of cultural evolution under the surface layers

of his logical rationality; if the storehouse of the subconscious is this filled with a social content, these sudden strokes of genius can be nothing else than uncontrollable lightning flashes of social force that capture the consciousness of the artist and which he in turn tames into stone and canvas.

This concept of Art as a social substance which might well be disputed by the æsthetes has long been recognized by practical men of affairs. Statesmen, plutocrats, tyrants and warriors have therefore been able to hide their anti-social egotism, vanity and cruelty behind the fig-leaf of Art. The earliest laws which sanctioned the breaking up of primitive communistic custom and introduced the reign of property were brought to the people under the mask of music. They were sung, and hence, as Aristotle tells us, they were called Carmina. The codes of Moses, Fuhi and Confucius were promulgated in verse. No wonder that Horace calls poets the "first instructors of mankind." Strabo speaks of Art as enabling rulers "to caress and dominate the multitude with fiction and with falsehoods." Plutarch tells us that the ancients represented their rulers with musical instruments in their hands to express the idea of "Law and Order." Apollo, the god of the Sun, mythological symbol of the male principle that was invariably associated with the dominance of property, was also the god of music and poetry. A change in music was considered by the early philosophers of property to be dangerous, since it might stir up a change in the social emotions. In his "Laws" Plato is afraid that "now from this corrupt change of music a general licentiousness hath ensued. The consequence of this hath been that we are no longer disposed to obey the magistrates." Timotheus the Milesian was banished from Sparta for introducing four new strings to the seven that the Spartans were accustomed to, and Hesiod tells us that in that same city a special officer, a bard, named Terpander, was appointed to sing against insurrection. All clever usurpers or power, from Pisistratus to Mussolini, have thrown Art dust into the eyes of the people. But works of art would be incapable of covering a tyranny unless, being centers of social force, they could create a fantastically felt social world to which the people, tortured by the tyrant, could run for shelter.

Not only has Art served as a harmonizer of social discord, but it is itself deeply rooted in the sufferings of the masses. Kant openly admits that artistic development has been made possible by what he calls the "splendid misery" of the people. Croce praises poverty because it creates "anti-ideals" from whom the artist can flee to ivory towers. Faure, in his *Dance Over Fire and Water,* cynically asks: "But is the tender poet sure that if, since the commencement of the world, none had suffered, none had cut another's throat, and the whole world had ineffably smiled, Beethoven would have still written these pages?" Even such pacific and gentle souls as Ruskin and Anatole France agree that Art is a child of war.

If, then, Art, as an institution and an inspiration, rises on the ruins of the people; if it is the historic result of the Régime of Misery introduced into the world by property, the question now remains, what is the future of Art? And to this question there can be but one answer: Art, being a function of property, will disappear with the disappearance of property. It will disappear like property, by merging with and being lost among

the people. When a rational social order liberates humanity from the burdens of work and the ravages of war; when Kant's "splendid misery" vanishes together with his books; when Croce's anti-ideals become beautiful human beings, when, upon the ruins of civilized strife there will rise the rhythmic structure of social harmony, the church of Art will crumble into dust. Let but the people, ripe with laughter, walk abroad, beautiful, happy, and free, and the painter will throw away his brush and join the procession. Let them but unite in a majestic symphony of life and love, and Beethoven will look pale in comparison. Let them rear a structure of universal happiness and the pyramids of Egypt will sink into the sand.

THE LITERARY CARAVAN

MR. MENCKEN has remarked often, in passing reviews, on the hullaballoo the uncivilized majority raises periodically over Russian writers. Any author fortunate enough to have written in Russian is sure to meet with devoted and ardent enthusiasm at the hands of the boob-intelligentzia.

Being a "Rooshian" is to Mr. Mencken not at all synonymous with everything that is genial and supreme in literature; speaking for himself, he cannot at all see through his literary spectacles Dostoievsky or Gogol.

But Dostoievsky had been done into English very successfully and sold very well. And the publisher seeking about for some other Russian classic to bring out while the market ran strong, discovered to his satisfaction that "while Pushkin is recognized as a master short story writer, Gogol has not yet come into his own" (so reads the blurb on the cover of *Dead Souls*). Mrs. Garnett, therefore, was set to the task of helping Gogol come into his own—with the English public, that is. A two-volume translation of *Dead Souls*—that could have been printed handily between two covers without straining them overmuch—and a single volume of representative short stories *The Overcoat,* etc., were offered. In selecting, Mrs. Garnett chose *The Overcoat* and *The Nose,* both quite well known even in English, and to fill out the set for a single volume, she culled the stories from *The Arabesques:* commending them in her introduction as the work of Gogol's happiest years, unaware evidently that these were discarded or rewritten completely by him, in later, less happy years. About this blunder nothing was remarked in the press. Mr. Mencken, if he were acquainted with the fact that the work of a schoolboy and not that of a mature artist was dished up for his and public consumption, would certainly have termed it a "howler."

When Gogol prefaced his *Arabesques,* a selection of his youthful attempts, he wrote:

> "I confess that if I were editing this volume a year ago when I was inclined to be more critical toward my earlier efforts, I would not have allowed certain pieces published here to be included. But rather than judge harshly the work of the past, I think it more to the point to prove more exacting with whatever work is at hand. To destroy that which has been written seems to me as insincere as to attempt to disregard or forget one's own youth."

"But, ah!" the judicious reader will exclaim at this point, looking about him with discernment, "there speaks the modest soul of a great artist. We know, however, how apt he is to be hypercritical and over-exacting in judging of his own work, as was Virgil, for instance. These pieces of his, about which he speaks so slightingly, let me read them. I shall decide for myself whether they are worthy of him—as no doubt they are."

Among his *Arabesques* we have the poetry, his earliest efforts which have earned the oblivion they merit; sporadic critical essays that he wrote at Pushkin's instigation; and the three stories, *Nevski Prospect, The Diary of a Madman, The Portrait.* They were written by Gogol at the time he came under Pushkin's influence. His education was then just begun. He steeped himself in the writing of Moliere, Sterne, Scott, Dickens, Merrime, and Hoffman. *The Diary of a Madman* (the best of the set as they stand) and *The Portrait* were originally written in slavish imitation of Hoffman, and second rate at that. Pushkin censured the work harshly. Because he saw the possibilities latent in *The Portrait,* Gogol rewrote it after years of painstaknig study. The other two stories he discarded. As it finally stands, *The Portrait* is worthy of comparison with the best of his work, and that means with the greatest stories in Russian literature.

Nothing short of a complete translation of the revised text and a comparison of it, point by point, with the text translated by Constance Garnett can fully illustrate the thoroughness and significance of Gogol's revision. Unfortunately, the space afforded here does not allow the comparison to be made, nor is it necessary. If Mrs. Garnett (or Mr. Mencken) will consult a definitive edition of Gogol, she (he) will see for herself (himself) that her heedless choice of the earlier and discarded text was a lamentable error (howler). She has translated excellently the work which Gogol found wanting. *The Portrait* she presents the American public is not *The Portrait* he finally gave to Russia.

Mr. Mencken might possibly hold to the opinion that the difference between the two does not amount to the value of a worn-out rubber heel; or, again, he might find this cited instance of a gross literary blunder and the general critical ignorance and insensibility worthy of insertion among the juicy items of his "Americana." We cordially extend him the privilege of doing so.

JOSEPH VANZLER.

Why We Misbehave. By Samuel D. Schmalhausen. The Macaulay Co. $3.00.

T'S a mad world. Dr. Schmalhausen's contention that none but a psychiatrist, or as he would be styled in Scotland a "mad doctor," is qualified to report about, and prescribe for, the world's misdoings seems in the light of that general admission entirely right and proper. Luckily, we all misbehave. Being personalities, we are imperfectly adjusted to the social machine which demands normal, that is to say, social and impersonal behavior. Misbehavior is the salt of our lives, the divine spark within us. All great art is criminal. Imagine the characters of Sophokles or of Shakespeare bowdlerised into beseeming behavior! But some of the worst mental derangements that have afflicted the world have been the outcome of its falling into the hands of quacks, mostly Professors of Virtue, who from the giddy heights of academic chairs have delivered forth their metaphysical contraceptions, and sought to sterilize mankind into normal behavior. Owing to that secular malpractice we have had to wait until the other day for a mad doctor, Sigmund Freud by name, to make a science of psychology possible. But the taboos of silence handed down from howling savagedom have not only expurgated the life-force from the sciences of life, they have imposed upon men and

women a struthious attitude towards the most insistent and basic facts of their lives, leaving them to confront these with the least intelligent portions of their persons. We are at last beginning to adopt the erect posture. As misbehaviorists we are catching our first glimpse of human nature, reckless of what dismay our voyeurism may arouse. The Freudian proclamation of the sex impulse as the prime motor of living dynamics is for Dr. Schmalhausen more than a doctrine of theoretical interest. It is the key not to a realistic psychology only, but to the most pressing and fundamental social problems.

Some complain that sex is being too much discussed. It is not sufficiently and competently enough discussed. With a scientific and intellectual competence which is too often absent from such discussions, Schmalhausen is less concerned with displaying the depths of his own knowledge than those of our ignorance. "We have not yet begun," he says, "to comprehend more than the ABC of human nature." That ignorance affords the weightiest retort against the defenders of taboos. Their cries of "Hush, hush!" are answered by Schmalhausen with the far more vital echo of Goethe's cry for more light.

The author of *Why We Misbehave* is a psychologist considerably in advance of most who lay claim to that somewhat vulgarised appellation. But he is above all a thinker to whom this mad world is not a mere "case," a source of "copy," or a theme for sprightly exercises of the cortex, but a poignant and heart-breaking object of ardent concern and compassion. The sciences of life and of humanity appeal to him at least as much for the sake of life and humanity as for the sake of science. His misbehavior in the china-shop of traditional wisdom is appalling. He is not to be browbeaten by the shibboleths of the schoolroom. For example, the old timid dispute between Heredity and Environment does not reduce him, like an Oxford don, to titubating futility. Economic determinism is a fact; but every determinant is but a factor in an equation of which the other member is, in this world's affairs, human nature. In the present upheaval of our moral tradition, when the veil of the Temple has been rent and the Holy of Holies of most modern men's and women's lives has been shaken, the seismic forces have, he insists, their prime centre "in the psychologic, not in the economic realities." It follows that our maladies are not to be mended by economic adjustments in the marriage-contract. Ghastlier than the sacramental ruins of Holy Matrimony is the tragedy of puberty. If life be governed by the life-force, that is the problem which, socially, overshadows all others. No fact in psychological, physiological, and biological science is more clearly established than the law by which the conditions of the first reactions determine all subsequent reactions. Opinions may vary and hesitate concerning the perplexing expediencies and compromises of the marriage-question, but there is no room for any attitude but one of horror and indignation concerning the head-charge which Puritanism has to answer: it has poisoned life at its source.

"Environment" is chiefly represented in human development by privileged and accredited carriers of the social tradition; parents, teachers. If puberty is to be rescued from the Puritanical torture-chamber, a new conception of the duties and functions of the educator must be formulated. In the second part of this book, Schmalhausen introduces us into the

college laboratory; but, paradoxically as it might seem, it is the teacher, not the pupil, who is being educated there. Our author shows sounder wisdom than the majority of the army of reformers who have rushed into the moral breach. To a lamentable extent sexology consists of over-generalizations from the inadequate and misleading data of individual experience. In no sphere is generalisation more dangerous, and even a Casanova is hopelessly inexpert. The specific character of human nature—decreed invariable by pedantic platitude—is its infinite variety, and no science of either behavior or misbehavior can consequently be cast into the rigid mould of universal laws or categorical imperatives. Human nature is not to be treated by the nickel-in-the-slot diagnoses of Abraham's boxes. Schmalhausen's dynamic educational behaviorism deals with personalities, not with unrealities standardised and disabled on the Procrustean bed of dogmatic slumbers. To all who are called upon to deal with the problems of youth his courageous book will bring a salutary sense of the enormity of their task and responsibilities.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

Sex in Civilization. Edited by V. F. Calverton and S. D. Schmalhausen, with an introduction by Havelock Ellis. The Macaulay Co. 1929. 719 pages.

In a world that is coming to consider sexual enlightenment as synonymous with the possession of an appropriate vocabulary, *Sex in Civilization* is a sobering production. Now that we have learned the names of things, so that stenographers casually use terms in public elevators or hasty fifty-cent lunch rooms that once they would not have dared to pronounce —had they known how—it is easy to persuade ourselves that such knowledge of the names of things implies a genuine knowledge of the thing named. But the thirty-one contributors to *Sex in Civilization* show quite definitely that we are by no means across the threshold of sexual enlightenment. It is, perhaps, sufficient cause for rejoicing that mankind has come to recognize a need for enlightenment and to evaluate the quest for understanding in sexual matters as fit subject for our most earnest endeavors.

The sober, non-inflammatory nature of this 700-page volume needs to be emphasized since the largest percentage of American population may conceivably find its views provocative, even outrageous. The very large sales of the book seem to indicate that this is the case. For my part, I would never buy a book that leaves me as sad as this one has, but I suspect—and hope—that my reaction is entirely unrepresentative. All who read must be impressed by the sanity and balance of these able men and women, many of them among the best-known thinkers on sexology; all who read must regard it as a hopeful indication that such a frank and courageous production should have already been so widely circulated. But some who read will not be able to avoid perceiving the bitter kernel at the heart of Samuel D. Schmalhausen's luxuriant and delightful phrases and few thinking women can consider the material submitted on physical disabilities in wives —which should have read mental disabilities—without a sense of profound discouragement. The rediscovery of woman's sensuality and possibilities of keen sexual enjoyment has not clarified the problem of the sexologists; it has but added a deeper problem, one about which men, I suppose, will continue to speculate and women, I fear,

will continue to keep silence. The nature of the sex impulse in women is something that I am far from understanding, despite a good many years of trying to understand, and I cannot believe in the apparent accuracy of the replies presented by G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan. The central fact that they present, that women have difficulty in securing sexual release—46 out of their 100 cases appeared never to have reached the climax—is of the utmost significance, and the various studies coming from the original research on two hundred men and women are worthy of the most careful attention. But the analysis of possible causes of this sexual disability leaves me but half convinced. While the authors seek to avoid dogmatism, they advance early negative conditioning as the most likely of the possible causes of feminine disability, and there are unquestionably cases in which the woman's frigidity may be definitely traced to bad training in childhood. But if this were all, the situation would be cheerful enough. Dr. Schmalhausen, on the other hand, has himself advanced a suggestion in his earlier work, *Why We Misbehave,* as to the important conflict in the modern woman, while his section in the present work, on *The Sexual Revolution,* goes even deeper into the interesting and baffling problems of ambicalence of attitude. I am inclined to fear that there is something far more profound back of women's disabilities than any parental teaching that sex is "not quite nice," and when Dr. Schmalhausen advances cogent arguments for terming civilization a "study in disharmony, a research in psycho-pathology," it is easy to wonder if we may not substitute for the narrower "civilization" the more comprehensive term, "human existence."

His analysis of *The Sexual Revolution* and of the following of the bright, impossible ideal of freedom is impressive, as well as his suggestion that women, attempting to follow a doctrine of *laissez faire* in sexual matters, are due for some extreme cases of heartbreak. As he says:

> "Woman is still—for all her noisy aspirations toward male dominance and exhibitionistic security—in a state of ego and sex stultification, emotionally and psychologically in a state of subordination and servility and inferiority and inadequacy . . . Woman is still a means, a tool, a way of solving a distressing problem in man's life—instead of solving her own profoundest problems of life and work and love. Man, for all his rhetorical croaking about woman's rights and freedoms, does not *sincerely* accept woman as an equal, except as she consents to be a good sport and a fellow-man and to dance to his music. Even when he honors her freedom, he has little compunction about dishonoring her personality. His most crafty technique for the diminution of her personality is the quasi-comradely exploitation of her sexuality—which he can now rationalize as a simple behavior of perfect equals. The trick works."

And again, he raises the important query:

> "What of the possibility of expression neuroses, the quite inevitable resultant of conceiving human nature as synonymous with sex? If, in casting off asphyxiating taboo and hampering moral censorship, the sexual nature goes forth in pursuit of experience happily anticipating new fulfillments for its primal desire, what analytic surprises are in store for the naive ego suddenly confronting its Freudian house in chaos and emotional disorder because sex had been too simply conceived of by the newly emancipated?"

As he says, the new analyst will have to view a different order of reality from that to which Freud has accustomed him, and in the expression neuroses he

> "will have to give an increasing attention to the disharmonies of human nature provoked by a psychology and philosophy of sex, seemingly good, that contains the seeds of neurotic bafflement, cleavage, tension, disquiet, though sexual impulse has apparently fulfilled itself uninhibitedly, shamelessly, even sweetly."

The question logically follows whether man will not presently round the circle, and, having experimented with the disharmonies of expression turn to a new repression as his means of salvation, in which case the charming reactionary dogmas of Professor William McDougall in *Should All Taboos Be Abolished?* may come to seem like signpoints to an unclouded existence.

There is much suggestion, in the variety of these thirty contributions, that man is already rounding the circle in this line of thinking. If we can conceive of such a splendid and honestly inquiring book's being published fifteen years ago, we cannot conceive of the tone of the book as being just what it is in this 1929 version. An earlier edition, I fancy, would have been somewhat gayer, would have claimed more for the new freedom and the new morality, would have seen more glittering possibilities of a new dispensation to grow out of a greater sexual experience. The same authors, very likely, would have had fifteen years ago rather more to say about freedom and rather less to say about discipline. Our philosophy of sex appears itself to be growing up, as experimentation brings its own lessons, and a very important and just emphasis is laid in *Sex in Civilization* on the necessity of discipline if men are to reap the richest rewards from their sexual experience. The conception that love is an art leads to the inevitable corollary that art is a discipline and that any work of art is as important for its principles of rejection as for its selection. Now, while any man or woman may have yearnings after the deep satisfactions of the artist, it is by no means certain that the majority of men and women will be willing or able to make the investment required by the art of love any more than for other arts.

A further important problem is raised by the suggestion of various writers that a happy balance is to be struck without particular difficulty. While it is desirable, for purposes of discussion, to refrain from treating sex as a dangerous mystery, it is perhaps equally as unwise to condescend to sex. One gets the notion that some of the writers regard, or seek to regard, the sexual impulse as a series of electrical switches on the wall, about which they suggest that on Monday we should punch one button and have so much light, on Wednesday punch three and have three times as much. The slighting references here and there in the book to lust adds to the impression of condescension. The stained, dark terror of sex is pretty consistently minimized, perhaps rightly so in such a discussion, but a chapter by D. H. Lawrence might have given to *Sex in Civilization* a more rounded approach, while Samuel Schmalhausen's warning against the simplification of what has for centuries been surrounded by poetical make-believe might well have been taken to heart by some of his colleagues. As he says,

> "the scientific reduction of the relation of the sexes to one of episcopal simplicity and elated routine is the largest fact of a sinister and disheartening nature in our contemporary confusion concerning sex and morals."

It may easily be that while we are rendering lip-service to love as an art we are hoping to render it safe, as no art is safe, by a scientific reduction to

a simple matter of tension and release. Men have married in the hopes of eliminating sex as a nuisance by channelizing its expression into one stereotyped form; now science appears to some to offer even better possibilities of eliminating the nuisance by reducing all forms of expression to a stereotype. A delightfully ironic commentary on this method is given in Nathan's *The Bishop's Wife,* wherein the good bishop seeks to reconcile his bride to what he must do by assuring her that it is indeed of little importance and chiefly a matter of hygiene. Such an approach is not uncommon among many of our sociologists, who seem almost uniformly distrustful of the more vivid flights of fancy which result in poetry and fiction. One of our abler young sociologists recently asked for my reaction to a chapter of his on love. When I remarked in response to the chapter that love inevitably used up a considerable supply of energy and that there was a quantitative impossibility of directing it upon innumerable objects in rapid succession, he gravely rejoined that love-experiences should not use up any appreciable amount of energy. But Havelock Ellis, in his introduction to *Sex in Civilization,* replies to these logical and misguided analysts better than I can hope to do:

> "We often hear it said that since the impulse of sex may become so mighty a force we must do all we can to drain away force from it, so that it may become the harmless routine of a pleasurable sensation without any disturbing influence. It is certainly possible for this to be achieved by persons whose temperament is suitable for the achievement. And it may be added that the people whose lives are thus free from the disturbing influence of sex are not likely to be themselves a disturbing influence in the world's routine—which may be an advantage. It is certain that in the individuals who have been the great civilizing influences of the world, and in the periods which we regard as the great epochs of civilization, the impulse of sex, active or sublimated, has been very 'disturbing' indeed. And if we turn to people whom we count uncivilized and in a 'state of nature'—though, as already indicated, we may yet often regard such people as by no means uncultured in this primordial region of living—we also find that sex is a focus of intense activity, associated with all the highest functions the savage knows of, and—as even the language we have ourselves inherited from our savage forefathers reveals at its roots—the symbol and metaphor of other human activities. The savage has realized that in his own sexual functions he has the key to the whole generative process of nature; and the orgy of sex and the asceticism of sex are blended in awe with all that he can divine that is high or deep in the universe as known to him. In savagery, as in civilization, man has felt himself in sex at the heart of his mystery: it may be reasonable, it may be unreasonable, there it is . . . Sex . . . is an ever-living fire that nothing will extinguish. . . . Today, as the present work testifies, we do not hesitate to approach the miraculous flame of sex as nearly as we can. But the reader will hardly be in a position to do so profitably unless he first puts off his shoes."

Similarly, he wrote in *The Dance of Life,* as quoted by the editors of *Sex in Civilization,* that:

> "The paths of the sex life are beset by difficulties; but so is the whole of life. If we are to live in any true sense at all, we are compelled to live dangerously."

While one of the editors, Dr. Schmalhausen, discourages me by an analysis so in line with my own interpretation, the other suggests grounds for hope in an unusual and stimulating theory that holds that attitudes toward sex have been invariably and inevitably determined by the nature of society and contingent upon the status of social struggle underlying it.

V. F. Calverton, in his chapter on *Sex and Social Struggle,* traces the economic and social determinants of sexual attitudes in various countries and various times and gives a heartening picture of the relations of the sexes in Soviet Russia. He finds the double code of morality growing out of the rise of the puritanic bourgeoisie to power, and declares that the beautiful submission of women, exalted in poetry and prose, was "in reality but an expression of sex subordination in the moral world which had its immediate counterpart in the economic." His criticism of psychoanalysis and mental hygiene as inadequate therapy for our social disorders appears essentially sound, while he would not deny the value of such movements for the individual. He points out accurately enough that we cannot cure the pathology of our age by curing individual cases of individual conditions.

> "The continuation of the same environment will only create a thousand more cases for every one that we cure. We cannot effect a program of revolutionary re-education in an environment which is adamant to all but reaction . . . It is the nature of life as a whole which we must endeavor to change, and not the conditions of life of a specific individual, or selected group of individuals. A revolution in the nature of life, and in the very ways of living of people in the mass, can come only through economic change and a new philosophy . . . It is the task of our new age, caught in the crucifying contradictions of our contemporary world, to devise the technique of a new science, which will be known as psycho-sociology. It will be the purpose of this science to integrate rather than separate the individual and society. And it will be further, through the extensions of this science, that we shall see that problems in sex are not only problems of the individual but problems of group life that have been determined by the nature of the social struggle. To study sex as if it were unrelated to social struggle, then, will be understood as meaningless and absurd."

It is an injustice to the many excellent chapters, some of them delightfully in disagreement with some of the others, to mention them in a summary statement. One of the outstanding chapters, from the point of interest to all who are concerned with the spread of a liberal attitude, is the one on *Sex in Education,* by Harry Elmer Barnes. Here, Dr. Barnes has set forth an account of many of our more recent absurdities in educational and scientific circles, including the Glenn Frank-Dora Russell episode and the famous "sex" questionnaire. The most recent Missouri disgrace will doubtless form an addition to a new edition. Dr. Barnes argues that parents require the college to take over the functions of the jailor for the younger generation with which they feel incapable of dealing, and affirms that the rules of some of our colleges are more stringent than those in advanced penal institutions. Among other important contributions must be mentioned *The Sexual Factor in Divorce,* by Arthur Garfield Hays; *Sex Jealousy and Civilization,* which might fittingly be presented as a tract to all young married couples; *Sex Censorship and Democracy,* by Waldo Frank; *Sex and the Adolescent Girl,* by Phyllis Blanchard, and *Sex and the Novel,* by Robert Morss Lovett.

Calverton and Schmalhausen have done a genuine service in bringing together the views of so distinguished and inquiring a group of thinkers. In the preface they state that pretense is the key to modern civilization and that "modern man is carrying too large a load of make-believe. He is caught in the trap of his own contradictions, and his pretenses are a natural strait-jacket that irk his instinctive human nature. In no instance is

his cleavage-psychology (neurotic in every fiber) so palpably in evidence as in his ambivalent attitudes toward sex." It is the peculiar value of such inspired psycho-sociologists as the authors of *The Bankruptcy of Marriage* and *Why We Misbehave* that they are helping to lift from modern man this now almost intolerable burden of pretense and "make-believe." More power to them!

LORINE PRUETTE.

Black America. By Scott Nearing. The Vanguard Press, New York City. 275 pages. $3.00.

ANYBODY who can wax hopeful over the future of the American Negro after reading this book is certainly an incurable optimist. In a masterly fashion, Nearing has marshalled all of the facts about the enslavement, exploitation and oppression of the Aframerican from the beginning of the African slave trade down to the present day, and illustrated the whole with dozens of photographs of Negroes at work, Negro life North and South, black children at school and in the fields, and horrible lynchings. To most informed Negroes and a few whites it is the same old story over again, but presented starkly and without the mealy-mouthed professional optimism of the so-called Christians, social workers, and moony liberals who usually write about the Negro. Here is the terrible truth, well documented and indexed, and one feels upon closing the book that there is no need for any more to be said on the subject.

It is peculiar how people are fooled by names and labels. For instance, the Negro is supposed to have been emancipated in 1863 from chattel slavery. As a matter of fact he was only theoretically, nominally freed. Today he is a slave as he has always been since his arrival in the United States. Discriminated against on the job, segregated in unsanitary, tumble-down ghettoes, politically disfranchised or ineffectual, "Jim Crowed" in all public institutions and conveyances, taxed for education and protection which he doesn't get, kept "in his place" by lynch law or the threat of it, last to be hired and first to be fired, it is sheer mockery to refer to him as a free man. On every hand he is hemmed in by restrictions of the most intolerable variety, and the Mason-Dixon Line has, since the late war for democracy, become contiguous with the Mexican and Canadian borders, where it hasn't crossed them. Brought here as a beast of burden to produce wealth for the white owning class and bereft of all rights it was bound to respect, his condition has only superficially improved.

There are those who will point to the growth of Negro business, the recognition of black folk in the arts and literature, the popularity of the spirituals and mammy songs, and the horde of books and articles written about the Aframerican, as proof of a growing tolerance toward him on the part of the whites. Such folk are fooling themselves. Temporarily during the war period Negroes were for a short while on the upgrade. Industrial opportunities widened and oppression lessened. The whites were willing to make some concessions in order to make the world safe for democracy. When the fighting, tumult and shouting were all over, however, the reaction started. The restriction of European immigration helped the Negro to retain some of his gains as hewer of wood and hauler of water in the North, but the bulk of the Negroes are worse off than they were before the war. For instance, in the South-

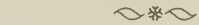
ern States white skilled labor is rapidly displacing Negroes in what were formerly considered "Negro jobs." Mr. Nearing doesn't mention this, but it is well known among Negroes.

Well, what can be done about it? Mr. Nearing suggests labor organization and advises the Negro to join trade unions, coöperatives and political parties representing labor interests. Says he:

> "Emancipation for the American Negro, as for any other subject race under the capitalist imperialist system, can come only when the Negro working masses have joined the white working masses in smashing the economic and social structure built upon individual and race exploitation, and by replacing it with a coöperative economic system under working-class control."

But how can the Negro join with the white working masses when they are more blinded by color prejudices than their masters? Unquestionably, Nearing has suggested the only solution of the Negro's problem short of becoming a Caucasian, but how remote it is! Labor organization is not any too healthy in America these days, what with countless inventions and new methods of production making robots out of proletarians. The white working class is growing more subservient through the instrumentality of installment buying and the fear of losing what few crumbs it has gained. Even then one might hope that this increasing enslavement of the white proletarians would eventually lead to their making common cause with the black slaves and building a socialist state where all would be free, were it not for the flattery of color superiority. No ruling class before in the history of the world has ever possessed such an instrument of keeping slaves quiet and contented. Instead of the white proletarian being on the bottom (or rather, thinking he is), he is made to believe that he has something in common with Rockefeller, Morgan and Ford: *i. e.*, his color, or lack of it. Color is a caste mark in America: those without it believe themselves in the upper class; those with it know themselves to be in the lowest class. The overwhelming majority of white workers (less than 10 per cent. of whom are in working-class organizations) will not accept the black worker as a comrade and equal even to defeat the capitalists. Any such association means to them loss of social standing and consequently of self-respect, which is about their only asset these days. Economic conditions may compel a *rapprochement* between the two laboring groups, but the deeply ingrained consciousness of color that is the distinguishing trait of *Homo Americanus* makes that event exceedingly remote, regardless of how much it may be desired by intelligent people.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.



The Nature of the Physical World. By A. S. Eddington. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1928. $3.75.

ST. JEROME, the most learned of the early Christian Fathers, has the following entry for the year 94 B.C. in his *Chronicles*, a year-by-year record of events: 'Titus Lucretius, poet, is born. After a love-philtre had turned him mad, and he had written, in the intervals of his insanity, several books which Cicero revised, he killed himself by his own hand in the forty-fourth year of his age." This entry embodies all that we know of the life of a great poet, and the accuracy of every clause in it has been disputed. Nevertheless, though we may know with certainty nothing of the events of his daily life, he has

left us, in the rolling music of his poetry, whether it be read in the tongue in which he fashioned it or in the flowing metres of William Ellery Leonard's English version, all that, perhaps, is essential. For Lucretius has left us the most complete version we possess of a world scheme propounded by the chief men of one of the world's great ages; and he brought to the exposition of that world scheme the supreme vision of the poet.

Professor Eddington has put forth, in *The Nature of the Physical World,* an explanation of the external world that may with value, perhaps, be contrasted with the explanation Lucretius gave long ago. Two other poets, Dante and Goethe, have left us, as Santayana has pointed out, the most adequate and probably the most lasting expositions we possess of two great philosophical movements that expressed the whole desires and urges of later peoples. It may be that only the vision of the poet can penetrate to the core of the massive contentions of the philosophers and find the central facts that can be set forth in words that later generations find imperishable, and philosophic systems may only find immortality in the chance that their antinomies are balanced in the more subtle rhythms of some melodious song. Professor Eddington has given us a picture of the external world as it is known today. No philosophy that rejects that picture can hope to make any appeal to those who are engaged in the disinterested search for truth. By contrasting Professor Eddington's picture with one that was as earnestly and, for those who held it, as validly held, but which has, nevertheless, altogether perished, we may find if the present has produced a picture of more enduring validity.

The cosmological system Lucretius expounded in his poem was, of all the cosmological systems devised by the genius of Greece, the one most in accord with present scientific knowledge. It had, however, little historical influence on scientific progress and its chief doctrine, the atomic theory of matter, was practically forgotten during the Middle Ages. Lucretius explained the formation of the world and the origin of all nature in the chance interactions of atoms. But the world, he held, was not eternal and all things return again to chaos. Once only in all eternity is it permitted us to look out upon the world through our eyes; let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die; but in all things let us be moderate or we will taste only the bitter and never the sweet.

Such, in brief, was the world as Lucretius saw it. It has been given to few men to look out upon the world with so noble a vision and to look with such apparent truthfulness. But materialism, as a philosophy, ceased to possess validity even before Sir James Jeans showed that matter could be annihilated. The external world as Lucretius saw it has perished, in so far as it makes any appeal to the contemporary mind. Of the complex, evolving, changing, disappearing world he pictured all that remains of value to us is a theory of a way of life. Ethics, since he wrote, has alone made no advance.

The external world Professor Eddington pictures is more complex and more terrifying than the world Lucretius pictured, but it is not more radical. Professor Eddington is one of the greatest of living astronomers, and the substance of his book was delivered originally as lectures under the auspices of an endowed lectureship that many famous men have oc-

cupied. By the terms of that lectureship he was required to relate his conclusions in regard to the nature of the physical world to the wider aspects of theology. Lucretius included in his discussion of the nature of things an assault of some violence upon the theology then contemporary, as the theological explanation of the world differed from the explanation he advocated. Professor Eddington reaches his conclusions without regard to any theology but attempts, in accordance with the terms of his lectureship, to consider them in the light of the theology contemporary with him.

His book is thus divided sharply into two parts, in only one of which he treads with assurance: in the first part he gives a brilliant and profound description of the nature of the physical world that is difficult to understand as a whole, since no similar description has ever before been given in non-mathematical terms; the second part of the book is devoted to a consideration of some aspects of that world when regarded from the standpoint of theology. Professor Eddington is a writer gifted with the art of clear illustration; but the general clarity of his treatment is much below that of the writings of Bertrand Russell, or even of A. N. Whitehead, who have dealt with the same problems. Nevertheless, the picture he has presented of the world as it is known to modern physics is the one that all who are concerned with the problems of contemporary thought must master, for it is the most complete and authentic that we now possess.

The building materials of Professor Eddington's world are relations and relata. The relations, he says, unite the relata. With the assistance of four co-ordinates the relata are distinguished from one another and their measures of structure or combination reduced ultimately to 16. The 16 measures of structure are divided into 10 forming a symmetrical scheme and 6 forming an antisymmetrical scheme. This, according to Professor Eddington, is the great point of bifurcation of the world. From the 10 symmetrical coefficients it is possible to construct Geometry and Mechanics, space, time, momentum, energy and stress. From the 6 antisymmetrical coefficients we can construct Electromagnetism from which is derived electric and magnetic potential, electric charge and current, light and other electric waves. This is all of the world that science is at present able to construct. Atoms, electrons, protons, and quanta cannot be built with any material the physicist now has at his disposal. It is a false ideal, according to Professor Eddington, to aim at a complete description of the world. "It has become doubtful," he writes, "whether it will ever be possible to construct a physical world solely out of the knowable. If it is possible, it involves a great upheaval of the present foundations. It seems more likely that we must be content to admit a mixture of the knowable and unknowable." In the world that he constructed with the building materials of relation and relata, time, relativity, quanta, space, all have important rôles. The second law of thermodynamics—the law that entropy always increases—holds, however, the highest place. It holds, he says, the supreme position among the laws of nature, and the chances against any theory being sound that is contrary to it may be stated in figures that are overwhelming.

The concluding chapters of Professor Eddington's book are devoted to a defense of the idealist philosophy, an attack on determinism, and a defense of mysticism. He says nothing con-

vincing on any of these points—perhaps because nothing convincing can be said on either side—and he says nothing that is original. The subjects lie outside the main purpose of his book and the first two perhaps would not have been considered had not the terms of the lectureship required a discussion of the third.

In contrasting the picture of the external world, Professor Eddington presents with the picture Lucretius drew, two important differences are at once apparent: first, the motives that animate the two men are as diverse as two motives could well be; second, the methods that have led to the formulation of the two world schemes are likewise profoundly dissimilar. In minor points of view there is a striking similarity, as, for instance, the fact that Professor Eddington, like Lucretius, believes that the universe is running down like some great clock that was wound up and set going ages ago. But the similarities are unimportant; the differences will determine whether Professor Eddington advocates a scheme that the future will find acceptable.

By the standards of the modern world the advantages seem to be all on the side of Professor Eddington. In the first place, he is animated by motives which seem to us today to be the highest; he is engaged in the disinterested quest for truth, no matter where it may lead him or to what conclusions. Lucretius, on the contrary, was endeavoring to win a friend to his point of view—a point of view in which he wholly believed but to which he was more concerned in gaining a convert than in ascertaining its truth or falsity. His words are clothed in honey, he says, that the reader will be unwittingly betrayed into the ways of thought he advocates.

"As physicians, when they seek to give
Young boys the nauseous wormwood, first do touch
The brim around the cup with the sweet juice
And yellow of the honey, in order that
The thoughtless age of boyhood be cajoled
As far as the lips, and meanwhile swallow down
The wormwood's bitter draught, and, though befooled,
Be yet not merely duped, but rather thus
Grow strong again with recreated health:
So now I too (since this my doctrine seems
In general somewhat woeful unto those
Who've had it not in hand, and since the crowd
Starts back from it in horror) have desired
To expound our doctrine unto thee in song
Soft-speaking and Pierian, and, as 'twere,
To touch it with sweet honey of the Muse—
If by such method haply I might hold
The mind of thee upon these lines of ours,
Till thou see through the nature of all things,
And how exists the interwoven frame."

The method used by Professor Eddington is, of course, the scientific or inductive method. It is a method that cannot be justified philosophically and there is considerable doubt whether its use should be continued, though its employment has resulted in all or most of the brilliant advances of science. The method used by Lucretius was, however, no method at all. His conclusions were the result of what was, for his period, a glorious guess reinforced by wishful thinking. Professor Eddington's method leads more probably to truer conclusions.

It is the infirmity of all world schemes that they can endure no longer than the point of view of which they are a product. Certainly, Professor Eddington's explanation of the external world will be supplanted by explanations that differ from his almost as completely as his differs

from Lucretius'. Professor Eddington's scheme is modern and it is based upon scientific knowledge; because of that no other account of the external world that fails to include the elements that constitute his scheme can appeal to the mind of 1929. His explanation is possibly of no more enduring validity than the explanation of Lucretius, because it rests upon an evolving body of knowledge whose concepts alter almost from day to day. Major parts of his explanation would have been cast on radically different forms had the lectures been delivered one year earlier. Although his explanation is a transitory one, we can see, by comparing it with the explanation of Lucretius, that it possesses one superior virtue: the inquiry was pursued with what we call today the scientific spirit and the method of its execution was the scientific method. Because of this—and upon this will rest its value—it is possible that his explanation embodies a closer approximation of the true nature of the external world.

HUNTINGTON CAIRNS.

The Child and Society. By Phyllis Blanchard, Ph.D. Longmans, Green and Co., New York.

Long ago I made the philosophic observation that nothing is so incredible as what the human mind through habituation and inertia has learned to look upon as credible.

After a million years, possibly ten million years, of animal evolution, and five hundred thousand years or, at the least, one hundred thousand years of specifically human evolution, a few radiant minds suddenly think it worth their while to study the child to discover whether there be not in that emerging creature something definable as personality.

Why man as thinker has spent so much of his precious time and limited cerebral energy in the skies, chasing metaphysical rainbows; why man as mystic has been content to devote his mature years in quest of intra-uterine solace, flight from perturbing reality, the bliss of senseless and happy hocus-pocus; why man, proudly calling himself *homo sapiens,* has had so weak a stomach for digesting the raw facts of reality, for assimilating the complicating truths of life; why centuries of observation and scientific instruments of precision and world-shaking sociologies and philosophies have all contrived to miss some of the most elementary and important truths in the history of evolution, it is difficult to say.

The credible and the incredible are united in a most incestuous wedlock.

The most astonishing truths—always winkingly there for the observing—now emerge in relation to that most neglected and most lovable lump of shapely protoplasm yclept a child. Dr. Phyllis Blanchard's important pioneer volume, *The Child and Society,* is precisely what we need as social scientists and psychologists and educators (and human beings who are occasionally parents and teachers) to remind us of a great chapter in the study of human nature that Plato, Aristotle and Socrates, not to mention Copernicus, Darwin, and Einstein, did not take the trouble to understand.

Dr. Blanchard's splendid study of the psychological and sociological factors that affect for good and evil the growth and retardation of the young mind played upon by so many untoward and swiftly changing experiences in contemporary civilization makes a fruitful use of the psychoanalytic and the behavioristic modes of approach to human nature. The

book as a whole is divided into two significant sections, entitled "PartI: The Child and the Socializing Process"; "Part II: Failures in Socialization." Some of the special themes chosen for elaboration are: "The Family and the Child"; "Socialization Through Play"; "The Child as a Product of the Age"; "The Social Significance of Adolescence"; "Juvenile Delinquency"; "The Child and the Clinic."

What is most admirable in this first-rate contribution to psychological science is the fullness of the material coupled with a well-balanced realization of the overlapping influences of the psychological and the sociological forces in the governance of life. The book is excellent sociology and brilliant psychology. Which is precisely what we most urgently need if we are ever to transcend the futile discussions carried on by those mono-intellectualists who obstinately insist upon seeing everything as either environment or heredity. In this fine work you discover the fruitful application of the psycho-sociological method in thinking.

It is a pleasure to read such frank discussions of problems, like sex and delinquency and familial disharmony, in a book that is fortunately intended primarily for teachers and students. Our teachers are especially in need of re-education.

The Child and Society is a sprightly and most enlightening supplement to the newer type of education and psychology as embodied in the works of Mariam Van Waters, Ben D. Lindsey, Ira S. Wile, A. S. Neill, Alfred Adler.

On with the psychological revolution!

Taboo and Genetics. By Knight, Peters, Blanchard. Moffat, Yard and Co., New York.

S. D. SCHMALHAUSEN.

This book, so little known, deserves to be republished and widely circulated among the intelligentsia, foreign and native. The fact that there are three contributors, one elaborating the biology of sex differences, another discussing with the most remarkable completeness the nature and menace of the institutionalized taboo, the third illuminating the psychology of sexual response under a system of repression and under a conceivable ethic of fulfillment, is not in the least damaging to the total integrity of the analysis or the readableness of the differing chapters. The coöperative method, increasingly in vogue, in the fashioning of modern works of thought, is greatly to be praised as scientifically modest and sane, and educationally attractive just because of the variety of approach and the pleasant shift of emphasis and accent in writing.

Dr. Knight, as a competent student of biology, furnishes a most attractive array of facts and experimental data in elucidation of his special interest in genetics. Some of his most interesting statements are these:

> "The quantitative nature of sex, and also the existence of intersexual types, between males and females, would seem to be general phenomena, requiring rather slight corroboration from the mammals themselves." (page 75.)

It is all the more astonishing that Edward Carpenter, a poet rather than a biologist, should have been so wise, without the adequate scientific evidence to sustain his insight, in his understanding of the intermediate sex. Recent studies in transplantation afford considerable evidence of the va-

riable and far from instinctively determined nature of sex. This flexibility and indeterminism in the supposedly stable field of sexuality are part of that newer attitude toward the human organism (in particular) that underlies the whole psychology of conditioning, unconditioning, re-conditioning. What becomes overwhelmingly clear is the dynamic and alterable nature of life. The older static conception, bolstered up by fallacious interpretations of Nature's rigid uniformity, of the permanently fixed constitution of instincts, of man as a passive creature of evolution and environment, creatively non-existent, a one-eyed denizen in a blind cosmos rolling recklessly on to its predestined doom—a naive view of Nature that the brilliant Bertrand Russell exquisitely chanted not so many years ago in his rhetorically captivating but philosophically sentimental *A Free Man's Worship*—this traditional notion is no longer in good standing.

For those who are sociologically obsessed, who, in their fevered devotion to the environmental hypothesis, cannot or will not understand that there may still be some significant differences between the sexes, Dr. Knight contributes this bit of light:

> "A long time will doubtless be required to work out the details of differences in metabolism in the two sexes. Some of the main facts are known, however, and the general effects of the two diverse chemical systems upon the life cycles of the sexes are quite obvious." (page 77.)

Dr. Knight's socially alert attitude toward his problem is attested in this utterance:

> "Since reproduction is a group, not an individual, necessity, whatever economic burden it entails must eventually be assumed by society and divided up among the individuals, like the cost of war or any other group activity. Ideally, then, from the standpoint of democracy, every individual, male or female, should bear his share as a matter of course. This attitude toward reproduction, as an individual duty but a group economic burden, would lead to the solution of most of the problems involved." (page 124.)

Dr. Iva Peters and Dr. Phyllis Blanchard discuss the various taboos in primitive and in civilized societies (the terms should of course be reversed) and shed an enormous amount of light on the irrationality, the life-denying nature of those emotional and psychological hindrances to sex expression, especially on the part of women, which a man-made world, founded upon the alternating moods of adoration and disgust, of intense desire for the female and of an equally intense aversion periodically indulged, imposed upon the mates and mothers of men, because of fears and shames, real and imaginary, frequently of an hallucinatory and psychotic nature, which ruled their behavior ambivalently, to use Freud's splendid term. As Freud himself has made clear in his remarkable study, *Totem and Taboo,* man set up the hindering bars of sex avoidance and incest taboo for the very good reason that he feared with all his mind what he wanted with all his heart.

The flavor of freedom and frankness that permeates the analysis of the conflict between taboo and sexual felicity may be tasted in this sample offering:

> "On the one hand she is the object of erotic desire; on the other hand she is the source of evil and danger. So firmly is the latter feeling fixed that not even the sanction of the marriage ceremony can completely remove it, as the taboos on intercourse within the marital relationship show." (page 19.)

> "There are certain psychological and physiological reasons for the persistence of this dualistic attitude in the very nature of the sex act itself.

> Until the climax of the sexual erethism, woman is for man the acme of supreme desire; but with detumescence the emotions tend to swing to the opposite pole, and excitement and longing are forgotten in the mood of repugnance and exhaustion. This tendency would be very much emphasized in those primitive tribes where the *corroboree* with its unlimited indulgence was common, and also among the ancients with their orgiastic festivals. In the revulsion of feeling following these orgies woman would be blamed for man's own folly. In this physiological swing from desire to satiety, the apparent cause of man's weakness would be looked upon as the source of the evil—a thing unclean." (pages 169-170.)

I could quote an hundred powerful paragraphs from the enlightening chapters of Dr. Peters. Few books contain so much information and insight and modern-minded thinking on the subject of sex and taboo.

Dr. Phyllis Blanchard continues the brilliant exposition of Dr. Peters, with special emphasis on the psychological factor in the older as in the newer sexual behaviors. The radical philosophy of the writer is beautifully revealed in these scientifically intelligent attitudes:

> "In one respect, at least, society can do a great deal to better the existing situation, and to solve the struggle between the individual and group interests. At the same time that it endeavors to set up emotional responses that shall be conducive to eugenic mating and to a happy love life, as well as for the welfare of the child, it should also leave a wide margin of personal liberty for the individuals concerned to work out a type of sexual relationship which is in harmony with their natural inclinations. The institution of monogamy is too deeply founded in the needs of the individual and of the child to suffer from this increase in freedom and responsibility. Were it so frail a thing as to need the protection of the church and state as well as public opinion to insure its survival, it would be so little adapted to the needs of humanity that it might better disappear." (pages 297-298.)

Taboo and Genetics is an extraordinary work of scholarship. It is more than that. It is a beautiful and unintimidated contribution to sexual enlightenment. Our changing morals are given the status of sanity and dignity they deserve. The combination of the biological and the sociological and the psychological approaches to sex in civilization makes this volume the unique thing it is.

S. D. SCHMALHAUSEN.

Le Crime des justes. By André Chamson. Bernard Grasset, Paris. 1928.

America will soon know the works of André Chamson in the translation that Scribner's are preparing. His three novels will reveal to the American public the personality of a startling young man whose placid story-telling is one of the most interesting features of the contemporary French literary world.

André Chamson has reduced literature to its very essence, but he has eliminated none of its appealing traits. His books are short, vital and vigorous. They tell direct stories which are animated by a general problem studied by the author in its minutest details.

I like to compare Chamson to Hamsun, not only on account of the similarity in name, but because there is in the work of the young Frenchman a viewpoint which reminds me of the Norwegian master. Both take a problem and lead us almost to its solution. But neither imposes his conclusions. Still, where Hamsun paints majestic frescoes, Chamson contents himself with an incident which might be merely the first image of one of the books of the former.

The first work that brought Chamson into the limelight was *Roux le bandit* (Rous the Outlaw), which, I believe, will be called in English *Alone in the Mountains*. As in his succeeding books, the young writer here set his story in the region of the Cévennes, of which he is a native. War is declared and young Roux, a conscientious objector, leavés his village to go into the mountains. He leads the life of a Corsican "marquis" bandit, although, of course, he commits no crimes. In this way he spends the entire war-period and later, when he returns home to visit his family, the police seize him and he goes to prison. The story is told in the form of an anecdote recalled by the men who have gathered around the fire, their glasses of warm wine before them, after a hard day outdoors. At this time, Roux is wasting away in a prison, and, though the country folk have become accustomed to calling him "the outlaw," the peasant who tells the latefinishes by saying that of course one should serve one's country but that if Roux were here he'd shake his hand. Chamson, very evidently, has given a solution to this problem of the position of the conscientious objector in relation to the "patriots." Still, the reader has enough leeway for disagreeing with the author's conclusions.

Les Hommes de la route (The Road Builders) was his next novel. In this book he studied a world of mountaineers, two families living entirely independently of the rest of humanity. They build a road, the main event of their lives, and might go on in perfect happiness were it not that they commit their children to education. When those of the younger generation grow up, they become teachers, officials and such, leaving the native hills to the old folks, who are impotent before the sight of their life's creation going to ruin. A clear portrayal of this independent world, straightforward and powerful, it implants its ideas into the mind of the reader, concisely and soberly.

Then came *Le Crime des justes* (The Crime of the Just). No single French book since Proust's work has struck me as being so great an event. Chamson has boiled his style down to a precision even greater than that of his previous works. The tale is mightier than the preceding ones and the study more important. As before, the scene is laid in the Cévennes. We see a village in which the Arnal family, a rich, industrious clan of peasants on the incline toward bourgeoisie, has become the paragon of virtue and righteousness in the eyes of the villagers. Arnal, the father, as long as one can remember city councillor, has come to be known as "Conseiller," and his first name has been forgotten. No case between peasants is taken before either judge or mayor. Conseiller's word is law. His judgment is always just. But, unknown to the village, a disgraceful event has taken place in the heart of the Arnal family. A deaf-mute grand-daughter of seventeen has given birth to an illegitimate child. And its father is her own brother. The conception of the child is a touching image: this girl who has had only nature as a teacher and conceives the child without any knowledge of social standards, in an almost animal fashion. Conseiller has taken a decision in the matter. And in the shade of night he has gone with his sons and buried the child.

The boy who was responsible for the birth is the first to leave. He goes to Marseilles to become a mechanic. Then, one by one, the sons and grandsons, with their wives, leave the house for various reasons. Disintegration has

struck the family in its only bourgeois element. The strict code of virtue which gave it a superhuman aspect and domination over the countryside.

Here is the tragic situation of the old man. His reputation has remained the same, but he has no longer the courage to advise the peasants, for he feels himself far below them in probity. Election time has come and he will not run. But he is re-elected almost unanimously. With the return of spring, two men have to be employed, for almost all the male descendants have deserted the homestead. The drama is short. The new hands discover the corpse of the baby, and the police, with trepidation, come to make their search. Conseiller has spoken. He killed the child. No one will ever know another word about the matter. And he follows the police. As he goes through the village, heavily guarded, an old woman stops him to ask a last bit of advice.

It is the essence of what might have been made into a vast work. But Chamson did not waste a word. His novel is short. Nonetheless, it is penetrating, decisive and mighty.

The analogy between these two last books and *The Growth of the Soil* is obvious. But I know there is no plagiarism and I doubt whether one could even call it an influence. (*The Growth of the Soil* is not yet translated into French. Therefore, Chamson has probably not read it.) Hamsun and Chamson are similar. They are austere and profound. But their works are certainly entirely independent.

Nowhere in contemporary French letters is there to be found so happy, so ideal, a blending of strength, intelligence and sobriety as in the work of André Chamson. Some claim this due to his Protestant ancestry, others blame it upon that. But his genius is universal. There is no restriction of his theories to any one sect, religion, nation or race. He has seen men and he has understood them. His thirty years have provided him with more human psychology, more intelligent comprehension, and more profound conclusions than the ponderings of a lifetime give to a great many. His pen is virile to the extreme. His mind is marvellously clear. And his steady progress leads me to expect that his future books will be as great as his last one. I am not sure whether I can say greater.

HAROLD J. SALEMSON.

I and My Collaborators: Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes. By Ivan P. Pavlov. Translated by W. Horsley Gantt, with an introduction by Walter S. Cannon. International Publishers, New York. 1928. $6.50.

Pavlov's demonstration of the reflex conditioning of the salivary gland in dogs is today a classic experiment, and like the majority of great scientific discoveries, was hit upon simultaneously by more than one man. Watson in America took the concept of conditioning and made it the foundation of his theory of behaviorism. As such, it attracted much attention. But Pavlov himself is neither a behaviorist, nor even a psychologist. The usual error of referring to him as an exponent of behaviorism is quickly scotched by his contemptuous references to that school, along with the evident relish with which he pursues the theory of brain localization. Our final estimate of him is a brilliant laboratory technician in the physiological field, without, however, much knowledge of other sciences than his own, and lack-

ing that ability to generalize broadly, which characterizes the work of all great scientists.

This book is an unsatisfactory collection of Pavlov's lectures, addresses and scientific papers, extending over a long period of years, and here assembled in chronological order. Such a collected book is always repetitious, and this one maddeningly so. A little editing would have improved it immensely. For example, Pavlov's lectures were frequently delivered before audiences unfamiliar, presumably, with his work, so that each time he felt it necessary to start off with elementary definitions which, however required for the occasion, now become ridiculous on the two hundredth page of a tome like this, after a dozen previous iterations, couched in practically the identical words. Contrary to the statement on the publisher's blurb, the book is *not* easy to read.

Pavlov's experiments are ingenious and beautiful, but there is little indication that he understands their psychological significance. He possesses that very definite type of mind, characteristic of Continental scientists of the last generation, which labels and classifies living phenomena instead of understanding them as dynamic processes. This produces a static, atomistic science and narrow-minded thinkers. As a result, Pavlov's deductions are not as good as his experiments, and there are some extraordinary blind spots in his vision. It is surprising that he should describe hunger in terms of blood content acting upon a hypothetical food-center, omitting any reference to the visceral component of hunger.

There is such over-simplification in Pavlov's theories that one notes with regret his accusation against behaviorists on the same score. Certainly it is desired to reduce behavior to physical terms, *i. e.*, to space relations, but we cannot suppose for a minute that his ideas on "psychic overflow" from cerebral centers is a genuine reduction of mental phenomena to spatial relations. The same superficiality occurs in his short excursion into psychiatry, the results of which may be dismissed as negligible.

In a Russian laboratory is a white-haired old man performing epochal experiments in animal physiology. Ivan P. Pavlov is admired and respected by psychologists thruout the world.

J. BLAKE EGGEN.

Orlando: A Biography. By Virginia Woolf. Eight full-page photographic illustrations. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 329 pages. $3.00.

Like the legendary "Wandering Jew," Virginia Woolf's Orlando is driven from century to century, punished by a sense of unfulfillment. Orlando is a boy under Queen Elizabeth, a man during the reign of Charles II, a young lady in the time of George I, a mother under our contemporary George V—eternal, ambisexual, human; questing, questioning, experiencing. The book not only tells a story; it has an air. A summary critical opinion would rate this "biography" a conspicuously *original* work in both scheme and manner.

To be sure, so far as originality goes, the legend of the "Wandering Jew" paved the way for conceiving a character who lives on from century to century—a conception that has fascinated not only Eugene Sue and, lately, George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge, but even George Bernard Shaw. As for changes of sex we have more or less obscure records (usually, however, from woman to man rather than, as with Orlando, from man to woman). In one of the

Shelburne Essays, Paul Elmer More reminds us that we cannot, like Tiresias, be men and remember having been women. But Mrs. Woolf has tied these grand devices into a grandiose scheme, and attached to it (half in fun, but I'll talk of that later) a complex symbolism. However, since the illustrations in the book are photographs of actual persons—the first two are in the author's own family album, it appears, and those of Orlando as a woman are photographs of Victoria Sackville-West—one is inclined to imagine that the accidental resemblances suggested the change-of-sex part of the scheme, especially since, it is alleged, the Sackville male line died out and the line of inheritance passed to the Sackville-Wests through a woman. Also, Ambassador Orlando's affair with Pepita in Constantinople duplicates Ambassador Lionel Sackville-West's affair with Pepita de Oliva. (But see the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*) I suspect that the elaborate and much-praised symbolism is a good deal of a joke.

Not only the grand scheme has this synthetic originality, but so has the complex, subtle manner, from the obvious humor of the fake acknowledgments in the preface and of the hilariously inadequate index to the delicate, sad smiles that the human comedy, even at its most pathetic, is bound to arouse. The stream-of-consciousness technique used by Virginia Woolf in *Jacob's Room* is, as astute critics have noted, largely displaced by a more objective method:

> "Sunk for a long time in profound thoughts as to the value of obscurity," she writes, describing a stage in the development of the youth Orlando, "and the delights of having no name, but being like a wave which returns to the deep body of the sea; thinking how obscurity rids the mind of irk of envy and spite; . . . 'What an admirable life this is,' he thought, stretching his limbs out under the oak tree. 'And why not enjoy it this very moment?' The thought struck him like a bullet. Ambition dropped like a plummet . . . he opened his eyes, which had been wide open all the time, but had seen only thoughts, and saw, lying in the hollow beneath him, his house."

This passage describes and illustrates the change from subjective to objective description. One might say the same here that E. M. Forster in *The Yale Review* said of *Jacob's Room*—that she describes thinking in such a way that "the process becomes as physical as the raising of a hand." But there is more in *Orlando*. There is experienced abandon, with Laurence Sterne and James Joyce triumphantly mingled.

Certain criticis have insisted that *Orlando* is an application of Einstein's relativism to literary creation. William Troy's review in *The New Republic,* attributing the metaphysical basis to Gertrude Stein, is more correct. It is not so much Einsteinism as Steinism that is illustrated by the chronology—historical and psychological—of the book. Gertrude Stein, whose *Composition as Explanation* concludes the American edition of the *Hogarth* Essays in which Virginia Woolf herself has the opening essay, is probably the largest single traceable influence, not even excepting Sterne. In fact, the reading of these two essays, Virginia Woolf's emphasizing character in fiction and Gertrude Stein's emphasizing a particular time-sense, are essential to the full understanding of *Orlando*.

"But if you hold that novels are in the first place about people," insists Mrs. Woolf in the *Hogarth* essay referred to, you will keep your eye on the character himself—on the hypothetical Mrs. Brown in the railway carriage about whom, the essay pro-

poses, is to be made a story:

> "There she sits in the corner of the carriage—that carriage which is travelling, not from Richmond to Waterloo, but from one age of English literature to the next, for Mrs. Bown is eternal, Mrs. Brown is human nature, Mrs. Brown changes only on the surface; it is the novelists who get in and out—there she sits and not one of the Edwardian writers had so much as looked at her. They have looked very powerfully, searchingly, and sympathetically out of the window; at factories, at Utopias, even at the decoration and upholstery of the carriage; but never at her, never at life, never at human nature."

Mrs. Woolf in this essay makes the personality of the character the central thing for writers and readers.

But Mrs. Brown travels "from one age of English literature to the next . . . Mrs. Brown is eternal." Compare this with Gertrude Stein's theory of narrative. Describing her search for a way of composition, she says:

> "I wrote a negro story called *Melanctha*. In that there was a constant recurring and beginning. There was a marked direction in the direction of being in the present, although naturally I had been accustomed to past, present and future, and why, because the composition forming around me was a prolonged present . . . I created them a prolonged present naturally. I knew nothing of a continuous present, but it came naturally to me to make one. It was simple, it was clear to me, and nobody knew why it was done like that. I did not myself know, although naturally to me it was natural."

The phrase "continuous present" cannot be disregarded in a discussion of *Orlando*.

Reviewers have emphasized now one, now another aspect of *Orlando*: According to Marshall A. Best in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Mrs. Woolf has played a joke on biographers. Cleveland B. Chase in the *New York Times* suggests that the book is an allegory, though he does not carry through this view in detail. H. S. Canby in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, expressing a view somewhat in line with this, says of Mrs. Woolf's *Orlando*: "The result is perhaps the first readable history of our literature." Lionel Trilling in the *New York Post* thinks the book is to show, among other things, that the artist must be bi-sexual. Stanley J. Kunitz in the *New York Sun* prophesies that some will term *Orlando* a "spiritual autobiography." J. C. Squire in *The Observer* (London) classes the book as *prose-de-société;* clever but not worth a second reading: "To Mrs. Woolf's book," he says, "I, at least, shall not return."

Other interpretations could be given. *Orlando* might be reviewed as feminist satire, if attention is centered on the sly jibes at male novelists: "But love—as the male novelists define it—and who, after all, speak with greater authority?—has nothing whatever to do with kindness, fidelity, generosity, or poetry. Love is slipping off one's petticoat and—but we all know what love is. Did Orlando do that? Truth compels us to say no, she did not." Again, *Orlando* might be taken as a philosophy of disenchantment, an interpretation of life in terms of boredom, disillusion, human asininity: "Life, life, what art thou? . . . tee hee, haw haw, Laughter, Laughter! the moths say . . . back we must go and say straight out to the reader who waits a tiptoe to hear what life is—Alas, we don't know." Thus in the traditional American manner critics might go on hoaxing themselves despite the fact that *Orlando's* author had no intention of maliciously making an ass out of anybody.

I prefer to regard *Orlando* as Commedia del Arte fun, played by sophis-

ticated Tony Sarg clowns with metaphysical slapstick such as only a feminine Plato-Rabelais with a knowledge of contraceptives and mathematical logic could conceive. A gigantic, gargantuan improvisation Mrs. Woolf has written, full of sex, subtleties, incongruity, mock-heroics. But improvisation means not laughter merely. Like God's own improvisation, the human comedy, Mrs. Woolf's improvisation takes in sadness and gladness. It interprets while it mocks life, and makes it clear that both the meaning and the senselessness of the latter are good to make puns on. And all this is gay, careless, a conversation over tea and whiskey in a boudoir; at once unrestrained and subtle; fantastic and riotous, but never drunk, for always the keen mind of the author is aware of the implications of the words, always her Pied Piper mind consciously leads the happy words.

Consider the following examples:

> "But the traffic was heavy that spring afternoon, and kept her standing there, repeating ecstasy, ecstasy, or a toy boat on the Serpentine, while the wealth and power of England sat, as if sculptured, in hat and cloak, in four-in-hand, victoria and barouche landau . . . The ladies held card-cases between their fingers; the gentlemen balanced gold-mounted canes between their knees . . . One thought only disturbed her, a thought familiar to all who behold great elephants, or whales of an incredible magnitude, and that is how do these leviathans, to whom obviously stress, change, and activity are repugnant, propagate their kind? . . . and we rise, and our eyes (for how handy a rhyme is to pass safe over the awkward transition from death to life) fall on—(here the barrel-organ stops playing abruptly). 'It's a very fine boy, M'Lady,' said Mrs. Banting, the midwife."

Can writing as vigorous as this be tamely described, in the words of Bruce Gould in the *New York Evening Post*, as "delicious fooling of a superior sort"? As though Mrs. Woolf were Christopher Morley in pantalettes. The *Dallas Times-Herald* comparison of *Orlando* to *Alice in Wonderland* is much truer, for both read as though improvised—by conscious artists.

OAKLEY JOHNSON.

Some More Medical Views on Birth Control. Edited by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B. Cecil Palmer, London.

There are many unhappy facts in this worst of all possible worlds. One of the unhappiest is that frightened and shamefaced conditioning of behavior as a result of which generations and generations of simple-hearted men and women learn to believe and never to doubt that sex is sinful.

The infinite evil wrought in the lives of devout men and women by the Church, most particularly, the Catholic Church, has never yet been keenly enough set down on paper for the sake of the unforgettable historic record. Considering its cruelty and blindness and stupidity and subtle sadism, the Catholic Church has been let off pretty luckily in the various Protestant and skeptic countries that still rather good-naturedly harbor that dark and dishonest faith.

It is precisely when the very human matter of sex is at stake, that Catholicism proves itself most Jesuitical and disingenuous and offensive. Imagine the unclean arrogance of a religion that dares in this day and hour to continue to teach millions of humble folk the moral duty to despise their bodies, to be ashamed of their sexual impulses as something lewd and lascivious (as the priests well know), to impose upon millions of pathetically poor and unwise little mothers of still more generations of superstitious-minded Catholics the ethic of fe-

cundity, of pregnancies illimitable, for the greater glory of God (*i. e.*, the Catholic Church in its fat pursuit of power, profit, prestige, pretense, pomp and glory).

We cannot close our rational eyes to the ominous fact still overwhelmingly in evidence in the civilized world that the ultimate corrupt foe of enlightenment as generously conceived by scientific and humanistic minds is the powerful Catholic Church. The problem of sexual enlightenment—than which there can hardly be in the living universe any issue more fraught with meaning for the future of the human race—reveals far too clearly the insidious nature of the Catholic point of view in matters of morals. To speak with the utmost frankness (and nothing could be more desirable in such a matter), the Catholic religion, so far as it pronounces its dicta in the field of morals, makes a fetish of sex as sin. From a psychiatric point of view—which is therapeutically and psychologically the most enlightened point of view in the contemporary world—this dirty conception of the intimate relation of the sexes is in itself an awful disease. Catholicism is not a religion; it is a sickness. It is a mistake, in thinking of Catholicism, to speak of conversion; the process the soul goes through is one of perversion.

One need not be a psychoanalyst but merely morally clean, spiritually sincere, to realize that the morals inculcated by the Catholic sexology constitute a chapter in psychopathology.

Dr. Norman Haire, among the torch bearers in the modern movement for sexual truth-telling and, in particular, for the maximum knowledge obtainable in behalf of birth control, of a sanely guided sex life, will earn the thanks of all those earnest persons interested in the human sciences who form a kind of informal fellowship across the seas in furtherance of every possible new truth concerning sex and human nature.

The book under consideration, to which he contributes a most convincing and informative introductory chapter, concludes with these sober and wise words:

> "Birth Control is *not* a panacea for all evils; but in my opinion no plan, without it, can hope to ameliorate the present miserable condition of a large proportion of humanity, or to achieve the increase of individual and racial health and happiness, towards which all but those of the meanest, or most perverted, intelligence must aim."

One of the cleverest bits of debater's logic that I have stumbled across in a long while is Dr. Haire's cool showing up of the "unconscious" bias of Sir James Marchant, "that distinguished and indefatigable opponent of Birth Control," who, in coöperation with a group of selected medicine men, published a volume entitled *Medical Views on Birth Control*, in which the average age of the contributors is approximately 62. Dr. Haire points out the moral of this selection:

> "It is interesting to note the year of birth of the writers selected by Sir James, as given in *Who's Who* and similar books of reference: Scharlieb, born 1845; Newsholme, born 1857; Buist, born 1860; Robertson, born 1862; Giles, born 1864; Hill, born 1866; Horder, born 1871; Crichton-Miller, born 1877; Fairfield, born 1885."

Some More Medical Views on Birth Control contains a variety of essays by a group of physicians and scholars among whom most of us will recognize the significant names of Norman Haire, Sir James Barr, Aletta Jacobs, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Hannah M. Stone (the only American contributor), F. A. E. Crew, M. D. Eder. Interestingly enough, the paper by Crew, Director of the Ani-

mal Breeding Research Department and Lecturer on Genetics, University of Edinburgh, is perhaps the most drastically and pointedly intelligent in the book. Here is an excerpt that reaffirms my judgment:

> "I personally protest against the undeserved stigma that is attached to the illegitimate child. I can contemplate the disintegration of the thwarted sperm and ovum much more easily than the death of an infant. I prefer prevented fertilization to attempted abortion and infanticide.
>
> "The peak of a man's sexual activity is reached about the age of twenty-eight or twenty-nine. If marriage is delayed on account of financial considerations, the man may, and probably will, suffer through his association with undesirable women. I prefer the scheme of early marriage with contraceptive practice. I do not expect a man frequently to be with a woman he adores and yet not desire her body, or she his. I do not expect them to practise such self-control that intercourse does not occur. I would not wish them to do so. I maintain that it is a matter of urgent importance to the state and to its homes that methods of contraception that are reliable and unoffending shall quickly be devised. I do not think that it is reasonable to demand that every man shall remain continent until he can afford to have, and wishes to beget, a child, or that every woman shall dedicate the whole of her sex-life to procreation. He who holds a Bible in his hands is exalted, no doubt, but the stimulus is not that which radiates from a beloved woman in one's arms. Until exhibitionism and voyeurism have been extirpated from the human female and male, so long will body call to body. The love of the senses is as wonderful and as beautiful as lovers make it; it need not be, or remain, beastly."

Or take this electrical utterance radiantly imbedded in Professor Crew's refreshing chapter:

> "I regard the sex relationship as a need, as a source of legitimate pleasure, as the most basic, the most beautiful, of functionings. In this relationship I find the sexes most sharply distinguished, and in their respective modes of expression their wonders most perfectly portrayed. But the puritanical Paulinian doctrine is definitely hostile to such a point of view. Christianity, as often taught, condemns the joys of the body. That this is so would appear to be the result of the fact that Christianity, when adopting the asceticism of antecedent Oriental religions, failed to note that these differentiated between priestcraft and laity. In many Oriental religions any kind of sexual experience was forbidden to the priest, but to the laity the joys of the body were recommended. Certain churches have taught that to priest and laity alike all matters of sexual intercourse are but carnal lusts to be ruthlessly condemned. The state of virginity in man and maid, even after marriage, has been exalted; and it is held that copulation is polluting; hence it is that good churchmen eat fish on Fridays—those fish which do not copulate."

Mention a professor in this country (however liberal—these sick, pusillanimous liberals!) possessed of the freedom of mind, the courage of communication, the fullness of life, anti-theologic sincerity, scientific humorousness—qualities that our exhilarating author who wrote the above delicious sentences so abundantly displays—to write in this heart-easing fashion, and about the immaculate contraception, to boot!

In America such fine, liberating sentiments are still looked upon as a little off color, akin to pornography rather than the offspring of poetry. Hypocritical America, suckled at the breasts of fear and shame, accepting as its religion of Puritanism a dwarfish and soul-destroying conception of the marvelous human body, will have to learn by the infinitely painful method of experimental trial and error the truth resident in sexual freedom and felicity.

Dr. Haire's mind-awakening volume could hardly have been written

in this shallow and disingenuous land. Neither our physicians nor our educators nor our social philosophers have the courage (often lacking the conviction) to utter their minds and hearts robustly—after the exhilarating manner of Walt Whitman—when it comes to the intimate problems of life. Sex is still among our educated classes subject to taboo and polite circumlocution and obfuscation.

Who among our learned professors possesses enough decency of mind and robustness of soul to speak frankly and naturally of contraceptives? And yet, the cult of the contraceptive is becoming our religion—on the sly.

S. D. SCHMALHAUSEN.

The Healers. By Dr. B. Liber. Rational Living, New York. $3.00.

IN a recent issue of *The Nation*, Mary Reed writes intelligently on "Soviet Health," and says:

> "It is the rule of Soviet medicine that every doctor will be a teacher as well as a healer."

Dr. Liber, more than any other physician in America, fulfills this humanistic conception most completely. The medical profession in this country, like the law and politics, is honeycombed with petty, grand, and glorious corruption. The corruption is not the less but in fact the more real because it is so often subtly present rather than overtly in evidence, insidiously intangible, part and parcel of the complicated hocus-pocus which medicine in *all* its branches still essentially is.

It is alarming to realize how few critics within its own ranks the regular medical profession has produced. In fact, perhaps the most intelligent general critic of medicine in our time has been Bernard Shaw. Among doctors, you find the conformity and cowardice and laughing evasion which are appropriate to the concealment of ignorance and wrong-doing at every turn. How pleasant and astonishing it is to find one medicine man (who believes very little in medicine) speaking out so lucidly and courageously as Dr. Liber does in this altogether enlightening and delightfully readable book.

The Healers might be characterized as a sociological "novel" with an autobiographical slant. When I try to answer the question as to what is the beautiful merit of this fine work I seem to think of the quality of sincerity as somehow nestling in every living part of it. Such flaming sincerity produces a kind of dramatic and poetic effect that many a more literary handling of material cannot create.

Here is a memorable sample of the rhythm and intensity and humanness of Dr. Liber's sociological study:

> "Do you hear, mankind?" he would cry out in his room, lying awake nights on his cot,"You can be healthy! Perfectly healthy! Your nasty diseases need not be. They're not inherent in life. You do not need to carry for days and weeks a bowel full of stinking refuse from which the poison is oozing and backwashing into all your juices and cells, intoxicating your body and your thoughts. You need not suffer from inflammations of the walls of your digestive tube with writhing pains and nauseating feelings and lack of enjoyment of your food. You can learn how to eat. You can be clean, deeply, internally clean and each meal can be a holiday. You need not have your bones deformed, you need not be pale or red, skinny or obese. All that is an effect due to immutable iron causes and would vanish if the latter should disappear. Your joints do not have to ache. They can be flexible and graceful. You need not be chronically coughing, spitting pus and blood. Your women need not be like inert vessels tolerating any number of children and wilting in kitchens. They

need not harbor growths and diseases of the womb. They do not have to be the victims of mutilating internal amputations. Your nerves do not have to be on edge and your mind clouded with raging or blank insanity. You need not be poisoned with fatigue—or brandy. You need not be weak from insufficient and insufficiently nourishing food. You need not be diseased through an excess of medicines. Your ugly syphilis, your dirty gonorrhea need not be! . . . You can laugh, dance, think, work, and be happy if . . . If you are willing to change, to make a fundamental change in your life as a whole, in your life individually!

"He knew that even under today's deplorable conditions great improvements were possible. But an internal revolution was necessary."

Dr. Liber's mind cannot fit into any of the familiar medicine grooves, regular or irregular, for the sufficient reason that a mind capable of sustained criticism and sincerity and humility can never fit into any of the traditional and conventional molds. To one who has any residual doubts about the quality of mind and heart present among our professional groups, let him read, for the sake of dramatic contrast, this touching and intelligent book.

The only other kindred work I am acquainted with which can at all compare with *The Healers* is the profoundly human *Memoirs of a Physician* by Veressaicff. Dr. Liber's sociological novel is quite as human and much richer in knowledge and information and critical episode.

As the sincerest of anarchists, Liber yet knows how to extend the hand of fellowship to the Soviet Republic. He cannot share the provincialism and egocentricity of the typical anarchist. As a doctor he is simultaneously interested in organic medicine, psychotherapy, education, art, and, most impressively of all, in humanity. I doubt whether there is any other person in or out of the medical profession in these materialistic States who has served the humble so generously, so cordially, so understandingly.

Our great physician-teacher possesses the imagination of an artist and the beautiful buoyancy of a child. A rare human being.

S. D. SCHMALHAUSEN.

THE THEATRE

Dynamo, Eugene O'Neill's most recent play, marks a continuation of the same method which he introduced so effectively in *Strange Interlude*, with the machine, dynamo, as its binding symbol. It is a play of the machine age. The machine becomes at once a mystic force, a monster, and a god. The dialogue, the characters, the sets, the plot, are all subservient to its dominating influence, and in one way or another, sometimes subtly, and sometimes with painful obviousness, reflect its dooming magic. The awe-inspiring whirr of dynamos runs like a mysterious undertone throughout the drama. The machine becomes a vital creation. As an embodiment of electricity, the secret of all earthly energy and power, the dynamo becomes a superhuman force that humans must worship in order to understand. It becomes, indeed, the new religion.

The idea of the play is a great one; it has the possibilities of magnificent drama. The development of the idea, however, falls far short of its potentiality, and in the last act, which might have been the great act, it descends almost into melodramatic bathos. The dedication of Ralph to the dynamo, even his sexual consecration to it, fails to convince even the sympathetic spectator. It is too direct a plunge into madness to move an audience with its horror. If projected in a novel, the material of this act might have been made more real and cogent by the introduction of psychological parentheses which could have prepared the way for the final catastrophe. As it is, however, the end is a spectacle that fails of conviction.

Eva Le Gallienne's production of Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*, excellently acted, and even more excellently produced, represents the high-water mark of pre-expressionistic drama. The acting of Nazimova is superb. There is in this drama the same spirit and motivation that one finds running throughout the whole history of the Russian literature before the Revolution. The spirit of Oblomov lives in this drama as vitally as he lived in the novel of Goncharov. The spirit of the Baron, too, of *Three Sisters*, is here. The Le Gallienne production achieves the mood of the drama as perfectly as its action.

Holiday (Plymouth Theatre), by Philip Barry, is an amateurish play with a sophomoric theme and conception. The satire is too obvious to be striking, and the characters are types rather than individuals. It is only in the person of the homely sister that the least individuality is to be discovered. The acting is atrocious.

Man's Estate (Theatre Guild Production at Biltmore Theatre), by Beatrice Blackmar and Bruce Gould, is a

weak and ineffective drama, sustained only by cleverness and occasional situations that lighten its otherwise clumsy movement. The first act is better-knit than any of the others. Its ending is pure bathos. While it may appeal to a sentimental audience, it will never convince a critical. Even the superb acting cannot save the denouement from falling "flat." Dudley Diggs, as the father, is excellent, and Margola Gilmore graces her every gesture with distinction. The satire upon the middle-class family with its moral hypocrisies and stupidities is the one redeeming note in the substance of the drama.

Harlem (Apollo Theatre), by Rapp and Thurman, is captivating melodrama. While the first act drags until the rent party begins, the other acts move with breathless speed. If the ending falls short of final conviction, it does not fail in excitement and thrill. The acting is competent throughout.

S S. *Glencairn,* which ran several weeks at The Provincetown Theatre before it went on Broadway, represents the early Eugene O'Neill in a very interesting form. There is not about these one-acters, in which the mood of the sea lives like a spell, that resort to the obvious which turned certain of his other early efforts into such complete failures. *The Breakfast* immediately comes to mind as an instance of such failure. In each of these plays, unity and force are present, and the dialogue lends to them a realism that never fails to convince. The acting of the whole Provincetown group was exceptionally effective, and the direction was intelligent to the point of excellence.

In Geddes' *Earth Between* (Provincetown) on the other hand, we are confronted with a play that lacks both skill and power. Its theme is one of great potentiality, but its execution is hopelessly weak and inferior. At no time, except at the very last scene, is one moved to feel the tragedy of the drama. The incest-motif is handled in a manner that is disappointingly clumsy and childish. The acting is fair but not distinguished.

Singing Jailbirds (New Playwrights; Provincetown Theatre) is a form of workers-drama that, on the whole, is both successful propaganda and successful "theatre." There is no fundamental reason why things propagandistic in the sense of modern radicalism cannot always be made into effective drama, but unfortunately many writers interested in radical drama lack skill in translating their ideas into convincing form. *Singing Jailbirds* lags somewhat in the last few scenes, and is a deal repetitive, but in general the production is an extraordinary success.

In both Sinclair's *Singing Jailbirds* and Dos Passos' *Airways* (New Playwrights; Grove Theatre), the mob scenes are maneuvred with real dramatic skill. The enormity of the mass-scene is communicated by special arrangement of sets, by ingenious suggestion, and the employment of subtle positioning of characters so as to gain the greatest effect. *Airways* reaches a point of drama at the end of the second act. If it had ended with Nell's collapse, when the 'phone rang announcing the completion of the execution, the play would have been more effective.

V. F. CALVERTON.